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THE DUTY OF SOVEREIGNS.

The schoolmaster has been abroad, lately—very lately; and, if we mistake not, the Spirit of the Age, in all the intellectual majesty of moral warfare, has travelled, *incognito*, with him. He has visited Kalisch and Tœplitz by appointment; and he continued his predetermined route to Vienna. The Schoolmaster made a call, too, on that remnant of poor mortality, Charles the Tenth, of unhappy memory, at Prague. Wherever the Sage halted for the purpose of delivering a lecture on *moral government*, there the Spirit of the Age was found to be also. We may fairly pretend to a knowledge of the "cause" of these visits; and we cannot but feel deeply interested in the development of their effects upon the entire population of christian as well as barbarian Europe. The schoolmaster made his appearance in the capital of to-be-restored Poland! And in that devoted city, he perceived, with delight not unmingled with surprise, that the Spirit of the Age had preceded him! Nevertheless, the shoolmaster delivered a very *strong* and convincing lecture on royal insanity, which the Calmuck war-hounds misconstrued into a *blow-up!* How stupid! How vicious! How malevolent! How strange a fatality accompanies practical wickedness, whether in the guise of ignoble and brutal sovereignty or impotent state pauperism!

It is related of Francis I. (by Pasquier, in his Researches, we think, and deserves particular notice at this period of European history, as displaying a proper feeling in that monarch, in regard to one of the greatest duties of a sovereign,) that the Seigneur de Talant, a gentleman highly allied, having *murdered* one John de Manesto, long escaped the punishment due to his crime, through his interest with the persons in power. At length, the grandmother of the deceased went to Fontainbleau, and fell on her knees before the king as a suppliant. Francis asking her what she wanted, "Justice, sire, justice!" she replied. He immediately bid her rise, and addressing himself to the surrounding courtiers, "By the faith of a gentleman (said he), it is not for this gentlewoman, who desires nothing but what my duty to the public oblige

me to grant, to prostrate herself before me : but it is for those who importune me for pardons and remissions, which are only matters of royal grace and favour." He then patiently listened to her complaint, and promised that she should receive redress; which was soon after performed by the public execution of the offender, notwithstanding the intercession of all his kindred and friends.

We confess this version of the fact pleases us better than one which is told by Millot, and others, of Henry IV., as a striking proof of that prince's consideration for the lower class of his subjects. Having been informed that some peasants at Campagne, had been plundered by his soldiers, he wrote thus to their officers, who were in Paris :—"Set off immediately—let the matter be rectified—you shall answer for it. What! if my people be ruined, who are to maintain me? who are to bear the public burdens? who are to pay your pensions, gentlemen? By heavens! to quarrel with my people, is to quarrel with me!" These words, as Millot observes, are those of an enlightened politician! and we know from other facts that they were spoken by a prince of great humanity. But, considered in themselves, they imply nothing more than a prudent regard to his own interest. For, might not the owner of a flock of sheep, who had been informed that his servants plucked off their wool for their own profit, say to them, "If my sheep are fleeced, how am I to be maintained? how are my rents, and your wages, to be paid? to rob my sheep, is to rob me!" Yet this very master, at the "shearing season," will have them clipped to the skin, or will sell them to a butcher, if he think it for his own advantage. If a monarch comes to consider his subjects merely as his property, he can have no claim to patriotism or philanthropy, or any exertions to promote their prosperity, any more than a West Indian planter, for keeping his slaves in health and vigour. It is true this is "a policy" which mean and little minds do not readily adopt, yet it is compatible with the most perfect selfishness. Its principle betrays itself as soon as some favourite object is embraced by the monarch, which opposes the happiness of his people ; for then, the sacrifice of the latter to the former, is made without hesitation. Thus, this very Henry IV., after he had brought his kingdom, by the assistance of Sully, into such a flourishing state, that he was able by heavy imposts to fill his coffers, was about to put the public welfare to hazard, in pursuit either of a grand scheme of ambition, or of a licentious passion, disgraceful to his age and station.

The prince who says *my people*, in the same sense that he would say

my dogs or horses, is in perpetual danger of using them, like those animals, only as instruments of his pleasure or pastime.

Let these examples, which we have contrived to set down on paper—for the most part from memory—serve to persuade the SYTHIAN OPPRESSOR of outraged and groaning Muscovy, *that his days are numbered*; and that the "weapon" which destroyed his Father, now glitters beneath the indestructible sun of Poland's everlasting glory. Go to, vain man, proud Czar, thou talkest of nothing.

But this is not all. England must look to it. The time is come when her deeds, her *acts* (not her "words" and *fair promises*), will be looked upon, by all good men, as demonstrative of her sincere, generous, and noble intentions, as regards degraded Poland. Let all true patriots—whether at home or abroad, pause, ponder, and pronounce, after they shall have read the following, from a poem entitled "The World," lately published: we quote from that melancholy, but spirit-stirring work, as follow, respecting Poland and Ireland:—

"Oh! would that thy sad fate, Napoleon!
Would speak unto the nations with a voice
Whereto the sound of thunder were the lisp
Of infant innocence.—O! taught by thee,
Would they but learn the sacred claims of Freedom—
Which, long oppress'd, *must* rise again in strength
Of fury irresistible, and break,
Even as a potter's vessel, thrones that stand
In self-assur'd security—how frail—
Upon a groaning nation's prostrate neck.
Still are the nations blind,—still are they deaf;
Or they would hear the earthquake muttering,—
The first of that fierce tempest brewing now,
And gathering with fell wrath, that soon must break
Upon their crowned heads, and crush them down
Unto perdition, thence no more to rise.
For how much longer, think ye, tyrant slaves,
Fair Genoa shall mourn her freedom gone,—
Or Venice, thron'd upon her hundred isles,
Look out across the Adriatic wave,
Whose every ripple murmurs liberty,
And count her forged chains, and deem them sweet
How long shall Norway writhe beneath the Swede,
Or Poland curse in vain the Russian yoke?"

"Oh England!—orphan child of Liberty,
Which else had died, and left the world no heir;—
Shame to thee, when the Polish battle cry
First reach'd thine ear,—that thou wert foun as one

That never had shed blood for Freedom's sake,
Nor worn her colours on thy plumed crest!
Shame on thee! what thou might'st have done is clear,
Nor can'st thou now evade the damning stain
Of foul reproach which still must cling to thee,
Conniving, as thou didst, at Poland's wrongs.
Oh! had the British lion from thy shore
Plung'd into ocean, and with dauntless breast,
And streaming mane terrific, stemm'd the seas,
How had the Baltic trembled at the sight!
How had the Karpacs echoed with his roar!
While slaves that languish in Siberian wastes
Had heard the glorious sound with ecstacy.
Shame on thee, France, white-liver'd France! (for then
Thy lilies were a symbol fit for thee)
That thou didst not pour forth thy chivalry,
Thy armed youth, invincible indeed
Had Britan join'd thee—and with rapid march
Baffle this new-fledged tyrant of his will.
And Austria, thou,—absorbing gulf of freedom,
In which fair Italy has sunk at last,—
Thou many-kingdom'd nation of fierce slaves
Which soon shall drag from thy ensanguin'd brow
Thy bold tiara, gemm'd with pilfer'd spoils.
Thou hypocrite,—whose "arm'd neutrality"
Was but a secret compact with the Russ,—
Could nought appeal to thee?—could nought avail?
Could not the claim of gratitude, well earn'd,
Knock at thy heart for one remembrance? No.—
Remenberest thou when Sobieski came,
In thy most abject need,—or else thy name,
Austria, ere this, had been of things that were—
And with fell valour suddenly put forth
Scatter'd the Moslem host, and with his sword
Stuck down her glittering crescent to the dust?"

"Yet Poland shall be free—she *shall* be free—
The sound of her immeasurable wrongs,
The sound of her despairing voice, goes forth
To all the nations, and the time's at hand
When, Russia, thou shalt pay the great account,
And retribution shall be wreak'd on thee.
Say, dost thou fondly think that liberty,
Which, like the element of water pent
In the earth's centre by compulsive force,
At length must find its level—dost thou think
That freedom, portion of the living God,
His attribute and essence, and His power,
Shall be subdued by thee?—oh vain of thought!—
Thou think'st, perchance, the Polish husbandman
Shall deem his bondage light, when he beholds

His father's sacred bones obstruct the plough,
Or knows the blood outpour'd of his brave sons
Has sunk in silence to enrich the soil;—
No—not far off I see the levying hosts,—
Their bristling spears bright glist'ning to the sun—
Their flashing swords quick leaping from the sheath,—
Their fierce artillery with hurrying speed
Drawn to the field,—charg'd for the ready match—
And there I see thy downfall—thy defeat—
Thy vain opposing weakness, Tyranny,
'Gainst the resistless power of Freedom's sons!"

"O England! purify thy hands from sin,
From the foul spot and stain of tyranny.
Look to thy sister isle, and there behold
A portion of thy empire, how depress'd,
Degraded, and despis'd—wrong'd, basely wrong'd!
Faction predominant, that borrows terms
Of Christian faith to work oppression by,
Upheld at home her curs'd ascendancy—
Justice delay'd, because her groaning sons
Have long become impatient of delay—
Redress withheld, because they dare to tell ye,
That they have wrongs that ought to be redress'd.
Faith forced upon them, on religion's plea,
Because ye say (truly) "our faith is best,"
The which to prove you claim their money for it.
O profitable faith! and worth adoption,
Since it serves two at once, both God and Mammon.
Oh! tamper not with Justice, till at last,
In deep disgust and horror at your sins,
She fling her scales aside, and wield the sword,
The two-edg'd sword, with no respective mercy,
When her most sacred dictates are despis'd.
What! know ye not, or have ye never heard,
Perchance, of the wild justice called Revenge?
Oh! swerve not from the path direct from right,
Still to uphold a bloated hierarchy
Useless or worse; since to their sacred charge
Incompetent, or else unserviceable,
If rather they have not betray'd their charge.
You have tried force with Ireland: it avails not;
You have tempted them with scenes of luxury,
Which, traitors to the faith they have been taught
To hold as true, might have been shar'd with them.
You have tried all things with them—and in vain:
All things, save Justice, which you ne'er have tried;
Give them but justice—make them one with us,
And leave their altars free, and they are one!"

One word more, and we have done. Is Lord Palmerston in good

earnest, or not? And shall not England, the land of the greatly and proudly *free*—the nurse of manufactures—the cradle of commerce—the mother of arts and sciences—the empress-queen of the ocean—shall not England be permitted to—*Strike the Blow?*

Alas! my country. How are the mighty fallen! Your political coxcombs cry "peace," but there is no peace. Oh, my country! How long shall we be doubly doomed to await the doubtful result of Lord Durham's ministerial prostration before the lingering animal reminiscence of the Czar's late Empress Mother, Catherine? How long of political time will that otherwise sagacious and high-bosomed Saxon nobleman waste, in attempting to fling his peerless toga over the iron-plumage of the Russian Eagle? Is Lord Durham acquainted with the language of the eyes? Can his Lordship *look* into the eyes of humanity, as well as inhumanity? Has he not looked into the bright and beautiful eyes of bridal loveliness? Has he not—long ago—looked into the eyes of Imperial, but villanous manhood? *Now*, if his Lordship have not done so already, let him look "sternly," into the eyes of the Eagle of the north. And if *we* are not prophetically deceived, he will see the words—Turkey! India!! England!!! The whole world (?) !!!! engraven on the tablet of his heart.

As Englishmen, having some just pretensions to true patriotism—we conjure Lord Durham not to make this discovery a state secret. Lord Palmerston must not felicitate his vanity, by a constant contemplation of the splendour of his gaudy, yet worthless coronet—but spring away from his couch of political sloth, and put on the Roman, once for all—

Humani nihil alienum.

Would to heaven we could persuade ourselves that our FOREIGN SECRETARY had a *mind* calculated to grapple with the sun—that glorious day-god of wisdom, and universal benevolence—and deem his nearest relation to be the beatific and patriotic Creator of the wide and teeming universe—but we cannot. ED.

SONG.

O come, my love! with me,
And let us tempt the sea:
The storms are all reposing in their wintry cave:
The sun is shining high,
And all cloudless is the sky,
And the merry bark goes cheerly on the sparkling wave.
But if thou'lt come with me,
The sun, the sky, the sea,
Shall wear a fresher tint and fairer beauty soon:
Far brighter than the sky
Shines thy bonny laughing eye,
And thy "merry smile" is dearer than the deep spring noon!

O come, my love! the deep
Lies hushed in sunny sleep:
The dolphin goes rejoicing through his ocean blue:
O come, my love! we'll be
As blithe and gay as he,
Careering in our little bark the wild wave through;
And, as we bound along,
We'll list some faery song,
Of elfin champions tilting in the moonshine pale;
Or knights and ladies sheen,
Beneath the summer treen,
With sunbeams flaunting bright, on pennon, plume, and mail.

Then come, my love, with me;
Our little argosie
Shall quickly leave the land and all its cares behind:
Or should they dare pursue,
We'll drown the haggard crew,
Or fling them with our canvass, to the soft sea-wind.
For o'er the glittering tide,
Attendant love shall guide
Our little bark, light dancing through the foam and spray,
And from his fragrant wing
The vernal breezes fling,
To guide us o'er the waters on our clear pathway.

THE DESPOTISM OF THE AGE OF BRONZE.

The despotism of the last reign is proverbial. It was, however, pregnant with events which have not only rendered our age an age of enlightenment; but they have conduced to signalize it in a very eminent degree. True it is, "the age of bronze" fostered that literature which was one day destined to destroy it. The literature of despotism, like our church pestilent-cant, and pulpit-hypocrisy, may not stand upon its own wickedness. Truth must be sought from a simple heart. It is impossible that we should discover it elsewhere. The learning of despotism consists of folly, ambition, and madness. Death is its bosom friend; annihilation its polluted and final sanctuary. The chambers of Orus, and the burning brow of the adamantine divinity of heaven, have no charms for despotism. It shrinks, appalled, from both daylight and rational liberty. It turns with hatred, from unpretending patriotism; and affects to despise every true lover of his country. It presumes to denounce every independent principle of loyalty, and recklessly violates the first duty of practical humanity, by trampling on the laws which were made to secure the general good, the peace and happiness of a free-born people. The intrusion of any popular voice was received with uncommon bitterness of exacerbation, and rewarded by a "significant frown" from the highest quarter of the state. The very mention of the name of Henry Brougham was said to have more than once deprived the wearer of the crown of England of sleep,—not to say *sweet sleep*. Good and reflecting men will not marvel at what has been writ. They who have, through the noiseless loopholes of retreat, watched the progress of concurrent events, are more than prepared to hear what the historian shall write on the truth-telling page of history.

It is no less a singular than an afflicting fact, that the reign which was so hypocritically celebrated as the climax of warlike and literary splendour, but which has always appeared to us to have been the consummation of all that was terrible to human tenderness and the best interests of humanity, should have been sovereignised by a vain, dissolute, and ignoble national magistrate.

Talent appears, in those days of private and public abominations, to have been robbed of its conscious elevation in the scale of society, and of its undoubted claims to respect, if not deference, from both the King and his Ministers. Talent and independence, which almost invariably walk hand in hand, were invariably at a discount, whilst the Jerry Sneaks of both Oxford and Cambridge ever found a ready way to the imperial smile of valetudinarian decrepitude and irrecoverable debauchery.

"Where are the mighty thunderbolts of war?
"The Roman Cæsars and the Grecian chiefs,

"The boast of story? where the hot-brain'd youth
"Who the tiara at his pleasure tore,
"From kings of all the then discovered globe,
"And cried, forsooth, because his arm was hamper'd,
"And had not room enough to do its work?
"Alas! how slim, dishonourably slim,
"And cramm'd into a space we blush to name!
"Proud royalty! how alter'd in thy looks!
"How blank the features, and how wan thy hue!
"Son of the morning, whither art thou gone?
"Where hast thou hid thy many-spangled head,
"And the majestic menace of thine eyes,
"Felt from afar?"

When splendid talent suffers itself to be deprived of that noble elevation, of which it is reasonably proud—robbed of the erectness and giantry of its manhood, which is its noblest attribute, and best concomitant; it is high time the nation to which it belongs, should *suspect* the purity of its motives, and the bent of its calamitous, if not pestiferous inclinations. In the last reign we had some independent, many good and literate men. The belles lettres are said to have flourished exceedingly. The mild and unostentatious philosophy of Bentham; the sublime fervour of Reginald Heber: the simplicity of Crabbe; the lofty, but satanised spirit of Byron; the wonderful powers of Scott; the attic mind of Mackintosh; the patriotic purity of Carrington; all these, with a brilliant exception or two, should seem to have been confounded by a disgusting servility. It appears to us, as if the resplendent genius of man were laid prostrate at the foot of that shrine where sat the *Tyrant Gentleman* of the age, which he manifestly disgraced, who practised the duplicity and corruption of courts, without their amenity of manners, and entailed upon his people the awful responsibility of wars, that he might bask for a short hour beneath the sunshine of national glory.

The highest praise the impartial historian can award him amounts to nothing; nay, less than nothing. He supported the stage-trick of royalty with more than usual sagacity, if not intellectual powers; but it is surely painful to contemplate any character more odious and despicable than that of a First Magistrate having become a bloated libertine, who, under the frown of a civil-list female, or a pluralist priest, signs the warrant for the execution of a malefactor, or the mandate that is to murder industrious citizens—lays waste a populated town or village —to create in the bosoms of mothers all the agonies of despair; in the minds and apprehensions of orphans all the horrors of indescribable desolation!

True courage, manly fortitude, is ever found displaying itself on, as well as round about, the throne. It has been said that "heroism" itself possesses a splendour that in great measure apologises for its want of moderation—or, in other words, its manifold excesses. But what excuse shall be urged for him who, from the giddy summits of ideal security, sanctions an order for the massacre of the inhabitants of Scio, or impels a Castlereagh to apply the knife to his jugular vein?

It is well for the English nation that a "change has come o'er the shadow of its dream." William the Fourth will live and die in the hearts of his people. Was "Reform" necessary? O.

THE COLTON PAPERS.—No. IV.

I now turn from the sanguinary triumphs I have been attempting to describe to scenes of a less active, but scarcely less wondrous description; I mean those in which, in the midst of danger and anarchy, a provincial government was suddenly organised; established order called into existence from the elements of the wildest confusion; and the dynasty of one of the most powerful monarchs in the world, overthrown with a rapidity almost unequalled in history.

To put the reader fully in possession of this part of the subject, I must return to my narrative. On the morning of Wednesday, I stated in a preceding "paper," that a meeting of several of the deputies had taken place, to consider the measures necessary for them to adopt under the circumstances in which they were now placed by the obnoxious ordinances.

These gentlemen held subsequent meetings on Tuesday and Wednesday, and on the latter day put forth a solemn Protest against the legality of this audacious attempt of the Ministry against the rights of election and the freedom of the press, declaring that they still considered themselves the legitimate representatives of the people. It was at the mansion of M. Laffitte, the banker, that this Protest was agreed upon. It was signed by most of the Deputies resident in Paris, but the absence of some well-known names gave rise at the moment, and also subsequently, to considerable remark. Among the signatures appeared the name of one never backward when the cause of liberty demands his aid, that of the venerable Lafayette. This genuine patriot was now called upon, not only by his brother Deputies, but by the unanimous voice of the capital, to become the head of a Provisional Government, and Commander-in-Chief of the National Guards.

These important, and at this moment most dangerous posts, the veteran patriot of 1789 did not for a moment hesitate to accept, and having hastily written a proclamation, announcing his acceptation of the command, which concluded with the following cheering sentence, "Liberty shall triumph, or we will all perish together," he set out from M. Laffitte's, to assume his functions at the Hotel de Ville. The General was escorted by a large body of the National Guards, and followed by thousands of his fellow-citizens, amid whose acclamations, and the roar of cannon and musketry from the neighbourhood of the Louvre, where the conflict was raging with unabated violence, he was installed in his great office. General Gerard and the Duke de Choiseul were appointed to co-operate with Lafayette in the government at this momentous crisis, but the nomination of that respectable nobleman M. de Choiseul was not acted upon. Other members were afterwards added to the Provisional Administration, as will be subsequently explained. But we must now proceed to put our readers in possession of the public documents and immediate operations of this Provisional Government,

which, with a courage truly Roman, and a conviction that at such a moment neutrality was a crime, because vacillation might be fatal, grasped with an untrembling hand the reins of authority—Trepidantem protegit urbem. Acting on this principle, "Salus populi suprema lex," they instantly adopted those firm and decisive measures which we are about to record; measures that, in the glowing language of Demosthenes, "have caused the danger that hung over the city to pass from it as a cloud;" measures that reinstated tranquillity, security, and happiness,—those golden fruits of a constitutional freedom, their legitimate and parent stock. The principal and prominent acts of the temporary Government will best be understood by a perusal of those documents through which they were promulgated. These authentic papers will be matter of future history, and we give them a place in our memoir, on account of the great interest they must command. They paint in the most forcible language the then very critical state of Paris, and the feelings of the legislative authorities at this awful moment:—

"BRAVE CITIZENS OF PARIS.

Your conduct during these days of disaster is above all praise. While Charles X. abandoned his capital, and gave you up to gendarmes and Swiss, you defended your homes with a courage truly heroic. Let us but persevere and redouble our ardour; let us put forth a few more efforts, and your enemies will be overcome. A general panic has already taken possession of them. We have stopped the courier they had despatched to Dijon for reinforcements, and to command the Duchess d'Angoulême not to return. A Provisional Government is established—three most honourable citizens have undertaken its important functions. These are Messrs. Lafayette, Choiseul, and Gerard, in whom you will find courage, firmness, and prudence. This day will put an end to all your anxieties, and crown you with glory. "LES DEPUTES DE LA FRANCE."

"July 29th.

The *first* public document of General Lafayette appeared as follows, on the morning of Friday:—

"DEAR FELLOW-CITIZENS AND BRAVE COMRADES.

"The confidence of the people of Paris has once more called me to the command of the public forces. I accept with devotedness and joy the duties entrusted to me, and, as in 1789, I feel myself strongly supported by the approbation of my honourable colleagues now in Paris. I make no profession of my principles—they are already well known. The conduct of the population of Paris during the last days of trial has made me still more than ever proud of being at their head. Liberty shall triumph, or we will all perish together!

"*Vive la Liberte! Vive la Patrie!*

"July 29. "LAFAYETTE."

"STAFF OF THE NATIONAL GUARDS.

"Gen. Lafayette informs the Mayors and Members of the Municipal Committee of the different Arrondissements that he has accepted the chief command of the National Guards, which had been assigned him by the public wish, and with which he has just been invested unanimously by

the Deputies assembled at the house of M. Laffitte. He invites the Mayors and Committees of each Arrondissement to send an officer to receive the General's orders at the Hotel de Ville, whither he is about to proceed to await their arrival.

"By order of Gen. Lafayette,

"July 29." "*His Aid-de-Camp,* Beauvais Poque."

"ORDER OF THE DAY.

"The General commanding in chief, on issuing this his first Order of the Day, cannot refrain from expressing his admiration of the patriotic, courageous, and devoted conduct of the population of Paris. They won their freedom in 1789, and France will owe them the same obligation in 1830. The Commander-in-Chief considers it a cause for great satisfaction to the Capital and himself, that he is aided by the co-operation and counsel of General Gerard, whose name alone promises every thing for France, and for all Europe, but towards whom the General-in-Chief feels bound to express his personal gratitude for his conduct towards his old friend on this important occasion. The generous conduct of the citizens of the capital is a sufficient guarantee that they will maintain that which they have conquered, but the necessary repose must be united with the noble efforts which the country and the cause of liberty still require from them. The Commander-in-Chief is therefore occupied in regulating the duty in such manner that a part only of the citizens need be under arms on each day. Orders in this respect will be published.

"July 29."

These were immediately succeeded by the three following proclamations:—

"HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE NATIONAL GUARDS.

"General Lafayette has been to-day, as he was in 1789, nominated General-in-Chief of the National Guards. Count Alexander de la Borde, one of the Deputies, resumes his functions as Chief of the Staff. M. Audry de Puyraveau, merchant, another Deputy, has been appointed by the General-in-Chief to be his first Aid-de-Camp. To Arms! to Arms! brave citizens of Paris! To Arms, ye National Guards. We call upon you in the name of the nation. The women are invited to make up tricoloured cockades, the only national colour.

"The National Guards of Paris are re-established.

"The colonels and officers are invited to re-organize immediately the service of the National Guards. The sub-officers and privates should be ready to muster at the first beat of the drum. In the mean time they are requested to meet at the residences of the officers and sub-officers of their former companies, and to enter their names upon the roll. It is important to re-establish good order, and the municipal commission of Paris rely upon the accustomed zeal of the National Guards in favour of liberty and public order. The colonels, or in their absence the chiefs of battalions, are requested to present themselves immediately at the Hotel de Ville, to consult upon the first steps to be taken for the good of the service.

"This 29th of July. (Signed) "LAFAYETTE.

A true copy, etc." "ZIMMER."

"The companies of the National Guards will continue their formation

so happily commenced. An officer from every legion is to be sent immediately to the Hotel de Ville for orders.

"The different armed corps will receive orders from head-quarters, or are to apply there for them.

"All persons are expressly forbidden, in the name of good order and the public safety, to fire off their arms upon any other occasion than for the defence rendered necessary by the most outrageous aggression upon the public peace and liberty."

"ORDER OF THE DAY.

"Let the means of defence be organised in each legion, and let communications be established, so that the weakest points may be most strongly guarded. Let a reserve be made from such of the legions as are least in danger, and be formed of a moiety of the disposable force, and let the abandoned barracks be as much as possible re-established. Let them be put into relation with the environs, so that no person may be permitted to pass beyond the barriers without a permission from the Commander-in Chief, or from the commission of government. Let a daily return be made to head-quarters of the numbers of each legion, the state of the arms and ammunition. The commandant renews his order to the commanders of legions for them to send daily an officer with 25 men to form the guard at head-quarters. There shall be established at head-quarters a body of 25 young men, to be employed in carrying out orders, and who shall be distinguished by a badge on the arm.

"From the Hotel de Ville, this 29th July. LAFAYETTE."

General Dubourg, who in the anarchy which reigned during this morning, had been momentarily invested with, or had assumed, the command of the citizens, and was afterwards admitted to a temporary command under the provisional government, issued the following proclamations:—

"FELLOW CITIZENS.

"You have by universal acclamation elected me to be your general. I will prove myself worthy of the noble National Guards of Paris. We fight for our laws and liberty. Fellow-citizens! triumph is certain. I entreat your obedience to the commands of your chiefs. Troops of the line have already surrendered, and some of the regiments of the royal guards are ready to do the same. The traitors who have excited this civil war, and have conceived that they might with impunity massacre the people, will be compelled to render an account before the tribunals for their violation of the laws and for their sanguinary plots.

"From head-quarters on the Place de la Bourse, which is the general rendezvous, this 29th July. "GENERAL DUBOURG."

"ORDER OF THE DAY.

"The authorities, who derived their title from the charter, have torn it to pieces, pronounced their own condemnation, and abandoned all their posts; all good citizens have now only to follow the dictates of their own courage and conscience. The people have taken up arms; they have maintained order, and are on the point of reconquering all their rights;

but organization is still called for in every direction. To obtain it, it is earnestly desired:

"1. That the deputies of the departments assembled at Paris, will immediately proceed to the Hotel de Ville, which is become the centre of organization, there to consult on the measures to be taken.

"2. That the mayors of Paris do immediately repair to their respective mayoralties to wait the instructions that will be sent to them for the maintenance of order, and the defence of persons and property.

"3. That each of the mayors will send one of his deputies to the Hotel de Ville to join in forming a commission to deliberate upon the interests of Paris.

"4. The members of the definitive bureaus of the colleges of Paris at the last elections, will meet at the chief places of their respective mayories, to form together with the mayors a permanent council.

"5. The deputies of Paris are specially invited, in the name of the duties imposed upon them by their nomination by their fellow citizens, to proceed immediately to the Hotel de Ville.

"6. All persons employed at the prefecture are required to repair to their posts to execute the orders of their superiors.

"7. The legions of the National Guards will muster in their respective arrondissements, in order that they may, by the usual measures, protect persons and property. "For the provisional government.

"By order of Geneal Dubourg, "J. Baud.

"Hotel de Ville, 29th July. ——— "Colonel Zimmer."

The reader may conceive the effect of these inspiriting documents upon the public mind,—harassed by the most frightful suspense, and hourly agitated by reports of disaster and defeat. Until this period, the inhabitants of Paris had not permitted themselves to hope that their resistance could be attended with a triumph so complete. But the name of Lafayette and his patriot associates gave a promise of success, of peace, order, and security, which tranquillised the most timid, and gave new courage to the bold. Crowds surrounded every placard, and they were every where read with transports of joy.

Previous to the formation of the provisional government, an attempt at accommodation with the King was made on the part of the Deputies, who had again assembled in the morning, at the house of M. Laffitte. A deputation, consisting of General Gerard, Count de Lobau, and Messrs. Laffitte, Casimir Perier, and Mauguin, proceeded, amidst the fire of musketry, to treat with the Duke de Raguse, at the chateau of the Tuileries. M. Laffitte represented in glowing language the deplorable state of the capital, blood flowing in all directions, and the report of musketry heard in every quarter as in a city taken by assault; and in the name of the assembled deputies of France, declared the marshal personally responsible for the fatal consequences of so lamentable an event. The marshal replied—"military honour is obedience." "And civil honour," rejoined M. Laffitte, "is not to massacre the citizens." The marshal then said:—"But, gentlemen, what are the conditions you propose?" The answer was:—"Without reckoning too much upon our influence, we believe we may reply that every thing will be restored to order upon the following conditions:—the repeal of the illegal ordinances of July 25; the dismissal of ministers; and the convocation of the chambers on the

3d of August." The marshal admitted that, as a citizen, he might not disapprove, but even participate in the opinions of the deputies; nevertheless, as an officer, he had received his orders, and would execute them; he would, however, engage to lay the propositions before the King, in the space of half an hour. "But, moreover, gentlemen," added the marshal, "if you wish to have a conference on this subject with the Prince de Polignac, he is at hand, and I will go and ask him if he can receive you." In a quarter of an hour the marshal returned, and informed the deputies that the Prince considered that the nature of the conditions proposed rendered a conference useless. "There is then a civil war," answered M. Laffitte. The marshal bowed, and the deputies withdrew.

It would appear, however, that the conditions thus peremptorily rejected by the President of the Council, were not so unpalatable to his master, for, on the same evening, the Marquis de Pastoret, Chancellor of France, M. de Semonville, grand referendary, and the Count d'Agnault, a peer of France, arrived at the Hotel de Ville, to announce that his majesty had appointed the Duke de Mortemart to the post held by Polignac, and to declare that he would accept any ministry he might select, and withdraw the fatal ordinances;—but that which would have been accepted in the morning with gratitude, it was now too late to offer, and the reign of Charles the Tenth had, from that moment, virtually closed.

There are many other brilliant exploits conjoined with this brief era of prodigies, but of a minor and less important character: among which may be named, the storming of the archbishop's palace, and gallant attacks upon several strongly-guarded public buildings; but, as these affairs are more or less connected with anecdotes of personal prowess and traits of individual magnanimity, an account of them will be reserved for a subsequent part of our narrative.—At four o'clock on the evening of this glorious day, the awful question of victory might be said to be decided, and the battle won. At this triumphant moment, we might, without a solecism, affirm that the Parisians had taken Paris! Words of brief but most portentous import, involving no less a consequence than this, whether that city, the emporium of such treasures of science and *chefs d'œuvre* of art, a city so heroically rescued from the grasp of tyranny by its inhabitants, should, henceforward, be tenanted by freemen or by slaves.

We will now proceed to give a rapid sketch of the aspect, crest-fallen and forlorn, which the troops exhibited at this particular moment. Three days of fatigue and privation, of peril and of havoc, had consummated their work. Of all that formidable array of splendour and of strength, of pomp and of power, nothing but a wreck remained. These brave, but misguided victims of an authority both insolent and imbecile, were broken down and frittered into numerous small parties of fugitives, presenting motley groups, composed of fragments of different regiments whom chance or accident had thrown together; many of these fugitives were without arms or equipments, and many more in disguise, but all of them in full, but disorderly retreat, occupied by one solitary hope, and actuated but by one consideration, the preservation of their lives. This hope was realized! and it was a spectacle most exhilarating to the best feelings of our nature, to observe, that the moment these brave but

unfortunate men had ceased to be an object of fear, they had also ceased to be an object of vengeance. The valour that had effected their defeat, was a sure and certain guarantee that such courage would be accompanied with clemency. It would seem that this great and magnanimous people, though left to the sole impulse of their own generous hearts, had already prejudged all the circumstances of their case, and, even in the tumultuous moment of victory, had unanimously decided for mercy. The principal body of that confused mass, which once formed an army, took the direction of the road to St. Cloud, and if the slightest spark of hope still remained in any of the adherents of the Court, it must have been extinguished by the silent tale of total discomfiture, so visible in the forlorn appearance of this shattered band. Their march, or rather their flight, was retarded at times by the feeble resistance of their rear-guard, occasionally facing about, and keeping up a desultory fire, returned with vivacity by the people, who harassed their flanks, and continued their pursuit as far as the barrier of the Etoile. Cuirassiers mingled with the gendarmes de chasse, officers grouped with privates, trumpeters and drummers thronged in by dragoons and lancers, some dismounted, others on horses jaded or bleeding, portions of regiments of the line mixed up with the splendid but disordered trappings of the garde royale; some fainting and breathless from exhaustion, others tendering their feeble help to the wounded; the flashes of musketry piercing, at intervals, through the heavy cloud of dust that enveloped them; the triumphant acclamations of the people; the melancholy and dejected air of the vanquished, formed altogether a moving picture, which the imagination may conceive, but a true idea of which can be formed only by those by whom it was witnessed. By degrees, and in proportion as the knowledge began to diffuse itself, that quarter would be granted to all that surrendered themselves, this multitudinous and motley mass continued to experience, at almost every step, a diminution of its numbers. Already, in various quarters of Paris, whole bodies of troops, of all arms and descriptions, had thrown themselves, with joint acclaim, into the ranks of the people; and it was evident, that the fraternisation of the whole army, and their adoption of the popular cause, was at hand. Already mutual embraces, and tears of joy and rapture, certain omens of the triumph of liberty, were exchanging and exchanged. At this moment of generous enthusiasm, hands were joined in the grasp of friendship and love, that had, but a moment before, been engaged in the work of mutual carnage and destruction.

Hurried away by the current of events, so animating from the uniform success that attended them, we have not, hitherto, noticed the proceedings of that infatuated family, whose fatal obstinacy gave rise to these scenes of blood. By the culpable silence of those around him, we must charitably hope, that the monarch, on his tottering throne, was not aware of the dreadful slaughter which rendered Paris, on the Wednesday, a vast and reeking charnel-house. Those who best knew, in private life, the deposed monarch, testify to the kindness of his natural disposition: but, surrounded by "the curst ungodliness of zeal," his native benevolence was converted into the rigidity of despotism, and, while his subjects were falling in every volley, he was calmly pursuing the pleasures of the chase. Far different were the sensations of the amiable

Duchess de Berry on that eventful day. She was universally beloved by the Parisians; her numerous charities, and the innocent gaiety of her disposition, had endeared her to all classes. With feelings that amounted to agony, she distinctly heard the volleying musketry, the booming of the artillery, which rung alike the knell of many a brave citizen, and of her maternal hope of seeing her offspring on the most brilliant throne of Europe. Unable any longer to endure the torture of suspense, she mounted one of the towers of St. Cloud, and clearly distinguished, by the aid of a telescope, the tri-coloured flag on the public edifices of the city. Struck with consternation, she descended, embraced her children, bedewed them with a mother's tears, and vowed never to be separated from them. On the return of the King from the chase, the last that the royal domains of France afforded him, she threw herself at his feet, and implored him, in terms the most energetic, while it was yet time, to change his resolution, if not for the sake of humanity, at least, that he might not, for ever, destroy the splendid destiny that awaited her son. The misguided monarch received her very coldly at first; but, when he had heard her pleadings, told her that she was a fool, bid her busy herself about her ball-dresses, while he, an indignant monarch, punished an ungrateful people.

At this period, not a doubt of the ultimate success of the royal cause could be entertained by the inhabitants of the Court. The very supposition, that nearly twenty thousand of the finest troops in Europe could be beaten by a mob of citizens, hastily collected, and without arms, was scouted as ridiculous;—and, although on the very verge of fate, a calm reigned over the palace of St. Cloud: its inhabitants were fully persuaded that the morrow would restore tranquillity to the city, and then for the work of vengeance? The arrest of many eminent men was decreed, and a council of war summoned, to speedily extirpate the political heresy of many of the liberal peers, the editors of the journals, who had so nobly signed their protest against the Ordinances, and those fearless judges, Messrs. De Belleyme and Genneron, who, from the judicial seat of their respective tribunals, had pronounced their illegality. Musketry and the guillotine were to be the instruments of vengeance; and dreadful would have been the fate of the proscribed, had not the valour of their fellow-citizens rendered the designs of arbitrary power unavailable. Various and conflicting accounts reached the palace on the morning of Thursday. The mingled roar of musketry and artillery was more tremendous than on the preceding day. Nature had not garnished the visible horison with a cloud; the sun shone with splendid radiance in the blue serene, but over the city, at a low elevation, hung a sulphureous canopy, which appeared like a funeral pall. To the inhabitants of the surrounding heights, it must have had the appearance of a volcano, suddenly throwing up its columns of smoke over the edifices it was about to overwhelm. At last arrived the Duke of Ragusa, the master executioner, to whom the work of slaughter had been confided, pale and breathless. Reports had preceded him, and he found all in consternation. The Duke of Angoulême, equally weak in adversity as heedless in prosperity, was reviewing the troops on his arrival; he had more the air of a suppliant for protection, than the heir apparent to a crown, in the presence of his soldiery. Not a cry of loyalty to his cause was uttered,

to raise his drooping spirits, and the stolidity of consternation pervaded every rank. On his return, he met the Duke of Ragusa, and the following singular scene took place. The Marshal recounted his discomfiture, but was rudely interrupted by the Dauphin exclaiming, "You promised to hold out fifteen days, and here you are; you have betrayed us, as you did the city of Paris before. Do you know to whom you speak?" The disconcerted Marshal answered, "To the Dauphin." "The King has made me Generalissimo of the Army," was the rejoinder, "and in that quality I declare you to be a traitor." Then turning to a garde du corps, he ordered him to take the Marshal's sword. However, snatching it himself, he endeavoured to break it on the pommel of his saddle: the steel resisted, and the Dauphin wounded his hand. He, thereupon, ordered the Marshal into arrest.—When the King was informed of this rude and absurd conduct, he was much annoyed. Marmont was the only man of military talent who remained attached to the Court. However, not to disgrace his son in the eyes of the army, he ordered the Marshal's arrest to expire at the end of four hours, and invited him to dine at the royal table. His cover was placed, but the indignant and ill-treated officer did not attend. All was now confusion; a council was hastily called, and the blinded monarch proposed to abdicate in favour of the Dauphin, who was in vain sought after for some period. He was at last discovered, in the Hall of the Baths, whither he had repaired, in consequence of a letter received from the Duchess, announcing that she should arrive at eight that evening, and ordering a bath to be prepared. It was then resolved by the council to place themselves in communication with M. Chateaubriand, whom they supposed to have some influence with the people. Some letters passed, but nothing arose from this attempt at negotiation. It was then finally resolved to dispatch the Duke of Mortemart with offers to the Provisional Government, announcing, that the obnoxious ordinances would be withdrawn, the ministry changed, and every-thing placed upon its ancient footing; also giving him full powers to offer, not only the King's abdication, but that of the Dauphin, in favour of the Duke of Bordeaux, if found to be requisite. "Let us," said the fallen sovereign, "preserve a remnant of the monarchy in the family." Embarrassed by the serious responsibility of this mission, the duke requested a written authorisation, but the King quieted his scruples by assuring him upon the faith of a gentleman and a christian, that he would not, in any manner whatever, break through the engagements that might be made in his name. It is difficult to describe the profound stupor and melancholy into which the late events had thrown the King; when told by M. Coetlosquet that he had seen the capture of the Tuileries with his own eyes, he replied, "It is not true."

The Dauphin still asserted that the royal cause had been betrayed by the Duke of Ragusa. As the reports became more and more unsatisfactory, the anger of the King increased to a degree of fury. He seized a pen, issued an order declaring the Duke of Orleans a traitor to his country, and ordered a party to proceed to his country residence at Neuilly, and to make him a prisoner; enjoining, at the same time, all his faithful subjects to rally around him. This order, however, it was found impossible to obey, the inhabitants of the adjoining villages having already taken up arms in the national cause.—Still further enraged at the safety

of his intended victim, and information reaching him of the heroic part taken by the young gentlemen of the Polytechnic School, he launched forth an Ordinance, ordering its dissolution. This was the last degree of infatuated imbecility; and, like many which preceded it, was more the subject of contempt than obedience. By this time the Duke of Mortemart had returned from his important mission, with a countenance that announced the worst. It appeared that, on repeating the concessions of which he was the bearer to General Lafayette, that staunch patriot of other times returned for answer, in presence of his assembled staff and officers, that "He was only called to head the National Guards, for the preservation of public safety, and had no authority whatever to treat with His Majesty."

How gladly would now the terms, proposed in the morning, by M. Laffitte and the deputation to the Duke of Ragusa during the murderous slaughter, and contemptuously refused by Polignac, have been accepted! but the hour was past—victory on all sides rested with the people. At the expense of their life-blood they had torn the sceptre from the besotted family, who had abused its power, and precautions were now to be taken that a conquest so dearly obtained, should not be rendered futile by the arts of diplomacy. The people generously did not ask indemnity, or vengeance for the past, but they demanded security for the future. Taught by experience, that even the charter might be explained, by artful and designing men, to be hostile to their liberties, that the solemnities of an oath might be broken at pleasure, they determined that sovereign power should no more revert into the hands which had so arrogantly abused it; and nothing less than a total abdication was the general cry. Hope, however, had not yet abandoned the court: another messenger was dispatched by Charles to the Provisional Government, demanding an explicit reply to the offer of concession he had made. General Lafayette returned the following note:—

"An explicit answer is requested of me upon the situation of the Royal Family since their last aggression upon the public liberties, and the victory gained by the citizens of Paris. I will give it frankly. My answer is, that reconciliation is impossible, and that the Royal family have ceased to reign. "LAFAYETTE."

About this period the Duchess of Angoulême arrived at St. Cloud. Her determined and masculine mind is known to have had great influence over the whole of the late royal family. After hearing the particulars, and learning from the state of the troops, and the preparations made for their reception in Paris, that any farther attack on the city was hopeless, she proposed, with what soldiers still remained, and whose ranks were hourly thinned by desertion, to retire behind the Loire, and foment a counter revolution in La Vendée. Their deliberation was, however, cut short by intelligence of the approach of large bodies of the National Guard and the populace of Paris, upon which preparations were made to abandon the palace; and, late in the night, this culpably obstinate family, to whom former exile and adversity had given no lesson, once more left the palace of their ancestors on their melancholy pilgrimage—"The world before them where to choose their place of rest, and Providence their guide."

The Dauphin did not leave until the next day at ten o'clock, in a car-

riage drawn by six horses, and followed by nine pieces of artillery, with their caissons. The Duke of Ragusa, who had been reconciled to the prince, mounted on a spirited bay charger, with a scarlet velvet saddle, and in the splendid uniform of a Marshal of France, rode by the door of the carriage. The 1st regiment of infantry of the Garde Royale, some of the Gendarmerie d'élite, and the scattered remains of the Lancers of the Guard, followed. The regiments under the command of General Bordesoult, stationed at Versailles, refused to march; the general himself, nevertheless, joined the melancholy cortège. The chateau was instantly taken possession of by the popular force.

The only ministers who accompanied the royal family were M. Monthel and Capelle. The other five had dispersed, each to seek his individual safety.

Previous to the departure of the troops, those who had suffered defeat in Paris, and were encamped in the Bois de Boulogne, had refused to assist in any movement contemplated against the people. A deputation of officers of the line and pupils of the Polytechnic School had waited upon the officers of the Royal Guard, and requested their co-operation. These gallant men answered, that they were decided not to carry arms in the cause of tyranny against their fellow-citizens, but that until they were released from their oaths, they could not unite with their brethren in Paris. Dreadful to relate, the evening previous to the departure from the palace, a number of soldiers of the royal guard who had cried *Vive la Charte!* were shot, and buried in the park of St. Cloud. It is said that the number of these victims to the frenzy of despotism amounted to twenty-eight. This, if it be true, was an act of cold-blooded assassination, for which the Duke of Angoulême, as Generalissimo of the Army, must be responsible.

By easy stages, and at a foot-pace, the lugubrious and silent procession reached Rambouillet, a small town about twenty-eight miles from Paris, where they seemed determined to make a stand, and to obtain, by a show of resistance, the best terms possible. On his first arrival at Rambouillet, the King sent to the Duke of Orleans, who had been called upon unanimously to assume the office of Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom, an unqualified abdication; requesting, at the same time, a million of francs in gold, and a safeguard to protect him on his passage to Cherbourg, where he intended to embark for a foreign country. (This important fact will hereafter appear, when I resume my account of the proceedings in Paris—I am here compelled a little to anticipate, in order to render the narrative clear.) The abdication was evidently dictated by the fears of the King for his personal safety, as intelligence hourly reached him that, as his ordinances arrived at the most remote towns and villages, no other stimulus was necessary to call into life the national flag, and the tri-coloured cockade, even long before the events of Paris were known. La Vendée, the most unenlightened province of France, and the supposed very focus of loyalty, displayed instantly the ensign of revolt. The citizens of every town which led to the coast were under arms, and the national guards of Rouen, Bolbec, and Elbeuf, were marching upon Paris, and in the rear of his little army, not amounting to 3000 men. With equal alacrity and generosity the provisional government immediately deputed, as a safeguard, the five following commissioners, of the

highest respectability in their different classes of society, the Duke of Coigny, M. Odillon-Barrot, M. de Schonnen, M. Jacqueminot, and Marshal Maison, sending four millions of francs instead of the one demanded, but requiring at the same time the surrender of the crown diamonds, which although an heir-loom of the kingdom, the royal fugitive had thought proper to carry off. As if, however, this vacillating monarch was determined to give one more proof to Europe of his want of faith, or pitiable weakness in yielding to the pernicious counsels of those around him, what was the surprise of the commissioners, on arriving at Rambouillet, at being refused admittance to the royal presence, although one million of the gold they had brought, and perhaps with too much confidence sent into the coffers of the king, was retained! Evil counsellors, it is to be supposed, had been at work during the few hours that intervened between the abdication of the already deposed monarch and the arrival of the commissioners. It is reported, that the only man in the family, as the late emperor was used to call the Duchess of Angoulême, had insisted upon the king's putting a good face on the matter, and probably, by this means, gaining better terms, and the assurance of a magnificent pension during his exile. This was eagerly seconded by the numerous courtiers and placemen who formed the court, who spoke of each retaining, by such a stipulation, his rank and salary. Another plan was proposed, which I only mention for its absurdity, and as indicative of the criminal ignorance of the rulers of the nation. The Duchess asserted that twenty thousand troops remained faithful to the royal cause on the frontiers of the kingdom; that those, united to the little army that followed their fate, might take possession of Montmartre, and establish there a battery of fifty mortars. She assured them that the present insurrection was by no means general, but was only caused by the manufacturers of the Chaussée d'Antin, who had discharged their workmen. Her project was to proclaim the dauphin king, to make all other concessions but the liberty of the press, and then to offer to the provisional government the alternative of submission, or of seeing fifty thousand bombs thrown into the quarters of the Palais Royal, and the Chaussée d'Antin, the hot-bed of the revolt. As to the inhabitants of the Faubourgs, they would be friendly to the royal cause, on promising them the pillage of these two rich quarters of the city. M. Despinois, de Guiche, and de Vassy, warmly supported this absurd plan, but a chief was wanting for this enterprise,—where was he to be found? The intended king was in such a state of abasement and confusion, that he could not utter two consecutive ideas. He observed on this proposal, however, with some degree of sagacity, "That the population of Paris would roll barrels of powder into the plaster quarries of Montmartre, and blow himself and his camp into the air, which would not be very agreeable to either party." This resolution therefore was dismissed; and the only hope that remained to the court was, that, by abdicating in favour of the Duke of Bordeaux, a party might be formed, round which the royalists might rally. It was also known that a few among the people were for a republic: therefore, if time could be gained, a collision upon the form of government might ensue among the Parisians, and something at last turn up in their favour.

That the wild and mischievous designs above described were enter-

tained, after the desponding monarch had sent in his act of abdication, and the remains of the court were anxiously waiting the expected safeguard and pecuniary supply, of both of which every passing hour more and more disclosed the necessity,—is said to have been wholly the work of the dauphiness, who had arrived at Rambouillet after her royal relatives. On being informed of the steps taken on the preceding evening, her fury knew no bounds. She protested,—nay, even swore, at the imbecility of the measures taken, and endeavoured, by every argument in her power, to persuade the king and her husband to make a stand, and attempt, at least, the projects above-mentioned, to reduce the Parisians to submission, The king did not dare to raise his eyes from the ground in her presence, and the dauphin was equally intimidated on the occasion. At this period the national commissioners arrived; the king hesitated as to what steps he should pursue; the duchess ordered that they should not be admitted; the king acquiesced, and they were refused accordingly. After some written negotiation, it was resolved to permit the Duke de Coigny alone to have access to the royal presence. He was assured that many of the troops still remained faithful to the cause; that some stipulations must be entered into for a pension to the retreating party, as many of the courtiers spoke of retaining their emoluments and rank; and if these conditions were not granted, they talked in lofty terms of defending themselves at Rambouillet. The king at last determined to make a final effort, and transmitted the following letter, addressed to the Duke of Orleans, as Lieutenant-General of the kingdom:—

"*Rambouillet, August* 2.

"Cousin,—I am too deeply grieved at the evils which afflict, or which might menace my people, not to have sought for the means of preventing them. I have, therefore, formed the resolution of abdicating the crown in favour of my grandson, the Duke of Bordeaux.

"The Dauphin, who shares my sentiments, also renounces his rights in favour of his nephew.

"In your capacity of Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom, you will therefore have to proclaim the accession of Henry V. to the crown. You will, moreover, take all the measures which concern you to regulate the forms of government during the minority of the new King. Here I confine myself to make these arrangements known; it is a means of avoiding many more evils.

"You will communicate my intentions to the diplomatic body; and will make known to me as soon as possible the proclamation by which my grandson will be acknowledged King, under the name of Henry V.

"I charge Lieutenant-General the Viscount de Froissac Latour to deliver to you this letter. He is directed to confer with you on the arrangements to be made in favour of the persons who have accompanied me, as likewise on the suitable arrangements with regard to myself and the rest of my family.

"We will hereafter regulate the other measures which are consequent upon the change of reign.

"I renew to you, cousin, the assurance of the sentiments with which I am your affectionate cousin.

"Charles,

"Louis Antoine."

On the morning (Tuesday) succeeding the return of the National Commissioners to the metropolis with the bearer of the foregoing letter, at eleven o'clock at night, the report of this last breach of faith flew about with astonishing rapidity. The whole city groaned with indignation, and long ere General Lafayette could make application to each of the twelve mayories for five hundred men, each which he did, twenty thousand were under arms, pressing with the utmost rapidity through every barrier which led to Rambouillet. Every vehicle which plies for hire in the city and its environs, was engaged by the government. All felt that a rapid and numerous demonstration of force upon Rambouillet was necessary. It was known that in the rear of the royal party the citizens were firm in the cause of their country. Expresses were sent instantaneously to them to march upon Rambouillet, while the Parisian army advanced upon it in front. No words can express the enthusiasm of all ranks; every horse and carriage was gladly tendered for the conveyance of the national troops; the Citizen Guard of Havre, Bolbec, and Elbeuf, a very fine body of sea-faring men, although fatigued with the march of the day, for they had just arrived at Paris, eagerly joined their brother patriots, and in a few hours from the return of the commissioners, the advanced guard was rapidly proceeding to the intended attack. The national army was placed under the command of General Pajol. Great was the consternation of the fugitive family, when intelligence reached them of the approach in front of this formidable column, which was increased on its march by the armed population of Versailles and Rouen, which they met on the road: the Dauphiness herself trembled. The commissioners, who had returned with the national forces, preceded them to the chateau. Fear had now rendered this misguided family docile, and a fresh negotiation being opened, at the demand of M. Schonnen, the crown diamonds were surrendered, without any remark; and "boot and saddle" being sounded by the trumpets of the cavalry, at ten on the night of Tuesday, the 3d of August, having accepted the safeguard of the commissioners, they resumed their flight. Such was the hesitation, however, previous to this step, that the commissioners were obliged to press upon them the information that another hour might be too late, and at last peremptorily to offer the alternative, either that they should proceed voluntarily to Cherbourg, or be conducted to Rochefort.

Casting, it cannot be doubted, "a longing, lingering look behind," as the chateau of their ancestors receded from their view, the cortege, much diminished in number, reached Chartres on the 4th, and after some rest proceeded to Dreux, where they slept.

JACK IN A CHURCH.

"Some of you fellows are looking snoozy," said a "wide awake" member, addressing the watch one night. "What say ye to a yarn?"

"That's right, Bob," cried two or three, starting up. "Let's have it!"

"It shan't be a doleful one, because we've runned out our grog—and watery stories, d'ye see! require a dash of the *spirits*,—ha! ha! that's good, arnt it?" "Humph!—tol'rable!"

"And it shan't be false, 'cause then, you see again, you can't place no dependance on it. I likes a story that when you're telling it again, you can say, 'I'm hanged if it aint as true as the Bible!' Then people can't shake no heads at ye, or if they do you may blow 'em up for it with a good conscience. But this, boys, is as true as you're all sitting there, so when you're paying it out again, you may all say that you've seen it yourselves; and I'll be bail for your 'debility."

"Well, you've heard what things the Killease,* 40, did in the West Ingy seas, and what a set o' stiff fellers she had aboard her. I know'd a few on 'em in diff'rent places, and was once half inclined to sarve aboard her myself; only at the time I wanted, I was sarving in the Andrew† Maakie, one of the crack thirty-sixes, and had a skipper what I didn't want to part company with,—'tall events, as I said afore, I know'd a few on her men, and jolly fellers they were too—capital hands at the grog, and as glib at a yarn, long or short, taught or brightish, sad or merry, true or 'pocryphal, as ever you'd wish to see. I'll tell you how I got 'quainted with Joe Fisher, who was one of the best among 'em. It was at Falmouth, and I was in a public-house, with a pipe in my bow port, and a pot o' beer afore me, sittivated in one of the inshore reaches. There was a good many coasting crafts, and unregular navigators, brought to an anchor about, and amongst 'em was Joe: he and I, you must know, was the only thorough-breds in the place. Well! I didn't know nothing of Joe then, in course, and though I could see he was a true 'un'—and he must have made me out to be the same—we hadn't as yet hailed each other. Well! I, and some of the long-shore coveys, got into conwersation, and starting some perfessional subjects, at last, into summat like a little breeze. The fellers hadn't no right to dispute the 'pinion, certainly, of a man of wars' man; but, howsomever, they did, and afore I know'd where I was, or into what latitude I'd got, I found myself carrying on like the devil, in a stiffish running fight, with a couple of blazers ahead, and some small craft in each bow. *They* jawed, and *I* jawed, till their woise nearly runned me down; for four at one, you know, wasn't fair play; and I was just thinking of hauling off out of the smoke, when up shot Joe Fisher on my starboard quarter, and beginned thundering away on my side. I directly gathered fresh heart, and remanning my guns, peppered away on two of the coveys on my starboard beam, while

* Achilles. † Andromache.

Joe, already loaded and primed, sent a whole broadside slap aboard the others. Even now there was four to two—but, Lord! Joe's metal was fifty times as heavy as his 'tagonists; and his guns was so well sarved, that their fire gradually fell off to nothing. By and by, they all beginned to sheer off, wonderfullv disabled in their upper rigging; and when the smoke had a little cleared away, I hailed Joe, and Joe hailed me, and we beginned to grow wondrous thick. He singed out for biscuit and cheese, and I for porter, and we soon got as comfortable as a couple o' kings, and know'd each other's history, from the time we shoved off our keels into the ocean of sarvice, to the moment he steered down to my assistance. A generous feller was Joe indeed! for when 'to pay' was the word, and the landlord shoved in his warrant, while I was rummaging for small shot, he tossed a handful o' coppers into his starboard fin, and told him to bear off, and say nothing to nobody. But, howsomever, I was even with Master Joe another time,—but never mind about that. Well, you must know, my lads, that Joe wasn't going to stay at Falmouth only a very little time, for his skipper had only put in there for a day or two, and was bound for Portsmouth harbour. The day a'ter this, Joe and I shaked hands, and steered different courses—he went aboard his craft, and I cut off for Sheerness; and I didn't hear on him for some time a'ter. But blow me!—if I havn't forgotton to tell ye that he had been married for a couple o' years, and his partner—a well-rigged young 'oman, so he said, fond of new clothes in her mainsail, and of mighty genteel behaviour,—he had her from a 'spectable stock: for her father kept a wholesale crockery shop, and her mother had been cook-maid to an admiral's lady:—none o' yer flaunty, fly-away, bunting-decked, gingerbread, tittering young lasses, but an orderly tort sailing-craft, that never runned with loose rigging, but had al'ays her spars scrup'lously squared, and her cordage neatly rattled down; al'ays answering her helm, and turning lightly to wind'ard, and *never missing her stays*. She lived in Portsmouth, and, in course, Joe was in a main hurry to join company whilst he stayed in port.

"Well, what's to come, I had from a very 'edible witness, and when I sawed Joe a'terwarns, and axed him about it, he fully bored out the other's *testy money*, and confessed that no long bow had been drawed in the bus'ness. The next day a'ter Joe got ashore happened to be Sunday, and as his consart was very 'ligious, nothing would do, but he and she should go to church. Joe hadn't been to no church for a number o'years, and strived hard to be excused the sarvice. But this only made the young 'oman ten times more dissolute; an, at last, Joe was reasoned down into the voyage, and made to ship his holiday toggery. Afore they got aboard the praying-place, his missus thinked fit to give him a little destruction in the way he should behave himself, and amongst the rest, says she to him, says she, 'Joe' says she, 'mind you musn't say nothing to nobody, till the business is all over, and then only in a whisper.' 'Very well,' says Joe, 'I won't.' 'You musn't,' says she, 'keep rolling your eyes about the deck; and when the people gets up, and sits down, mind you gets up, and sits down too.' 'Ay, ay,' says Joe; 'I won't sit down at all, and then I can't fail o' being right.' 'Well,' says she, 'that'll be better than keeping your seat all the time,' says she, 'and with a little reg'lation from me, you'll do in that respect tol'rable well,

Now, the next thing,' says she, 'what I'd have you mind of all things, is that you must remember, no one upon no account whatsomdever must say nothing, except the parson. 'Aye, aye,' says Joe, 'I'll be blowed if I won't mind that, 'specially as I know nobody has no right to give no orders, except the captain. Well, that's all, I 'spose,' says he? 'Yes,' says she, 'that's all, only be sure to remember that nobody's to speak never a word, except the parson.' And with that, they cried hands to the lee braces, and stood in.

"Well, my lads, having slackened sail, they brought their helm to port, and espying a sunny anchorage, with only a single craft moored in it, stood across to'ards its nearest end. Then they clued up their courses, and backing their maintopsail, got starn way, and let fall their kedgers. But they'd got so far abaft, that they could see little or nothing of what was a going on; and, as Joe kept every now and then poking up his starboard eye, over the hammock rail, and seemed mighty restless, his missus thought they might get a better berth. So she got under weigh, and with her consart in her wake, doubled a cape, and stood on, under an easy sail, through the whole fleet, till at last she brought to, under the bows of the Admiral's ship, and throwed out a signal for Joe to do the like. This was a much better sittivation, for they could hear beautiful, and faced the whole congregation. All went on very well, for some time; the parson was a getting through his log, like an East Indiaman in a stagg'rer, and Joe seemed very 'tentive. Well, my hearties! as bad luck would have it, just as the old gentleman, who was a reading, had cut through a tarnation long thingum-bob, a strange voice from above singed out—drawing it out as long as the maintop bowline—A—men! My eyes! you should ha' seen Joe; he pricked up his ears directly, and as he didn't know well what to make on it, at first, he said nothing to nobody, but looked very queer, and beginned to grumble to himself. His missus, who had all along been very fearful of his behaviour, heered him saying summat just above his breath, and, 'What's the matter, Joe?' says she. 'Matter!' says he, 'blow me! nothing's the matter, only this here feller in the fore-top has been a saying what he should'nt ha'said.' Well, the people about beginned to look rather funny, and Joe's partner told him to let down his bowsprit, and not say no more. The parson, you know, had it all to himself now for some time, and Joe knowed all that was right enough, and so kept wonderful quiet.

"But by and bye, you know, the fore-top feller striked up again, and beginned to sing out summat considerable longer than the first. Joe bobbed up his truck again, and looked rather flustered. 'Poll,' says he, 'didn't you tell me afore we comed in, that nobody was to say nothing, except the parson.' 'Hush! for goodness sake, be quiet, Joe,' says she. 'Quiet,' says he, 'when I sees no discipline aboard the Admiral's ship, d—d if I will!' Joe started up, throwed down his log-book, and primed for action. 'I say, you mister!' he sings out, 'you mister in the fore-top, ahoy! What 'thority have you to cry out when the captain's a speaking, and you've orders to run in your piece, and lash down the port? Pretty regg'lations aboard here, indeed! Don't you see, his honour looks quite dumbfoundered with your impudence? What bus'-ness have you to keep there mocking the skipper, in this here insinivating way, eh—you long-shore toddler? I wish I'd got you aboard the

Kill-case, that's all; I'd see if you'd play such pranks again. Blow me! if you should'nt have a lash from every man in the fleet. I heered you the time afore, you lubber, I did, only I thought I'd give you an offing for consideration, and fancied what you singed out slipped from you *convoluntary*. Shiver my timbers! here's a pretty go! mutiny, by George! a d——ndable, sculking mutiny! And you, too, old gentleman, why don't you unship your barnacles, and sing out for the master-at-arms? If you won't make your men pay you proper respect, why that's your fault, that's all. Blow me! if he won't get under hatches in a minute. Hail for a guard, and clap him in the bilboes. Here's a jolly revolution! men turned skippers, warrant coveys, flag officers! Blow me! if you arn't all a disgrace to His Majesty's Sarvice; one and all, one and all, from skipper to landsman.'

"By Jove! but you *should* ha' seen the church. All in as much confusion, as the cock-pit after a thundering action. The lighter craft screamed, and beginned to scud from their moorings. The men o' war beared up, and wanted to see what was the matter. The parson dipped down the hatchway, and swinged down to the lower deck; while the charity boys, and the chap what keeps order, comed running through the reaches, to get hold o' Joe. Joe got on the seat, and was singing out like a thirty-two pounder. 'I say! you sir!' says he, 'you chap with the cocked hat, three-penny cane, and laced toggery, capital order you keeps 'tween decks, when the captain can't say his say, without being put out every minute. I'll warrant you was ogling the young woman alongside, instead of attending to your duty. Clap on more sail, old bottle-nose, and bowl down as you ought to do. Clear away your grappling-irons, and run aboard your chase, or the clipper 'll slip through your fingers. I've a good mind, only it 'ud be interfering with regg'lations, to bring you down myself, you lantern-nosed, gooseberry-eyed, bason-headed, limber-finned, bell-pulling, spade-driving, psalm-singing, son of a poor-box and parish book. You'll soon heave to in limbo, that's one comfort; so come down, and victual for the cruise, and be d—d to you!'

"Howsomdever, Joe was stopped short in his 'dress to the ship's company, and hauled out by a half-dozen of the hands, into the stern galleries. A few o' those on board, 'specially the parson, and his first and second mate, wanted to march him off for a court-martial, under the charge, as they said, of disturbing the congregation at their 'votions; but one or two of the most 'spectable passengers offered to become bail for his 'pearance, and so they taked off his *lumbargo*, and let him warp away. The damage a'ter all was wasn't of no great importance; but often as he's been since in Portsmouth, blow *me* if you could ever get him into any thing what mounted a steeple, or had a warrant officer forreds with a cocked-hat, cane, and laced jacket."

BILL ROGERS,
LATE H. M. S. "FIRE-FLY."

WHAT DO FOLKS LAUGH AT?

DEMOCRITUS.

"I'll dwell in cities, (as my genius guides,)
To laugh my fill, for smiling PEACE provides
Such plenteous store of laughing stuff to fill me,
That still I'll laugh, unless that laughing kill me."

Dialogue upon the Troubles past, between the Weeping and Laughing Philosophers, by Josiah Sylvester, 1633.

Ay! what *do* folks laugh at? Is it not an awful question? Dear reader, you must now confess, that it is of paramount moment to ascertain what is the cause that equally disfigures, with contortions, (horrible if minutely inspected,) the fairy cheek of girlhood, curtained with love and innocence, the enchanting languor of the leader of ton, the ruddy face of the ploughman, the funereal visage of the chimney-sweep, the lofty features of majesty, the member's brow of care, the card-playing cat-loving old maid of fifty-eight, the baby in the cradle, the man of 'change and checks, ditto of no 'change and drafts, the exquisite of Belgrave Square and the omnibus box, or the box of the omnibus; in fact, every breathing being, from Mr. Green the aeronaut to Mr. Blue the miner. I say again, is it not of equal importance, as the *mighty* mysteries of the philosopher's stone; preventive checks; checks to prevent pickpockets; or the query of how many of Dan O'Connell's tails will reach to the moon? —Alas! is it not doubtful if any will pierce the clouds at all, at all, unless it be those of *their own pigtail and potatoes?*—But to return to my text.—I was walking—no, not walking, sauntering down Regent Street the other morning, about 4 o'clock P. M., leisurely drawing on to my left hand a kid glove of the purest white, Parisian make, and inwardly anathematizing the man, who, having taken the length, breadth, and depth of my manners, and afterwards counted its solid contents, could be so insufferably donkeyish, as to make the receptacle for my little finger so clumsily as not to show the figure of the brilliant turquoise that embraced it, when, who should I perceive advancing on the same side of the way but my very amiable friend Emma Stanley, leaning upon the arm of a tall young man, whose dark mustache actually twined from the exterior of his features around his nasal organ, from which issued sounds not at all in accordance with the inspired notes so often heard in Warwick Street; and whose finely-formed waist seemed trying, with wonderous plunges, to escape the thraldom both of stays and buttons. My eyes involuntarily glanced from the youth to his fair companion: (it's a strange thing, they generally do) alas! to my astonishment, her beautiful lineaments were actually disfigured as horribly as those of her fellow promenader. She, who was looked up to as the beauty of beauties, was actually more like the beast.—Her once smooth cheek, of the most delicate hue of the sweetest flower coyly blushing at its sister bud, was no longer to be discerned; but, in its place, a surface of the texture and dye of a red pickled-cabbage leaf; the mouth, made for the home of kisses,

had "vanished into thin air," and a feature occupied its site like a squashed orange. As I came up to them, I unconsciously, so great was my alarm, exclaimed, "What, in the name of heaven, can have happened, to have thus suddenly disfigured the lovely Miss Stanley."—"What do you mean, Sir Charles, I do not comprehend you,—allow me to introduce the Count D'Or— Sir Charles Markland, Count D'Or— Count D'Or— Sir Charles Markland." Of course, the usual happiness was expressed on my part. "And now, Miss Stanley, pray pardon me, and appease my curiosity—tell me what you were laughing at?" "Oh! a mere trifle, nothing at all, Sir Charles," replied the beauty. "Nothing," nothing!" echoed the Count. "Good God!" I mentally ejaculated, as parting from the elegant pair I continued my saunter down the street; "how can people be such unmitigated asses, as to riggle their faces into such shapes, that even "the attractive monkeys" of the Zoological Gardens would blush blue to own. Surely, they cannot have the minutest idea how execrably ugly they looked!"

Now, peruser, duck! you must be aware that I am a bit of a met-a-physician, an ontologist; a bit of a poet; a bit of a mis-an-thrope; a bit of an exquisite; and a *complete*—nonentity. Dreaming, I like to walk about, a *sonnambula* in fancy, not in reality. Hating the world, I once thought of exploring the untrodden wilds of Africa; in hopes of finding a Utopia in the bosom of the vast Continent; some faery glen 'mid the cloud-capped hills, and gardens of flowers; whose inhabitants were as unstained as the mountain dews which fed their streams, rippling through the wilderness. I delighted, too, in German literature; it was my joy to clothe things in robes of mystery; to believe men were but shades stalking o'er the world; their actions springing from no cause, or if any, unknown, but to the initiated: this I longed to be.

"What do folks laugh at?" The gong was struck—it vibrated in my ears, like a rusty voice of an old harpsichord, doomed to be thumped by the bread-and-butter fingers of some blue-sash-white-frocked schoolgirl, for three hours per diem; unhappy instrument, what are the miseries of the "interesting niggers" compared with thine! It haunted me —what *do* folks laugh at? I entered the Athenæum; the first person I saw was one of the footmen, with his hands rubbing to and fro between his legs, convulsed with laughter; which, vainly endeavouring to repress, spluttered out on either side of his mouth, like—I have, at a distance, heard—sausages squabbling in a frying-pan. Now, thought I, here is a fit subject to be anatomized; and touching the fellow on the shoulder with my cane, I vociferated, "How now, sirrah, what are you laughing at?" The man became calm in an instant, and turning round with an awkward bow, replied: "Nothing, sir—I beg your honour's pardon—Sir Charles." "Nothing again," I muttered, as I walked away, "confound the rascal; what do folks laugh at?" How fearful was the thought that stuck to me by day and by night. I had mooted a problem, which like perpetual motion could not be solved, for what was *nothing!* Could I grasp it, gaze upon it, hear it, taste it, smell it? —no! I sought my chambers with a fevered brain. All round the room the things were grinning at me—the chairs uplifted their seats, resembling mouths stretching with merriment; the open piano uttered fierce yells; Hood's Annual and the Pilgrims of the Rhine lay upon the

table,—all were in hysterics, even "The World*"; I looked into the glass, my own face laughed at me. "Bah!" I sighed, "this will never do." I went to bed, and although the pillow, as I lay my weary head, enveloped in five silk night-caps, upon it, exuded a giggling growl, which penetrated through their downy folds; I at length got to sleep, how I cannot tell. This state of passive happiness was not long to last; I awoke and looked at my time-piece, it was just four.—I had forgotten the fever of yesterday, and was quietly again courting the dews of sleep to fall upon my eye-lids; when, horror of horrors, I was aroused by a he, he, he! issuing from the next room;—like lightning the frightful sound scathed my heart—I trembled for a moment in the bed; when again, he, he, he! ha, ha, ha! came in smothered accents up the stone stairs, from the apartment below. "Fire and furies," I exclaimed, as I jumped from the couch, "I will catch the demon now!" I threw on my dressing gown, and rushed down stairs. The perspiration hung in great drops upon my night-capped brow, I quivered in all my joints, so great was my anxiety to fathom the mystery, which not content with taking possession of my mind by day, must, like some gloomy spectre, yawn its death-laugh even o'er my pillow. "Infernal demon," I ejaculated, as I pushed against the parlour door, "I have you now;" it flew open with a terrible crash—a sound like that which we are told shall be heard when the sky will crackle together as a lawyer's scroll, or mortgage deed—but, above it all, I could distinguish the everlasting grinning. My taper was out, I stumbled into the room spluttering forth in my rage, "Fiends! what do you laugh at?" the fresh morning breeze played across my cheek, the window was wide open, and by the grey dawning light I could discern—*nothing*—nothing but my table in a recumbent position upon the carpet, minus two legs, a loss indeed, although they were but wooden ones; and around it slept, in elegant confusion, the empty bottles of my best champagne; and my Dresden china in rather more pieces than even a dealer would recommend. The noise and cries of my poor shepherds and shepherdesses, broken thus rudely from their cups, and the hollow sound of the fallen *marines*, soon brought the inmates of the house to my assistance. It was unanimously agreed, that there had been thieves—midnight robbers! think of that; for, of my plate, excepting a few broken ones, could be found—nothing! Perceiving the means of making a rich repast, these "nice," hopeful young gentlemen had set down in my room to enjoy themselves, and tickled by some strange fancy, had burst out into the merriment that aroused me from my dreams;—hearing me astir above them, they had placed the table loaded with bottles, &c. against the door to retard my progress until they could effect an escape. Alas! why they laughed could be told—nothing!

In a few days, I left town on a trip round the coast, in order to loosen from my mind its shackling thoughts; or, by picking the apple from the tree of knowledge, to give judgment in the yet untold cause—Laughter v. Sir Charles Markland. As I love now and then to see a little unsophisticated vulgarity, by way of procuring fresh food for my philosophy (philosophy can't stomach salt junk), my intention was to commence my

* "The World," a Poem in 6 Books, lately published.

cockney tour by proceeding to Herne Bay, per steam. I was put in recollection of this mode of travelling, and the place, by watching the steam slowly curling from the urn at breakfast-time. It was one of those delicious mornings termed "a doctor's real friend," when the streets at the east end of London are found ankle deep in a kind of pea-soup, tickets for which may be had gratis: the rain came misseling down, and the east wind, in slight puffs, just kindly wafted it into my cabriolet as I drove from Cornhill to the place of embarkation. However, I had "made up my mind" to go, (a kind of bolstering up) let the weather be what it would. I soon arrived at the steam-packet wharf, and stepped aboard the "Red Rover," which seemed, from the colour of its breath, to be rather a black one. We cut the waters of old father Thames, and dashed through England's hoard of riches:—"Ships, Colonies, and Commerce," muttered I to myself, used to be great Buonaparte's toast; but now, in these milk-sop reforming times, they oppress our shipping, throw away our colonies, and damn our commerce!—A truce to politics, I did not leave Jermyn Street, to hinder my digestion by studying political economy. Hearing from the cabin (whither the rain had forced me) "the band" attempting to play "Rule Britannia," I immediately guessed that we must be off Greenwich, so I sallied forth to gaze upon that fine monument of British glory and philanthropy. The rain had nearly ceased: but I had scarcely placed my foot on the last stair ere I heard a sound which made *me* stare; guess of my infinite joy, to find "softly o'er my senses stealing," a melodious "ho-ho-ho-ho-hoov." I hastily turned round; there, under the lee of the paddle box, sat a mountain of fat, labouring in its laughter as much as the paddle beneath it—actually, the flakes of gross substance on either side of its pug nose, quivered like a jelly. I am certain it was impossible for this animal's eyes to have doubled its promontory sufficiently to discern the top-boots which decorated its handsome legs. "He,he,he—la, Pa, is that here Green-vicht," shouted a little fellow by his side, who might very properly have been called *mole-hill*. "Yes, dear, that's the Horsepittle, and them men in blue coats and three-cornered hats, like raspberry-tarts, turned up at the hedges, are the practitioners," replied a raw-boned, tight-skinned woman, who was dealing out porter and polonies to her comfortable coterie. I fell into one of my reveries (companions of my genius, or disease) upon the enjoyments of my near neighbours, who, I am glad to say, whilst plunging into their capacious maws great lumps of grease, and draughts of muddy water, were wise enough to hold their tongues, lest they should bite them. However, I was not long left to my musings, for no sooner were the porter and polonies reduced into something like their original state, than my longing and elongating ears were again saluted with the man mountain's "ho-ho-ho-ho," followed by the "he-he-he-he," and "ha-ha-ha-ha—haa" of the old woman ("lady"—so the steward called her), and a stranger nightingale, who had joined the group with a "hi-hi-ho-hoop—buzs-buzs—hi-hi-ho-hoop—buss-buss." I could stand this no longer: so going up to the mortal, I accosted him with, "I hope you will excuse me, Sir, but you seem very merry; perhaps you will allow me to partake in the joke—what might you be laughing at?" "Oh! nothing, Sir, nothing!" replied the monster, in a growling tone. "The devil you wern't!" ejaculated I. "No, Sir, nothing,—I likes to laugh at nothing, sometimes, it makes a

body grow fat." Good gracious, thought I, asI turned away, your crops must have been very successful lately, if we may judge by your granary. But, however, the old *gentleman's* wit was not to pass with only my solitary reflection; for from the wheel I could hear it followed up by the enchanting "hi-hi-ho-hoop—he-he-he—ha-ha-haa," and then came the thunderinng bass, "ho-ho-ho-ho"—bringing up the rear, like a body of heavy artillery. I shuddered as I said aloud "what do folks laugh at?"

I reached Canterbury—Canterbury Cathedral is a beautiful building—I was always particularly fond of old churches and castles: there is a gloomy grandeur hanging about them which I love; they have existed when mortals, vainly famed for their learning or their greatness, trod their stone aisles, or knelt before their holy altars: they still exist when those heads are laid low in the dust—when even their memories are almost forgotten. When we gaze upon this time-seared fane, how natural is it for the spirit to fly back to the days of Henry the Second and Thomas a Becket; the past is once more embodied, it lives again in the imagination of the beholder. But such was not to be my lot; for I had no sooner cast eyes upon the crumbling pile than my meditations were interrupted by the cachinations of some impertinent jackass at my elbow: I turned abruptly upon the inquisitive animal, with, "and pray, Sir, what do you laugh at?" "Nothing, Sir, nothing," replied the intruding ape, in a sharp wiry tone, like the grating of a weather-cock. "D——n, do all folks laugh at nothing?" bellowed I. "May be," continued the inquisitor, who was a little—very little creature, arrayed in dirty black, with a nose that resembled the shape of a gun made to shoot round corners, and a pair of bullet eyes, "may be you've never seen our cat before, Sir?"—casting his lively orbs from his spindle knee, breeched legs, to the gorgeous mass—the house of prayer! "No, Sir," I replied, "I have never seen your cat before, or behind, Sir—do you take me for a cat-skinner,or what do you mean by asking such impertinent questions?" "Pertinent, yes, very pertinent to the time—cat means Cathedral here, Sir; it's a way I've got of my own,—I am the sexton, Sir—shall be happy to show you all over the Cathedral, Sir—for half a crown, Sir: if you go into the vaults, six-pence more, Sir.—He-hi-he-hi-ho-ho-hum!" "What the devil do you laugh at now, my good fellow, eh?" "Oh, nothing Sir," again squeaked the weather-cock, more shrilly than before.

Escaping the temptations of a trip to Calais, and the perils of Romney Marsh, I arrived at Hastings. Beautiful country round about. Put up at the "Albion," fine sea view from Dungeness to Beachy. "Boots," said I, the first morning, as he brought up the hot water; "what kind of bathing have you here?" "De bathing, Sir, is dewine generally." "Bathe in wine! what do you mean!" "No, Sir, bathe in de sea, but there be's a monstracious big swell on, dis morning, Sir." "Well, never mind, I shall try it," said I; "and then there'll be two swells together." I strolled down to the beach, and found myself safely ensconced in "a machine." I now discovered why bathing is recommended by the Faculty, (who certainly have the faculty of taking people in, as much as they do their physic) in order to remove pimples, or bumps, from the skin; for just as I started, forgetting it was a shingly beach, I was standing upright, when away I went from my pins, and my hands being engaged, my face must inevitably have come in rude

contact with the wooden side, and have removed my Roman nose from its seat, placing in its room a broken Bridge of Sighs, had not it gone forth on its travels, through the little hole left to admit light, which luckily was open. At last I stopped in my rapid flight. I opened the door to spring out, when I was assailed with a "hoa-hoa-hoa-hoop." "How!" said I, "does the devil live in the sea, as well as on land! What's the matter?" putting my head round the machine, and covering my nakedness as well as I could. "Oh, Sir! I just fell in—with, but I believe it's nothing, Sir—Nothing," retorted the merman, looking up at me with wonder, and wiping the water from his eyes and hair. "Do please tell me, Sir, what it was?" exclaimed I eagerly, and with a disappointed air (nearly resembling the way in which his hair was appointed), at having so nearly solved my problem, but to feel my hopes not only damped, but actually drowned by his crying, "Oh, no, no," as he jumped into his Domicile; "it was, I assure you—nothing!"

The next day I received a letter, which required my immediate attendance in town. Accordingly, at 10 o'clock, I mounted the box of "the Paragon," and crawled along at the rate of about seven miles an hour; but the tediousness of the journey was made up for by the splendour of the country through which we passed. I was enchanted! Hill and valley came in succession, and displayed some of the most luxuriant views that could be desired. We stopped at Tonbridge-wells to dine. Every traveller knows that not much time is allowed for this operation: accordingly, I made the best use of it, by putting a piece of potatoe into my mouth, which was so exceedingly hot, I was obliged, after burning my tongue into blisters, and trying in vain to bolt the dainty morsel down, to dislodge it precipitately from its hiding-place, into the lap of the lady who sat next to me, much to the amusement of my felow passengers—miserable sinner that I was! "What the deuce are you laughing at?" vociferated I, in torture from my dozen wounds, to a slender dapper draper's-boy-looking youth, who ever and anon burst forth like a volcano, with "buz-buz, splutter-splutter!" "Oh! Sir, nothing, Sir," replied he, half frightened, and turning quite white in the face. "By G—, Sir!" retorted I, "what do you mean by *nothing?* It is the most detestable word on earth!"

"Coach is ready, Sir, London coach," shouted different voices from without; and again we rolled off towards the metropolis. We had just passed through Farnborough, when a most violent giggle broke from the inside of the coach; startled by the sound, splash went the near leader, a little blood mare with elegant action; and away we went into a full gallop—whizzing along at double our former speed. I stretched over so as to be able to parley with the causers of the fright; "For heaven's sake, my dear young ladies, hold your tonges," I exclaimed, "or we shall be all upset. But tell me first, what have you found to laugh at?" "We don't know," weezed the cracked voice of an antiquated dame. "I believe it's nothing," said a round-faced country girl, putting her bonnet out of the window to shew it; "I believe it's nothing, Sir." "Sacre!" muttered I, "nothing again." "Hough-hough-hough!" pealed from the dickey, at this exclamation, "Hough-hough-hough!" "Good heavens! who ever heard such a horse-laugh?" groaned I to the coachman. "They're all four off," replied he, alluding to his cattle. "Stints

above defend me, four horse-laughs!—this is more than I *can* bear! Coachman, coachman, stop, for the love of mercy, stop;" gasped I, "let me down." "Oh, you're afeard, Sir, are you, it's only nothing"—"Only *nothing!* how cool the fellow talks!"

The next day I arrived at my old apartments in Jermyn Street. My little Tiger opened the door with a smiling face. "You young vagabond," said I, "what do you smile at?" The boy said nothing, but smiled again. Reader, I dare say now, that whilst you have skimmed these pages, you may perhaps have grinned a ghastly grin; and yet, if I asked you what you laughed at, and you were to speak the truth, you would reply *nothing!* Every body laughs at nothing, and nobody laughs at *nothing*. I determined to live solus no longer, to be haunted by horse-laughs, cat-grins, and donkey-smiles. So, thinking the case carefully over, I made up my mind (a kind of bolstering up, as I before said) to get married forthwith, which is no laughing matter, I assure you; only consider coolly as I did, over a bottle of iced claret and cayenned biscuits, and you too, I guess, will grow rather timorous. A wife's like a cut at cards—both may either turn up an ace, a trump, or the deuce; and oftentimes they cut a heart, which cannot cut from them—and then the squalling brats; slobbering and greasing you, from top to toe, worse than any brick-bats; curtain lectures, hair combing, long faces, longer tongues, tears, cucumbers and onions, *cum multis aliis*—never, I hope *to come*, for a poor weak-minded wretch that I am. I hummed the popular song of "Why don't the men propose?" and it hummed me, for I obeyed its injunctions the next morning; how? but I shall tell you nothing about that, excepting that I went on my marrow-bones, and the lady laughed in my face. I asked her what about, and she replied "nothing," yet I verily believe it was from joy; for Ellen and I were soon made one, (as it is called) and ever since that blessed day, we have both been so happy, (which I hope may be the case with you all) that even I, the ontologist, the poet, misanthrope, exquisite, nonentity, no longer ask folks what they grin at, but laugh myself at everything, anything, or *nothing!*

UMBRA.

October, 1835.

EPIGRAM.

THY heaving bosom is the couch of Love,
He kindles passion at thy flashing eye.
Anon—among thy brown tresses will he rove;
Anon—to thy sweet lips for kisses fly!
So charm'd is he with his enchanted bed,
So loth from such delicious lips to part,
So amply at thine eye his torch is fed,
He never yet has rack'd thy icy heart!

S. T.

A FEW WORDS ON THE DRAMA.

It has of late been so general for managers of theatres to accuse the public of withholding from them a due share of encouragement, that it would seem, at first, there was some truth in the often-repeated assertion.

How frequently do we find them asserting, "it is not my fault that I play everything but the legitimate drama, for were I to do so, the consequence would be, an audience scant in the extreme. People will not patronize it; at the present day, the taste has altogether changed, "and I must follow the stream." Upon this false foundation they base all their arguments, and the result proves their sophistry; season after season comes to an end, and we find the managers congratulating themselves upon every thing but their profits. This ought to show them their errors—but, no! they seem determined to commence the next year with even increased vigour in every department, save always that which tends to uphold the dramatic literature of the country.

We can remember how we winced some year or two since, when accompanying a foreigner to one of our national theatres, at his remarking, that the three pieces were translations from the minor theatres of Paris, and any thing but improved by the adaptation. It would have been of little use reminding him, that there were more eminent men engaged in literature in England than in any other country in the world; but the national theatre was not their arena.

One of the greatest drawbacks to the success of the theatres, are the galleries; not that we would be supposed for a moment to object to them, for we should indeed be sorry to see them closed; but every frequenter of places of amusement must admit that the galleries always rule the house: it is their tastes the managers and actors seek to please, because they are loudest in their applause, and the most villanous trash in the shape of maudling sentiment and vulgar songs is introduced, for the purpose of what is called, in theatrical parlance, "bringing down the galleries." What is the style of music selected by the galleries for an encore? some comic song, or sentimental air overladen with meretricious ornament, and which every person of taste or judgment in the house feels ought to have been left out; and yet they are obliged to suffer the infliction of its repetition, and endure the double annoyance of listening to such trash, and having it asserted that "it was stamped by the approbation of the whole house."

The managers, instead of striving to do away with the much-abused system of an encore, do all in their power to encourage it. They seem not to be aware that those *morceaux* which are really deserving of encouragement will find their way quietly and surely, without any of those uproarious bursts which they so much delight in hearing, and which are more generally the harbingers of bad success than otherwise.

There are many persons of taste and education who would go to the theatres for a refined and intellectual amusement, that are now driven away by the managers so continually playing up to the galleries; they are disgusted with the nonsense and trash put forth on the stage, and prefer remaining at home and perusing quietly a favourite author to the trashy medley of our national theatres.

That pieces devoid of real merit, spiritless in dialogue, and whose strength lies alone in the disgusting horrors of their situations, may for a time please the "multitude," we will not deny; but they soon surfeit, and even the very persons for whom they were designed feel no pleasure in their repetition, or if they do look on them a second time, it is languidly and without interest, and with feelings more, perhaps, of disgust than pleasure, and they are glad when the performance is finished. They miss the rich racy dialogue of the old comedies; when they laughed they scarce knew why, or felt themselves excited by the beautiful sentiments and imagery of the sterling tragedies of the old English writers, and the repetition of which they could bear without experiencing the same languor or ennui so generally caused by witnessing a second time the dramas of the school of horrors.

The managers never seem to lose an opportunity of courting their friends the galleries, for even in the production of an opera, which has been frequently played abroad and the success of which is almost certain, they are not content until some fiddler in the orchestra whom nobody scarce knows has thrust in a villanous composition of his own, calculated for the galleries, and which perhaps are the only encores of the evening, and therefore considered by the manager as suiting his purpose much better than the works of Mozart, Beethoven, Meyerbeer, &c., whose music is listened to quietly, and without that noisy approbation bestowed upon the interpolaters.

It will be in vain for managers to attempt, with any degree of success, the performance of the legitimate drama for a few evenings with a badly assorted company:—persons wholly incompetent are thrust into parts they are incapable of understanding, or even properly reading, and it is but little amusement to a discriminating audience, to listen to the beautiful passages of our old English Poets delivered by an actor who considers himself engaged in the operatic department; and to whom, acting and elocution are a very second-rate concern. In one company we must have members for Tragedy, Comedy, Opera, Farce, Ballet, and Pantomime; none complete in themselves; each lending to the others, and forming a discordant whole, that rarely insures success:—there is a want of harmony consequent upon thus getting up performances that makes them any thing but the source of amusement they ought to be. Managers may well say "the public will not patronize the drama in its highest range," for they will not listen with pleasure to the murdering of their most cherished authors, delivered in a sing-song style, by an actor who considers, either that it ought to be turned into music to suit him, or into a ballet, in which he might attitudinize the principal character, and who, perhaps, has grace enough to feel that he understands about as much of his author as he does about Greek Apophthegms.

Were a company to be formed solely for the representation of tragedy, comedy, and farce, leaving to the other house the getting up of operas,

ballets, &c., there might be a chance of success to all; the public might have the drama again raising its head as proudly as ever, and operas and ballets well sustained, and the managers find, by their replenished exchequers, that the English will still patronize their native talent.

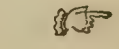
At the present day we have no national theatre, for those so miscalled are the least of all to be considered as such: the English drama has latterly taken up its resting-place in the neighbourhood of Whitechapel, the denizens of which still relish the literature of their native country, and care little for the incongruous translation of the theatres of the Parisian Boulevards. B.

TO A DISAPPOINTED WASP.

FOUND ON MY BREAKFAST-TABLE IN NOVEMBER, ON WHICH THE TIMES NEWSPAPER WAS LYING.

Say, aged thing,
What chance till now has kept thee on the wing;
Say, sober veteran,
Ere Death e'en thee within his clutches clasps,
Why art thou here,
Long after each compeer,
Thou obsolete, old-fashion'd man,
Methusaleh of wasps?
Methought that thou wert dead, entomb'd and rotten,
With all thy beautiful array
Of pleasures in a happier day,
Quite, quite forgotten!—
Dost come once more, ere slumb'ring in thy grave,
December's storms to brave,
Prowling about in speculative mood,
Despite thy grey decrepitude,
For ancient food?
Dost come with tott'ring limb,
Once more to climb
The sugar-bason's parapet,
And make thereon thy wonted revolution?
Although the time when *you* shone
Is at a distance I would fain forget,
But for thy impotent endeavour,
To be so frolicsome and clever,
And frisky yet!—
Oh! for the days when thou wert young!
A rival of the Gossamer,
As on the Zephyr's breast it hung,
Which of the two were happier!—

Claiming thy tithe of all
In fashion clerical,
Tho' at the best thine was but cant
Itinerant!—
Thou hadst a goblet in the full round grape,
And on the sweetest things that be,
Didst most flagitiously
Commit a rape!—
Perhaps thou wert the very *fellow*,
Who, like a man of gallantry,
Didst sit thee where the roses lie,
Upon my lov'd one's cheek—and made her bellow!
If so—I'll kill thee with an endless death,
With a stout breath
I'll whiff a hurricane around thy pate,
Or set thee here,
To wither in a tropic atmosphere,
On my hot plate;
I'll poison thee with horrible device,
Of melted butter;
Or drown in a trice,
Beneath the waves of that continuous gutter,
By heedless tea-cup in its saucer spilt,
All for thy guilt!—
Yet no!—Thou seem'st unconscious quite,
Tho' quite unhappy—come, then, lonely wight,
And with a kindlier thought, I'll haste thine end;
Nay! wherefore for our mercy blame us,
Poor ignoramus!
No dainty breeze nor warm sun can befriend
Thine agueish old bones, and hungry snout;
The half extinguished taper of thy life
I'd better much put out—
No doubt.
Come, come then—here's relief;
Beneath my pocket handkerchief
Down falling
Upon the ground you're sprawling
Now with my merciful great-toe
I'll stamp—Ah! no,
'Tis horrid!—Yet it must be so,
And in an instant thus your writhing trunk
Is trodden into atoms—Crunk! crunk! crunk!



SOPHENE AND SOPHOCLES.—No. 4.

The pilot having lost all hope, gathered his crew around him. "The anger of the Gods," said he with a faltering accent, "is full upon us; our ruin is inevitable; Jupiter arms against us all the elements; nothing can keep us from his vengeful hand; let us forbear tiring him with vows he rejects; Neptune is less unmerciful; let us renew a custom that has always proved successful; let us offer up a human victim that shall save the rest, and see whom chance will appoint. His discourse met with general approbation. Every one was eager to throw his name into the funeral urn. Every one made towards death in order to avoid it. The first signature that came out from the deadly vase, (can I say it without expiring?) was that of Sophene! Mad with the most exorbitant grief, I carried her into the hold of the ship, with a fixed determination rather to be torn into a thousand pieces than to surrender her. Fear rendered me cruel. Those who the very evening before would have laid down their lives to please her, are the first to sue for her death. They cried aloud that Religion had been violated, and they fancy that the suspense of a moment increases the violence of the storm.

Imlacca attempted to plead for her; but instead of being listened to, and obeyed, they threatened to make away with him also.

They then rushed upon me, and, in spite of my utmost struggles, tore her from my arms. I sank down in a deep swoon. She made her way through the crowd, towards the pilot. "New minister of the Gods," said she, "their rights shall not be transgressed—fear no opposition from me. The life of Sophocles depends upon my death—perform thy office—Neptune calls for his victim—she is ready: why dost thou defer sacrificing her?" These were her last words! two seamen took hold of her—"what are you going to do, ye cruel men?" but already the sea had received and swallowed up its prey. Jupiter! do you countenance such horrible sacrifices? Or if you execrate them, why does not your thunberbolt blast the impious men that dishonour you by offering them. The storm abates. But, Gods! ought a crime to be the purchase of man's deliverance? and you, monsters, that hold me down, you did well to chain my fury—it would have rendered this horrible device abortive."

The pilot enjoined me silence: I strove to rush upon him. "Load him with chains," cried he aloud. Then every thing near me became a weapon for me—the Furies inspired me—horror and dismay attended them; the crew looked upon this new danger as more imminent than the first.

But my strength was soon spent—they overpowered me. Revenge rendered me thirsty of her blood—I panted for it; but my rage was reduced to impotent cries.

In order to get free of me, they steered to the shore and cast me upon the land. Imlacca! you were not permitted to attend me. You would

have been a comfort for me: had I been susceptible of any, sorrow, when it rises to an excess, makes one sensible. I remained in sullen silence—I lay motionless—a fatal state; and more horrible than the most violent agitation. It was not long before my despair gathered new strength: the rocks resounded with my screams—the lions and wild boars echoed them from their dens—the Gods heard them, unmoved! The tortures of those famous criminals which their unrelentless justice pursues, are milder than mine: all hell was in my heart—and what was I guilty of? I loved, and I love still. Are these my crimes, O Jupiter? How long has the thunder-hearted man been the object of thy cruel vengeance? Is it an offence to imitate thee? And you, Goddess of the sea, do you suffer Neptune to give you a rival? Our interests are united: give me Sophene again. Love! what art thou doing? Jealous of Sophene's beauty, thy mother detains thee at Paphos. Sophene was thy votary; thou hadst promised her to my ardent wishes—dost not thou know that she is ravished from me? But what am I doing; and why do I address myself to cruel and deaf gods? Sophene, you are no more—I have caused your death; mine alone can atone for my crime. If I delay it, it is to prolong my misery: but now you inhabit either heaven or the Elysian fields; and I am not worthy of those delicious abodes.

The only god whose kindness I did not implore, pitied me. A friend to mankind, he often anticipates their desires, in order to give himself up to them; his power is boundless; he triumphs over such as even Love could not tame. He reigns amidst the frightful din of arms;—the dreadful noise of raging storms cannot trouble him whom Jupiter himself respects, and it is through his favours that the most unhappy mortals, in spite of fortune and fate, become gods themselves.

In a word, sleep shed his soft dews on my eyes, when, on a sudden, I was dazzled by a glaring light that surrounded me; Cupid broke through the air, and showed me Sophene. "Forbear thy complaints," said he, "I restore her to thee;" he said, and flew away. I fixed my eyes upon her, and enjoyed the pleasure of seeing her, though under the absolute impossibility of expressing it. It seemed as if she herself tried in vain to speak. Nevertheless, we lost nothing in that involuntary silence: our looks, our sighs, our raptures, were but more eager, more inflamed, more ravishing for it. At length Sophene said to me, "I live,—I love you!"—"How so," cried I, "is it you?" The vision flits away, and when I awake, I find myself in a ship among a crowd of Æthiopian pirates, whose slave I am. 'Tis thus, ye cruel gods, that ye abuse us weak sons of men! However, I was astonished at the calmness of my heart;—I was sorrowful, but my sorrow was tranquil, and when I had no room for hope left, I gave myself wholly up to fluttering expectations. An oar in my hand, I looked wishfully at the companions of my misfortunes. Too much weakened to share in their labours, I remained only a spectator of them: "And how," said a barbarian, smiting me, "dost thou think that thou art here to be idle?" I found in my courage means to curb his brutality. "O, Sosthenes! the gods fully retaliate the wrongs you received at my hands. O, my father! let the shameful condition I am reduced to never reach your ear." The vessel in which I sailed—Eurycone having put into harbour, to make up the damages it had suffered from the tempest—was pursuing its voyage, when we descried it

gave it chase, overtook, boarded it, and after two hours of hard fighting, became masters of it.

I know that vengeance is the portion of the gods, and that they have kept it to themselves; but I was so much exasperated with the pilot, the cruel author of all my afflictions, that I could not but see him with pleasure a captive. That pleasure soon gave way to new sorrows. Imlacca, wounded and dying, appeared before me; upon examination, his wounds were declared mortal. The crew would have thrown him into the deep, but I prevented it by crying out that he was a noble Greek; the hopes of a ransom withheld them—the gods and my care restored him to life. The next day the pirates held a council;—a little city they descried lying on the coast was the victim of their fury and avarice. They took it by surprise in the night. Men, women, and children, all were reduced to slavery. They pillaged and burnt that unhappy city, which is now a heap of stones—a sad and mournful scene of desolation and ruin, upon which the spirit of time seems to fling the unutterable gloom of eternal woe and endless lamentation.

Returned to the vessel, they divided the booty among them. The women and girls were placed by themselves,—some to be sold, others to serve the pleasures of their masters—the old men, or such as their wounds rendered useless, were unmercifully murdered, and thrown into the sea.

My woes had not dried up the source of my tears; that scene of cruelty made me shed many—it was a crime, and I suffered for my pity.

Their riots knew no bounds; yet even now I cannot remember without horror either their discourses or their deeds. The impious punish themselves for their impiety—drunkenness and sleep betrayed our tyrants into our hands. "Let us," thought I, "be bold enough to attempt recovering our liberty, and we shall succeed;" this was my resolution, Imlacca approved of it, so did some of our companions to whom we imparted it; though they were but very few, they agreed with us. The others, or, at least, most part of them, preferred their slavery to so easy and so glorious an undertaking. Who could believe it? some of them were base enough to entertain the idea of arousing and informing the barbarians of the conspiracy we had formed against them. It failed of success; but happily the barbarians did not know the danger which had been impending over them.

Being recovered from their brutal intoxication, they thought of selling their prize, and accordingly hung out a flag of peace; they then entered the haven of Artycome, delivered, and received hostages.

Soon, in a spacious market, they exposed, and offered to sell, rich furniture, gold and silver vases, and all that could minister either to the wants or the luxury of men. The inhabitants contended for, and snatched them from each other. Cupidity found nothing too dear. As for us slaves, we were cooped up in the vessel; this voluptuous and unfeeling people regarded us but little. Imlacca was the handsomest man breathing; they bought him alone: nobody manifested a disposition to possess me; I was destined to new adventures.

Artycome is famous for a temple consecrated to Minerva. At the entrance of it is a golden statue that represents the goddess to the life. She has a helmet on her head; with one hand she holds a shield, and a

spear in the other; at her feet a porphyry bason receives a stream, the waves whereof are in perpetual motion. It was there that the pirates resorted, in order to try the young captive girls they wanted to sell—a dangerous ordeal, indeed, from which they came off with infinite honour to themselves and their tender and beloved sex. What a magnificent sight does an innocent and lovely woman present to the admiring eye of a devoted and benevolent man! Search throughout the wide and wonderful domain of variegated nature, and you shall find nothing to be compared to her peerless beauty, which is the very acme of human dignity. Protectress of chastity, you declared them virgins, and yet they were recklessly and wantonly devoted to ignominy!

Some time after I was witness to that ceremony—here is the relation of it: such as durst hazard the experiment, crowned with laurel, and dressed in a white garment, stepped into the fountain. Their innocence is their glory and safety. Minerva smiles on them, and holds out her hand to them: they retire with universal applause. But the goddess casts a severe look upon the guilty ones. Frightened at the sight of her dreadful spear, that threatens them, they plunge into the water that flows from under their staggering steps, their chaplet falls off, and they become the object of scorn and derision. Sometimes, for want of help, they unhappilly perish there.

This is a severe, but merited punishment, for an improper intercourse with men who are base enough to take every possible advantage of their "weakness," and glory in their loss of virtue, personal dignity, and peace of mind.

The hostages being restored on each part, the pirates embarked again, with their treasures. Proud of their late success, they meditated new enterprises. They had soon wasted their "detestable riches" with the campanions of their debaucheries. Tremble, unhappy Greek! You think yourselves secure in the bosoms of your families: your pirates cannot protect you. Chains or death must be your lot.

The storm fell upon the deplorable and wasted city of Silena. Thy precious wines made thee renowned: they caused thy ruin! Thou couldst redeem thyself by giving them up; thy inhabitants relied too much upon their courage; they were all of them put to the sword. Soon shalt thou be revenged. We saw those villains sitting down upon the shore, scoffingly celebrating their too criminal revels.

Bacchus could not allow those wretches to profane his worship and mysteries, with impunity. He deprived them of their reason. Transported with rage, they forgot they were brethren—they took to arms—they attacked and tore each other in pieces! The fight of the Centaurs was less bloody. A troop of Greeks (for Greeks are addicted to piracy, too) came falling upon them unawares, and put the finishing hand to their entire overthrow, and final anihilation.

At the sight of this, we burst into shouts: we shook off our chains, and thinking we found deliverers, in the murderers of our tyrants, we came up to them, and threw ourselves into their arms. Yet we had only changed our servitude! It was in vain for us to plead the rights of our birth, and of our common country: they did not hear us, and forcing us into their ship, conveyed us across the blue and open sea, to Daphnipolis.

This town is consecrated to Apollo. His love for that nymph is too well known for me to give a recital of it: it was in the inner part of his temple, that we were exposed for sale.

I fell upon my knees, and addressed a prayer to Apollo:—"Son of Jupiter! be sensible of my affliction. Twice a slave, already I am threatened a third time with the loss of my liberty. Do not permit an envoy of thy father, to linger in disgraceful bondage. Soften the hearts of my new masters; let them remember they are Greeks, and that I am equally so. Powerful god, from whose all-beholding eyes, nothing can escape! what has become of Sophene? If the fatal sisters have cut off her days, it was not a god who condemned her to death. Thou canst repair the crimes of men, and restore Sophene to me. The pains that love made thee suffer, must render thee compassionate to mine."

The moment of being heard was not yet come. I was torn from the altar to be delivered to a citizen who had bought me; Dymas was his name, and Chriseis that of his wife. Curiosity, it has been frequently asseverated, is the predominant characteristic of her sex; scarce had she seen me ere she inquired who I was, whence I came, and by what charm I was their slave.

With downcast eye I modestly entreated her to spare me a woful relation, that could not be of any great concern for her; Dymas, (I cannot call him master,) Dymas listened to us, and was displeased at my refusal. He darted upon me a threatening look, and being told that dinner was brought in, he bade me wait upon him; I obeyed, and thus Sophocles, who some months before was minister of Jupiter, and loaded with glory, sat the first at Sophenes' table, served and loved by Sophene, found himself confounded among vile slaves in his own country, and put to the drudgery of the house he was in.—O fortune! such are thy sports!

Towards the end of the entertainment, Dymas ordered his slaves to retire; I remained alone with him: "I will have thee," said he, "tell me thy adventures; thou shalt entertain me till I fall asleep, and then beware of interrupting my rest." This order, delivered in so imperious and abrupt a manner, made me more sensible than ever of the rigour of my lot.

My eyes were ready to overflow; my heart was oppressed; I could not complain. "Know," added he, "thou art my slave and must perform my commands: speak, or fear, if thou provest obstinate, to be chastised into the knowledge of thy duty.—An angry master is a severe preceptor."

"O Dymas!" cried I, "let the Gods judge between us. I am a Greek; you have no authority over me, but that which you derive from my misfortunes and your injustice; will you, more cruel than the barbarians themselves, who sold me, take away my life, which they have spared in spite of me?—Strike!—born a freeman, I fear death less than slavery." Chriseis was pleased with my courage; she pleaded for me; Dymas fell asleep, and I came off with threats only.

The youthful days of Chriseis were past; but it was not difficult to persuade myself she had been handsome, if not lovely. She thought she was so still. In reality she was benevolent, mildly disposed, and, above all, sweetly compassionate. I received at her hands many tokens of kindness, that deeply engaged my gratitude; and if I failed to disclose to her every thing that concerned me, what I said was sufficient to please her, by the confidence I reposed in her.

Dymas, who did not like me, had laid upon me the most painful tasks. Incessantly busy, I could not venture to steal a moment's time to muse on, and bemoan my ill fortune. Covered with rags, lying upon the ground, reduced to the most common and most insipid food, I marvel I did not sink under my misfortunes. The Gods would not have it to be so. Nay —I experienced that, if bitternes springs from the bosom of pleasures, contentment and comfort also arise from afflictions. I had been thirty days in that condition when the feast of Jupiter drew near. What a "recollection" for me! It is not solemnized at Daphnipolis—they celebrate that of Daphne. The rites of it are almost the same. The difference lies only in the choice of the messengers. They are allowed to be married at Daphnipolis. Dymas was named for Artycome. While every thing was preparing for his journey, Chriseis said to him (fixing her magnificent eyes upon me), "That slave looks sensible—he is wise—he speaks little. But it is plainly to be perceived how much he labours under sorrow—I advise you to leave him here. A melancholy slave is lways ominous to his master; at least, it is an unpleasant object which you would have before your eyes. However, as he boasts of being an envoy of Jupiter, he may prove useful to you—think of it yourself." Dymas replied, "It is the common custom with slaves to be proud and liars; that man has a mind to put himself forward. "Is it true," continued he, turning to me, "that thou hast been honoured with the ministry I am now invested with? Take care not to add an untruth to thy iother defects!" "O Dymas!" I replied, "I may not desire to impose on your credulity—the Gods forbid! Fortune may render unhappy, but she cannot banish truth from my heart! Do you judge men by their personal appearance? Virtue does not disdain the tattered cloak of slavery.—Yes," I continued, "I have been an envoy of Jupiter; I have received all the honours that will be paid to you. They were the source of my distresses,—may they prove that of thy felicity!"

These words rendered him milder: he put other questions to me—he appeared satisfied with my replies, and abated something of his unkindness, conceiving, as I opine, that I might be of service to him. Chriseis would fain have accompanied us; Dymas was against it—we went away without her, and I saw her no more.

Arrived at Artycome, he met with the same eagerness from the inhabitants, to welcome him to their houses, that I had met with at Artycome on a similar occasion. I endeavoured to banish from my mind the recollection of the honours that were paid to me—it was vain, however. But my meddling memory continued to torment me in the same ratio as I endeavoured to obliterate the most pleasurable scenes of my ministry.

FILL THE BRIGHT GOBLET.

ANACREONTIC, No. 3.

By Mrs. C. B. Wilson.

FILL the bright goblet, and scare way sorrow,
'Tis folly to dream of the evils to come;
Fill the bright goblet! at least till to-morrow—
The sunshine of joy shall our pathway illume.
Pass round the chalice! the wine let us sip,
Till the heart yields to mirth, and the spirit is gay!
'Tis the nectar most soothing, save woman's sweet lip,
But oh! like her smile—it will never betray!

Fill the bright goblet! and leave care and sighing
To those who choose bitters, from life's mingled bowl;
The fountain of joy is *our* wine-cup supplying,
With the grape that has ripened to gladden the soul!
Pass round the chalice! the wine let us sip,
Till the shadow of care from each brow flies away;
There's balm in the goblet, like woman's sweet lip,
To charm and to soothe us—but never betray!

Fill the bright goblet! if FRIENDSHIP is fleeting,
It will not fleet faster, 'neath wine's rosy beam;
Fill the bright goblet! if LOVE will be cheating,
We'll drown his deceit, in the grape's ruby stream.
Pass round the chalice! the wine let us sip!
And quaff from the fountain of bliss while we may,
What nectar is sweeter, save woman's dear lip,
To chase from the bosom all sorrow away?—

Fill the bright goblet! and scare away sadness—
There's full time for care, through the long busy day;
But NIGHT'S social hours should be given to gladness,
Since from its charm'd circle all griefs flee away!
Pass round the chalice! the wine let us sip—
It will brighten the wit—and the fancy inflame;
Then press we the goblet!—like woman's ripe lip,
There's a Lethe for care, in the nectar we drain!

DE BERANGER AND HIS SONGS.

Paul Jean de Beranger, whose verses have for twenty years delighted the philosopher, animated the patriot, inspirited the soldier, cheered the *ouvrier*, and greatly contributed to bring about the revolution of 1830, has retired from the turmoil of politics and public life; and has found a retreat in charming Passy, for the remainder of his days. In the last collection of his songs, published, he touchingly alludes to this determination:

Paris, adieu; je sors de tes murailles,
J'ai dans Passy trouvé gîte et repos.
Ton fils t'enlève un droit de funerailles,
Et sa piquette e'chappe á tes impôts.
Puisse-è-je, ici, vieillir exempt d'orage,
Et de l'oubli près de subin le poids,
Comme l'oiseau, dormir dans le feuillage,
Au bruit mourant des échos de ma voix!

Few of our countrymen are, we believe, acquainted with the beautiful songs of De Beranger, which have justly exercised considerable influence in France; and as the finest moral and political sentiment pervades his more serious efforts, we intend to lay before them a few of his *chansons*, translated as literally as possible, but which, notwithstanding every care, are greatly inferior to the original.

De Beranger has ever been an honest and consistent politician; and the whole of his poetry breathes the purest spirit of liberty: he has compared himself to Diogenes with some justice, for though he does not absolutely inhabit a *tonneau*, he has through life exhibited an utter contempt of riches; and when wealth, power, and titles were offered him by his friends, the short-lived ministry of M. Laffitte, he firmly refused every thing, though he was not the less sensible of their kindness.

The first song we select, "Les Gaulois el les Francs," was written in 1814, when the allies were about to enter France; it is a soul-stirring address to the army and people, in which Napoleon is supported, for the first time, by the national poet—he having steadily refused to write in his favour, until France was menaced and her emperor in adversity.

It is scarcely necessary to point out the admirable tact with which De Beranger has seized on every idea that could arouse the enthusiasm of the French people, to whose feelings and sympathies he has, though a true citizen of the world, invariably addressed himself; and this circumstance has, no donbt, in some degree contributed to the great and deserved popularity his poetry has acquired.

THE GAULS AND FRANKS.

Gay, gay! close in your ranks,
Grasp the lance,
Ye sons of France;
Gay, gay! close in you ranks,
Bravely onwards, Gauls and Franks!

Again doth Attila's fierce call
Urge the savage
France to ravage;

Ay, and again the Huns shall fall,
Scatter'd o'er the fields of Gaul!

Gay, gay! close in your ranks,
Grasp the lance,
Ye sons of France;
Gay, gay! close in your ranks,
Bravely onwards, Gauls and Franks!

The Cossacks quit their marshy homes—
So icy cold,
For English gold.
The Kurd, as through the south he roams,
Believes he'll sleep beneath our domes!

Gay, gay! close in your ranks,
Grasp the lance,
Ye sons of France;
Gay, gay! close in your ranks,
Bravely onwards, Gauls and Franks!

The Russian hates his climate dread,
Nor comfort knows
Amidst his snows;
To train oil and dry acorns bred,
He longs to eat of our white bread.

Gay, gay! close in your ranks,
Grasp the lance,
Ye sons of France;
Gay, gay! close in your ranks,
Bravely onwards, Gauls and Franks!

We've sav'd the red juice of the vine,
Glory to toast;
Shall then the host
Of Saxons, from beyond the Rhine,
Forbid our songs, and drink our wine?

Gay, gay! close in your ranks,
Grasp the lance,
Ye sons of France;
Gay, gay! close in your ranks,
Bravely onwards, Gauls and Franks!

The Kalmucks' fire his blood shall quench,
Ere to despair
They drive our fair;
Shall our wives' cheeks with terror blench,
To think their sons may not be French?

Gay, gay! close in your ranks,
Grasp the lance,
Ye sons of France;
Gay, gay! close in your ranks,
Bravely onwards, Gauls and Franks!

What though now misfortunes lour
O'er the name
Dear to our fame,
Never did our legions cower
Before the might of Prussia's power!

Gay, gay! close in your ranks,
Grasp the lance,
Ye sons of France;
Gay, gay! close in your ranks,
Bravely onwards, Gauls and Franks!

Noble Gauls and worthy Franks,
When welcome peace
Comes to release
Your sons from our unbroken ranks,
How sweet will be a nation's thanks.

Gay, gay! close in your ranks,
Grasp the lance,
Ye sons of France;
Gay, gay! close in your ranks;
On to the battle, Gauls and Franks!

The next song we select, if song it can properly be termed, is one of a totally different character, and exhibits De Beranger still linked with the national feelings, grieving for the loss of a true friend and noble patriot, M. Manuel, who, after serving his country for many years on the field of battle, was elected to the Chamber of Deputies during the reign of Louis XVIII., where for several years he advocated, with the greatest talent, perseverance and courage in the cause of freedom, and undauntedly attacked the anti-national policy of the Bourbons.

We do not recollect in what year this celebrated deputy breathed his last; but it was in 1826 or 27; he died as he had lived, poor, but contented; the tears of his countrymen followed him to the grave, and De Beranger, in expressing his own feelings, touchingly appeals to his countrymen to furnish him with the means of erecting a tomb to the memory of their departed friend:—

THE TOMB OF MANUEL.

The scene is o'er, the tearful crowds depart—
To his sad grave a nation's bid adieu;
The tears of friendship flowing from my heart
Are given alone to the Creator's view.
I hear the earth falling upon the brave—
He may forget, who now much grief displays,
In after ages, to point out his grave,
Aid the poor bard a monument to raise.

'Tis thus I seek to honour here on earth,
The name of him, who was our best support;
I knew his virtues, all his secret worth—
Oh, France! for thee, with heart and hand he fought.
Humbly we'll pray for his immortal weal,
As we unite in tribute to his praise,
Beside his grave behold us sadly kneel—
Aid the poor bard a monument to raise.

Against a court that from us turns away,
His eloquence has ever been employed;
Not changeful as the forked lightning's play,
But with the manly tone of virtue unalloy'd;

When from the tribune torn by brutal force,
His patriot voice the nation's rage allays;
Still hate pursues, insulting e'en his corse!
Aid, then, the bard a monument to raise.

Down his pale cheek cours'd many a scalding tear,
When twelve years, in an unhappy hour—
Amidst the ruin of all we hold most dear,
Base treachery gave France to foreign pow'r.
'Twas then we met the vet'ran of Arcole—
Smil'd, as I sung of former glorious days—
Frenchmen, your tears the humble bard console,—
Then grant his wish, a monument to raise.

Yes, let a tomb bear witness to our grief;
Of virtue's friends the assistance I invoke,
Frenchmen, sweet peace shall come to our relief,
With hope of Freedom, e'en beneath our yoke.
Pay then these lines, which celebrate his name,
The humblest off'ring shall reward my lays—
Of Manuel to consecrate the fame!
Aid your poor bard a monument to raise.

Our third specimen, "La Mort de Poniatowski," was written in 1832, and published with some others, for the benefit of the Polish exiles; De Beranger being unable to contribute to their relief from his own purse, with his usual benevolence, took this means of aiding them,—we need scarcely add, no inefficient one.

Joseph Poniatowski, nephew of the last king of Poland, served in the armies of France, for several years, and after the battle of Leipsic, Napoleon raised him to the rank of Marshal, and gave him the command of a body of Poles and French. The 18th of October, 1813, the bridges of the Elster having been destroyed, Poniatowski with his division covered the retreat of the French army; and, after performing prodigies of valour, rejected all overtures to surrender made to him, by the allies. Though dangerously wounded, he exclaimed, "God has confided to me the honour of the Poles, I will surrender it but to God," and dashing into the river on horseback, he attempted to gain the opposite bank, but exhausted from loss of blood, and carried away by the force of the current, he sunk to rise no more.

THE DEATH OF PONIATOWSKI.

Ye fly, ye fly, the conquerors of the world!
Shall Leipsic see us lose this hard-fought day?
Have ye not seen into the river hurl'd
The blown-up bridge, the torrent bears away?
Horses, dragoons, artillery, grenadiers—
All are engulph'd who have its passage braved!
On rolls the Elster, deaf to cries and tears;
"A single hand, Frenchmen, and I am saved."

"A single hand!" 'tis vain in this sad hour,
Each presses forward, anxious but to flee—
But who is he the angry waves devour,
Pierced by three wounds? 'Tis Poniatowski!

None see him, or despite the conquering force,
Full many a warrior had the torrent braved;
"Alas!" he cries, when parted from his horse.
"A single hand, Frenchmen, and I am saved."

He struggles, swims,—alas, 'tis but to sink!
Ah no! he grasps his courser's flowing mane,
He cannot drown, when at the river's brink.
He sees the foe, and hears the martial strain:
"Frenchmen, ye boast I'm ever first t'advance,
For you, my friends, I've every danger braved,
And still would shed my heart's best blood for France;
A single hand, Frenchmen, and I am saved."

No aid is near—his hands become too weak
To keep his hold—Poland, adieu, adieu!
But softest dreams upon his senses break—
Heaven gives a noble prospect to his view;
Polonia's eagle, to her sons so dear,
In Russian blood her snowy plumes has laved,—
A cry of glory breaks upon his ear;
"A single hand, oh, France! and I am saved!"

'Tis Poland and her brave and gen'rous sons,
Who have for us in many a battle fought;
A crimson torrent from her bosom runs,—
Alas, in vain,—her efforts all are nought!
Like this brave chief, who for our country died,
From France, alone, assistance now is craved—
In her despair, to us a nation cried,
"A single hand, oh France! and I am saved!

Our next selection is one of the political songs, for which De Beranger was prosecuted by the Bourbons. "Les Infinement Petits," is indeed a severe satire, and it would be difficult to conceive a happier medium of attack than the Magic Mirror; this song, conjointly with another or two, cost our poet nine months' imprisonment. The giant alluded to in the last verse, we presume to be Russia.

THE MAGIC MIRROR.

In magic I believe of late,
And a wizard of great wight
Shewed me our country's future fate,
Reflected in a mirror bright.
Would I had ne'er the picture seen
Of our own native land, so plain,
In nineteen-hundred and nineteen,
For still the hateful Bourbons reign.

France to a race of dwarfs must pass,
And our grandsons are so small,
That scarcely in the magic glass
Are seen the inhabitants of Gaul.
France has become the wreck, the shade,
Of the France no power could rein—
None fear the little state t' invade,
For still the hateful Bourbons reign.

I see at their religious feasts
  Little bilious jesuits in black,
And thousands of other little priests,
  With little saints borne at their back.
Blessed by them, all things recede—
  Of liberty and truth the bane,—
They swarm about the court to feed,
  For still the hateful Bourbons reign.

All is little I examine—
  Justice, the sciences, and arts,
And a pretty little famine
  Is desolating various parts.
Towards the frontiers of France,
  With little cannons in their train,
Their imperceptible troops advance,
  And still the little Bourbons reign.

Again is chang'd the magic scene,
  Our fearful destiny completing:
And a barbarous giant's seen
  The world's entire strength defeating.
Approaching Paris, all elate,
  He braves the pigmies chatt'ring vain,
Pops in his pouch the little state,
  With the worn-out Bourbons who still reign.

Our fifth *chanson*, "Les Adieux de Marie Stuart," needs no comment: the eventful career and unfortunate end of Mary, Queen of Scots, is familiar to every one.

MARY STUART'S FAREWELL TO FRANCE.

Adieu, dear France, adieu to thee,
  No other clime with thine can vie—
Thy bosom long hath cradled me,
  Adieu—to quit thee is to die!

Thou sunny country of my choice,
  Thy children's love to me is dear—
Listen to Mary's falt'ring voice—
  Oh France! to leave thee much I fear.
Just Heaven, then, as I quit thy shore,
  Viewing with pity my emotion,
To give me back to thee once more,
  Will surely wake the slumb'ring ocean.

Adieu, dear France, adieu to thee,
  No other clime with thine can vie—
Thy bosom long hath cradled me.
  Adieu—to quit thee is to die!

When through the capital I rode,[1]
  The people breathed for me their vows;
'Twas not to rank this joy I ow'd,
  But to the lilies round my brows.

With honour—glory—love—imbued,
I passed my youthful days elate.
Alas! in Caledonia rude,
How sadly changed will be my fate.

Adieu, dear France, adieu to thee,
No other clime with thee can vie—
Thy bosom long hath cradled me.
Adieu—to quit thee is to die!

Sovereign power tempts in vain,
'Midst Scotland's mists and winds so keen,
But if decreed that I must reign,
I would of smiling France be queen.
So happy hitherto I've been,
That now I dread to cross the sea,
Since in a fearful dream I've seen
A horrid scaffold raised for me!

Adieu, dear France, adieu to thee,
No other clime with thine can vie—
Thy bosom long hath cradled me.
Adieu—to quit thee is to die!

Oh France, whatever ills assail
The daughter of the Stuart line,
When ev'ry other aid shall fail,
Many will rest secure of thine.
Alas, too fast the vessel sails,
We pass beneath black threat'ning skies;
And darkest night already veils
The dim coast from my tearful eyes.

Adieu, dear France, adieu to thee;
No other clime with thine can vie:
Thy bosom long hath cradled me,—
Adieu,—to quit thee is to die!

We shall conclude our series by "Le Chant du Cosaque," in which the poet beautifully alludes to the evil consequences which may ensue from the introduction of the wild hordes of Russia into civilized Europe, since her ancient ramparts, Poland and Turkey, may be said to be no more; and though these verses were written in 1815, when France was smarting beneath the presence of the Cossacks, they have, through the insatiable ambition and barbarian cunning of the Russian Government, become even more appropriate to the present day. The Cossack is supposed to be addressing his horse previous to another or third expedition into western Europe.

THE COSSACK'S ADDRESS TO HIS CHARGER.

Approach, my horse—the Cossack's noble friend,
Dost thou not hear the trumpets of the north?
Prompt to attack as ready to defend—
Aided by thee, I'll towards the west set forth.

Silver and gems, spoil of our conqu'ring force,
Shall deck thy curb, now hid by dirt and rust;
Neigh, then, with pride, my ever-faithful horse,
And kings and nations trample in the dust!

Dull Peace has fled—advance, ye northern bands,—
Europe has lost her ancient firm ramparts;
Come, then, with treasure fill my eager hands,
And rest thee in the city of the arts.
Twice hast thou wash'd in the Sèine's winding course
Thy blood-stain'd hoofs, and wilt again, I trust;
Neigh, then, with pride, my ever-faithful horse,
And kings and nations trample in the dust!

Nobles and princes, plung'd into disasters
By suffering subjects, whom they seek to enchain,
Are willing now that we should be their masters—
Pleas'd to be serfs, so they as tyrants reign.
I seize my lance—the sceptre and the cross
Their rights divine to my rude hands entrust;
Neigh, then, with pride, my ever-faithful horse,
And kings and nations trample in the dust!

Of a vast form I see the shade immense,
His glance our bivouac fires arrest;
"Again," he cries, "my reign shall recommence;"
And with his axe he points towards the west.
The modern Huns his wishes shall enforce,—
Att'la to us his vengeance doth entrust;—
Neigh, then, with pride, my ever-faithful horse,
And kings and nations trample in the dust!

That glory—fame of which Europe's so proud,—
Her learning,—science will defend her well!
'Twill vanish all, lost in the fearful cloud
Rais'd by thy hoofs our dread approach to tell!
Destroy, destroy, in this, thy frightful course,
Palaces, cities,—the wicked and the just!
Neigh, then, with pride, my ever-faithful horse,
And kings and nations trample in the dust!

We cannot conclude without observing, that if the reader will glance again at the third verse of the last song, and will then reflect on the honours paid in England, at the close of the last war, to the leaders of these filthy savages, he will wonder at the infatuation of his countrymen at that period, and will be thankful that reason at length begins to dawn.

EDWARD BAINGER.

WE ARE A RUINED PEOPLE AND NOTHING CAN SAVE US.—THAT'S FLAT!

(Extract of a Letter dated at Aberdeen, &c.)

You ask me how I come on, how I like the place of my nativity, after a 23 years' absence, and put me in mind of the bickerings old *Growly* and I had as to the political effects of the last half a dozen years' enactments, and previous inroads on our ancient institutions—according to Tory CANTICLES. I will not enter into any tiresome analysis—differing as that honourable old worthy and I do; he as a blind, though conscientious refuser of all reform, and I as ardent in my wish for every safe and reasonable one. But as nothing can afford a greater solace to him and his Tory acquaintance than giving them occasion to weep o'er the increasing misfortunes of this misruled and unhappy part of the kingdom, I will just set down some of the signs of the times, and of the impoverished state I found things in, in this ruined country—after my absence of near five lustres in a far distant land:

This town, which was hardly heard of south of the Trent, till Mr. Hume's name, as its representative, brought it into daily notice,—

Has *trebled* its population within the last 50 years, between the bridges, from 20 to 60,000!

New streets, squares, and terraces adorn it; a magnificent new massive granite bridge, of many arches, has been thrown across the Don; whilst numberless smaller ones facilitate intercourse on all the roads—these roads being most of them turnpike, and in the best order. Elegant new churches of granite have been built, and are now being built: Union Street, when finished, will be one of the finest in Europe. The building of the Public Rooms, with its superb portico of eight gigantic columns of the chastest Ionic, is surpassed, as a whole, by nothing in the kingdom. Very fine, commodious, and strong *new* granite bridewell and jails have been built at great expense. The shore and harbour dues, which yielded a few years ago but a bare £3,000, *now* yield £13,000 a year! At one time there was more registered tonnage belonging to Aberdeen than to *all Ireland!*—an estate in the county which was bought about 30 years ag ofor £45,000, sold last week for £115,000. Streets which not long since could scarcely be kept clean, paying some hundreds, pay now many more hundreds for the privilege of cleaning them. Our hospitals are many, rich, and thriving—a single individual has just given *one thousand* pounds to commence the work of a refuge for the destitute! But I should tire you was I to enumerate half of the splendid things done, and in progress, at this my native town. As, however, an illustration of all I have been anxious to impress upon the mind of Old Growly, through you, you may just tell him a small matter—that at a marriage, which was lately solemnized between two highly respectable young persons, amidst dozens of vehicles which streamed through Union Street, there were, at least, seven private equipages, with the ladies' and gentlemen's own

horses, servants, and liveries—few of whose immediate progenitors knew what a chariot was! I am told, but having honourably earned wealth, well deserve its enjoyment. Bankruptcy is an endemic scarcely known. The learned professions, too, thrive—the lawyers, in particular—*conquests* have been achieved by them in a little time, which those at Westminster would lick their lips at. Their brethren of the cassoc, also, are up and stirring in true puritanical agitation, emulous of meriting the purple and fine linen of their southern lawn-sleeved zealots, by dumbfounding and disgusting quiet people in their incessant cry of the church in danger.

It is true, I confess, that the old feudal prejudices are still in full force midst the Tory riding of the high-ultra aristocrats—pride and resentment actuate them—reform-plucked of their old ascendancy, their sour-vinegar exclusiveness and stupid hauteur would punish, if they could, those here who have thought and acted liberally. Their *noble* chiefs living, most of them, perdue, and buried like so many unsocial crows in a rookery, surrounded by their parsons and parasites—associating with no one—in splendid seclusion, save when some stray bird of passage, of their own feather visits them, en passant, brooding over past and boding over future inroads on power and privilege, so rudely handled by reform (that monster!) Is such the way to acquire or regain popularity? But these are fining down, and if they don't speedily mend their manners they will soon have no society but their own—and from that, good Lord defend us!—*Growley* will say I but furnish argument against myself, and that all these improvements are but the fruits of *Tory* dominion; whilst I again avow that this town and district have thriven, spite of taxation and corrupt extravagance in government. We are thriving, and will continue to do so. We have a most worthy, active, and sensible provost: our other magistracy are leal, honest, goodmen—not, perhaps, so high in estate, but more alive to a proper sense of their duties. The ultra-tories, if they had a grain of foresight, should conciliate by their manners, instead of indispose by their sour and solemn emptiness.

SONG.

A TEAR stood in her hazel eye,
Some lustrous gem it seem'd to be!
Her gentle heart breathed forth a sigh—
That sigh, that tear, was not for me.
No! no! another owns that form,
Those beaming eyes, that neck of snow;
Which from this heart can ne'er be torn
Till its life's blood has ceas'd to flow.

The tear that trembled in her eye
Cours'd slowly down her cheek—
Again her heart breath'd forth a sigh,
As though its strings would break.
But for me was not this sadness,
Else with joy those tears I'd seen—
Spurn'd and goaded, nigh to madness,
By her coldness, as I've been.

O. P.

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS,

BY ONE OF NO PARTY.*

Among the host of new publications that have been flung upon the town since "the season," as it is called by the *gentlemen* of Paternoster Row and Albermarle Street, commenced; no one "volume" has made so great an uproar among the disinterested Commons, as the work we have taken up for the purpose of transferring to our pages some valuable and entertaining matter. The author remains *incognita*. There is something in that—so the honourable member for Westminster has been heard to say. Whomsoever he may be however, his book is not only a smart essay, but an useful and entertaining companion for Lords as well as Commoners. Indeed, we have heard it said that a second edition is actualy in the press; this, too, within the space of six weeks! Who shall say that book-writing is any thing but a money-making as well as fame-creating procedure, after this so flattering instance of unknown authorship. To the work, however, which we perceive almost all the periodicals besides our own, have already reviewed, as the publication richly deserves, in a handsome manner; so much so, indeed, that we can find no new compliment to pay the "great unknown," whoever he may happen to be.

To those who have not visited the Commons House of Parliament, and have not witnessed the whole course of "parliamentary proceedings," from the first to the last day of the session, the striking and truly graphic representations which are so well drawn by the dextrous hand of the pen-and-ink artist, will be of the first interest. We have delineated in this work —from the life, as we say in the studio—the young fellow of 22, fresh from his introductory borough, and big with the fate of Hume and Smollett—no, not Smollett,—Roebuck: Stanley, and Graham—Fancourt, and Scarlett (the blushing members for Stanbury's borough of integrity and principle,) and all the gallant and fighting host of them, first entering upon their new "process verbal" with all the apparent alacrity of half-educated schoolboys, up to the sedate, gentlemanlike, and classic senator, whose very manner and style of entering the house convey to the beholder a fine idea of parliamentary pride and senatorial authoritativeness. It must be conceded, that the House of Commons, as it is now constituted, comprises a greater number of men of business than at any former period. It is quite rational to infer, that, among 640 members, some *heavy* and untalented men would be numbered. But even this evil, if it be one, we would hold to be a benefit. There are, (thank heaven!) some *sensible* men found, who seldom say a word beyond "yes" and "no:" or, "I want so and so!" and "will you grant me so and so?" —such is the mercantile prose-poetry of every-day parliamentary and business life.

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* Smith, Elder, and Co. Cornhill.

As, however, our learned and renowned brothers of the press have descanted so largely and ably upon the unquestionable merits of the work before us, we think we cannot do better than proceed to those parts of the "Random Recollections" we are anxious to transfer to the pages of the "Monthly."

We remember, quite well, a humorous affair of Sheridan's during an unusually heavy debate. A member who had generally been prudent enough to confine his legislative exertions to *voting*, astonished the "House" by suddenly addressing the speaker. "Sir, have we laws, or have we no laws? If we have laws, to what purpose are those laws?" Sheridan was on his legs, and instantly replied:—"Mr. Speaker, has the honourable member spoken, or has he not spoken? If he has spoken, to what purpose did he speak?" But Sheridan is gone to his account, and his brilliant wit and fine oratory, where are they to be found?

Take, for example, the following, which may serve as introductory:—

"Some amusing mistakes from ignorance of the rules of the House occasionally occur. In the session of 1833, a Scotch Highlander, newly arrived from his native hills, got, by some strange oversight of the officers, into the side gallery appropriated for members, on the right of the Speaker's chair. He knew no more of the rules or localities of the house than he did of the politics of Timbuctoo. Never suspecting that he was transgressing any law, human or divine, in entering the side gallery, or when there, taking the best place he could find, he at once advanced to one of the front benches, and there seated himself with the utmost imaginable coolness,—just as if about to "rest himself" on the brow of some of the heath-clad mountains of Caledonia. There were a few straggling members in the side gallery at the time, and perceiving at once from his Highland costume—he was dressed in tartan—that he did not belong to the fraternity of St. Stephen's legislators, they richly enjoyed the amusing blunder which Donald had committed. He meanwhile, after gazing with boundless astonishment on the huge proportions of the Speaker's wig, and witnessing the bustle that was going on on the floor of the house, turned his eyes towards the stranger's gallery, and seemed quite amazed that so many persons should quietly submit to be so closely squeezed together—to the imminent hazard of their ribs—that they looked like one solid mountain of mortality, while there were so many cushioned and comfortable unoccupied seats in the place where he had located himself. At this moment one of the members on an adjoining seat, seeing poor Donald had transgressed from ignorance, whispered to him to make himself scarce in a moment, or that otherwise he would be taken into custody. A word to the wise is enough: the mountaineer took the hint of the friendly M.P,, and darted out of the house as well as the gallery in a twinkling. I am credibly assured that he ran at his full speed, not casting one "longing lingering look behind," till he reached Somerset House in the Strand, a distance of full one mile and a half."

"On another occasion, during the session of 1834, a lady, the sister of one of the members, entered the side gallery by mistake, instead of going to the only place above the ceiling whence "the sex" were permitted to have a "peep," for it was nothing more, at the house. She immediately, to speak in parliamentary phrascology, "caught the eye of

the Speaker," then Sir Charles Manners Sutton, whose visual organs were always allowed to be as acute in this respect as they were said by the Liberals to be in first recognizing a talented Tory, when a Tory and Reformer rose at the same time to address the house. The Speaker seemed quite delighted with the novelty of a politician in petticoats; he never withdrew his eye from the fair intruder an instant during the short time she remained in the house. She was infinitely more attractive than the eloquence of the orator who, for the time being, chanced to be addressing "the house." Until the lady vanished, Mr. Speaker was as inattentive to the arguments of the honourable member "on his legs," as was the wig on his head or the chair on which he sat. Had the intruder been of the masculine gender, he would, if observed, have been pounced on by the officer in a moment, but gallantry forbade taking a lady into custody; and therefore, as in the event of its being known that he had seen the transgressor in petticoats, and had failed to do his duty, he would have subjected himself to something more than reproof, he, unlike the Speaker, contrived to appear as if the lady had not caught his eye. After she had been in the prohibited place for nearly a minute, it occurred to her that she was in the wrong locality, and accordingly she made her exit forthwith.

But the most amusing mistake of this nature which occurred in my time, was in the case of a young gentleman from the north of Scotland. It happened in April, 1833. A member having taken him into the house, pointed him to a seat under the gallery, of which he immediately took possession; but he had not been above half an hour in it when he began to feel the inconvenience of which the reporters so often complain, namely, that of certain members being "totally inaudible," and as the orator who then addressed the house happened to speak from the third bench on the left of the Speaker's chair, the young Scotsman very naturally concluded that the best way to remedy the evil of not hearing at all, or hearing but very imperfectly, would be to place himself as nearly as possible in the vicinity of the orator; and as he had always taken it for granted that if introduced into the house by a member, he might take any of the back seats, if not occupied by the legislators themselves, he very deliberately walked himself to the bench immediately behind that whence the honourable member poured forth his eloquence. The house chanced to be pretty full at the time, and there he remained undiscovered upwards of two hours, when it adjourned, and he went out amidst the crowd of honourable and right honourable gentlemen. Mr. Hume, who sat only about two yards distant, cast sundry very suspicious looks towards him, as if apprehending that he was some spy from the Tory camp on the opposite side. Had the house come to a division on the debate during part of which the young Scotchman was present, he would have made the discovery, to his cost, that there is all the difference in the world in the house itself, whatever there may be elsewhere, between a private individual and he whose name is graced by the appendage of an M. P."

Again, at page 64, we have a very amusing relation of a "parliamentary" mistake, which is not only strictly characteristic, but true to the letter C:—

"There are several naval members in the house, who, though they have

as large an allowance of good judgment—in some instances, more—as those members who have spent all their days in polished society,—yet have lost much of their early literary acquirements. There is more than one of these—and there are several members who have chiefly spent their time in rural retirement in the same predicament—who have forgotten the first rudiments of their orthography. I could mention several amusing instances of such blunders committed by M. P.'s; but let one suffice. A worthy Welsh baronet, distinguished for his maritime exploits, was lately asked by one of his constituents, who chanced to be in town at the time, for an order of admission into the house. With his characteristic disposition to oblige, Sir ——— immediately complied with the request, and wrote an order in the usual terms, and addressed it thus—"To the Door Ceeper of the House of Commons." The person for whom it was intended, discovered the error in the spelling after he had gone ten or twelve yards from the worthy baronet, and turning back and running up to him said, "Oh, sir —— there is a mistake in the word "keeper;" you have spelt it with a *c* instead of a *k*." "A mistake!" responded the baronet, taking the order into his hand. "Not a bit of a mistake is there in it, both ways are right—quite right, my friend," at the same time returning the order uncorrected to his constituent.

Those unacquainted with the secrets of the prison-house, would naturally infer that those members of opposite politics whom they see night after night so heartily abusing each other, were not on friendly terms together. There are some cases in which the conclusion would be just: in the great majority it would not. Before and after the dissolution of Sir Robert Peel's government, the Right Honourable Baronet and Lord John Russell were often seen in most friendly conversation together. Some weeks after the meeting of the present Parliament, Mr. Hughes Hughes, the member for Oxford, made a most violent attack on Mr. O'Connell, pointedly referring, among other things, to his ordering death's-heads and cross-bones to be painted over the doors of those electors who would not vote for his nominee in the county of Cork. Mr. O'Connell repelled the attack with equal violence, and retorted, as he did to Mr. Shaw, the member for the University of Dublin, on another occasion, that Mr. Hughes's head was a calf's-head. Some nights afterwards both gentlemen were seen walking arm-in-arm up Parliament-street, on their way home from the house."

At page 72, we have a bit of "fun senatorial," in which Mr. O'Connell and Mr. Shaw were the "principals." We then have a sketch of one or more of the "general scenes," as follows:—

"I come now to what are called general scenes. One of the richest of this kind which I have ever seen, occurred on the 17th of July last. The question before the house was that the Municipal Corporations Bill be re-committed. Several of the leading members having delivered their sentiments on the subject, Mr. Hughes Hughes, the member for Oxford, rose to address the House. This gentleman, for what reason I am at a loss to guess, generally meets with a very unfavourable reception: on this occasion it exceeded any thing I ever before witnessed. The moment he pronounced the word "Sir," addressing himself of course to the Speaker, he was assailed with the most tremendous uproar

and confusion. Such a variety of sounds, and so discordant, hardly ever before greeted mortal ear. Mr. Hughes's voice was at once drowned amidst the babel of sounds. Lord Brougham (then Mr. Brougham) once compared the House to a menagerie; the application of the term would certainly have been most appropriate in this case. Had a blind person been that night conducted into the House, and not told what the place was, he would assuredly have supposed that he was in some zoological establishment. The *Morning Post* of the following day thus described the scene:—"The most confused sounds, mysteriously blended, issued from all corners of the house. One honourable member near the bar repeatedly called out "Read" (to the member endeavouring to address the House) in an exceedingly bass and hoarse sound of voice. At repeated intervals a sort of drone-like humming, having almost the sound of a distant hand-organ or bagpipes, issued from the back benches;—coughing, sneezing, and ingeniously extended yawning, blended with the other sounds, and produced a *tout-ensemble* which we have never heard excelled in the house. A single voice from the ministerial benches imitated very accurately the yelp of a kenneled hound." The most graphic description would fall short of the scene itself. At the farthest corner of the house, on the ministerial side, there was a constant movement of the persons as well as the tongues of honourable members. At one time you would have thought, from the rapidity with which they rose up and sat down again in their seats, that they had been trying some gymnastic experiments. The best performers in another sense, were also chiefly in that part of the house. One honourable member imitated the crowing of a cock so admirably, that you could not have distinguished it from the performance of a real chanticleer. Not far from the same spot issued sounds marvellously resembling the bleating of a sheep,—blended occasionally with an admirable imitation of the braying of an ass by an honourable member a few yards distant. Then there were coughing, yawning, and other vocal performances, in infinite variety, and in most discordant chorus. There were yelpings worthy of any canine animal, and excellent imitations of the sounds of sundry instruments not mentioned by the *Morning Post*. The deafening uproar was completed by the cries of "Chair, chair!" "Order, order!" groans, laughter, &c. which proceeded from all parts of the house. A more undeliberative assembly was never seen, than that which constituted the House of Commons at this moment. One fact will give as good an idea of the scene as the most lengthened description. Mr. Poulter, the member for Shaftesbury, succeeded Mr. Hughes, who had been obliged to sit down; and though the former, whose voice is one of the best in the house, exerted himself for at least ten minutes to make himself audible, there was not, as far as I was able to ascertain, one member who could make out a complete sentence of what he said. Very few heard even a single word. Mr. Hardy made the attempt after Mr. Poulter, but with no better success. He at once saw it would be hopeless; and accordingly sat down. Other members who wished to deliver their sentiments, shrunk from even an effort to procure a hearing. The House had determined on a division; and a division on the question before it accordingly took place immediately, which had the effect of restoring order."

At page 289, we have a masterly portrait of Mr. Pease, the quaker member for Durham,—our author says—

"Mr. Pease, the Quaker member for Durham, is one of the most useful, though not one of the most shining, members in the house. In his attendance on his legislative duties he is the most punctual and close of any man I ever saw. He even beats Mr. Hume himself. From the beginning of the business till the adjournment, no matter how late the hour, there he is, not indeed in one particular seat, but in some part or other of the house, all attention to what is going on. It is clear he acts from principle. As to a party object, he knows not what it is. A more conscientious or upright man never sat in the house. His amazingly close attention to his duties in parliament has told visibly on his constitution. He is much thinner, and much more sallow in his complexion, than when he entered the house.

Mr. Pease speaks pretty often, but it is chiefly in committees, or on questions which do not call up the leading members. His mode of address is, of course, different from that of other members. He never uses the word "Sir," in addressing the Speaker, which all other members do at almost every fourth or fifth sentence; nor does he call any member, according to the invariable practice of all other members when addressing the house, "the honourable member," but simply says "the member" for such a place. In short, agreeably to the principles of the society to which he belougs, he applies no honorary titles to any one.

He speaks with great rapidity, and is never at a loss for words or ideas. His style is correct but plain. In his manner there is no action whatever. He stands stock still. His voice is weak, which with his great rapidity of utterance, often renders him inaudible.

He is about forty-five years of age. His stature is of the middle size. His face is of an angular form, and is expressive of the mildness and intelligence for which he is distinguished. His complexion, as I have already intimated, is somewhat sallow, and his hair of a light brown. He is not a man of brilliant parts; but his judgment is remarkably sound, and he always takes the common-sense view of a subject. He is not only a man of great intelligence, but is always correct in the statements he brings to bear on any question. Taken all in all, he is, as I observed in the outset, one of the most useful members in the house. If he is a fair specimen of the society to which he belongs, the country would have no reason for regret were the entire six hundred and fifty-eight members selected from the Society of Friends."

From our author's concluding remarks, (which are shrewd, and exhibit that aptitude which evidently fitted him for the task he has done so well) we take the following:—

"I have often been struck with the number of members who have shone on the hustings, and at public meetings, who have completely failed in the house. The cause of this is sometimes to be found in the members themselves, sometimes in the House, but more frequently in both. The confidence which sustains public speakers when addressing a mixed multitude, often forsakes them in their maiden efforts in the house, and there is consequently a corresponding inferiority in the quality of their matter—if the speech be not previously prepared—and a proportionate deduction from the excellence of the delivery. No one but those

who have experienced it can form any idea of the paralysing effect produced, both on the matter and manner of the speaker, when, instead of having his almost every sentence greeted with the deafening plaudits of a mixed assembly, he is not only heard without a murmur of applause, but perhaps with the most marked indifference and inattention. A new member who meets with a cold reception when making his first speech in the house, especially if previously popular with promiscuous assemblages of people, is usually so mortified, disappointed, and disheartened, that he either never makes another experiment of the kind, or if he do, the chances are ten to one he will be so disconcerted by the recollection of his former failure, as to meet with no better success on his second effort. There are many new members, however, who make an unsuccessful *debût*,—as I have already mentioned when speaking of Mr. Sergeant Talfourd's failure,—simply from ignorance of the best time to address the house. Unless the person have a very high out-of-doors reputation, indeed, for his oratorical acquirements, he is sure to have a listless unwilling audience if he speak between the hours of five and nine o'clock, when a question of importance is before the house. Not only, as observed in a previous chapter, is no good speaker, or member of talent, expected to address the house in that interval of time, but the constant bustle and noise occasioned by the ingress and egress of members, are most unfavourable to oratorical effect.

I know there are many new members who are aware, that to address the House at an early hour when any question of importance is under discussion, is sure to operate against them; but then they are equally aware that there is very little chance of catching the eye of the Speaker at a later hour, the most distinguished men in the house being, in almost every instance, previously fixed on in the Speaker's mind, for addressing the House after nine or ten o'clock. The best course for new members to adopt, who are qualified, or conceive themselves to be so, for making an appearance, as it is called, in the house, would be to give notice of a motion for a particular evening on some question of general importance. They would, in that case, make their *debût* under every advantage. Those anxious to see how they would acquit themselves on their first effort, would be present, and be attentive listeners, which would go far to insure the attention of others. The *debûtant* would be allowed to speak as long as he pleased, and would be certain of meeting with no clamour or interruption; for I hardly recollect one instance,—with the single exception of the case of Mr. Hunt, when he brought forward a motion which had folly on the face of it, respecting the propriety of granting a general pardon to those who had been convicted by the Special Commission of that period, and which he prefaced by a speech extending to so unreasonable a length as to occupy four hours in the delivery,*—with this exception, I scarcely recollect an instance of any attempt to put down a speaker when introducing a motion to the House. Then, again, new members have, in this case, the right of reply, which affords an excellent opportunity to those who have talents for extempore speaking, of displaying those talents to advantage."

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* This motion was negatived by a majority of 209 to 2.

With this last extract we conclude our text review of this popular volume of parliamentary reading; and we do so with feelings of no ordinary respect for talent so modest, and truth so plainly yet inoffensively represented. To the younger members of parliament, themselves, this work will be desiderated and read with no little interest.

Another word at parting. The fresh and vigorous style the author has adopted reminds us very much of one of our oldest literary associates; and if we do not greatly err, to him belongs all the praise that has been awarded to this essay: and, as we said before, perhaps no one man could be mentioned better fitted for the task. The author's intimate acquaintance with the literature of the subject—his own practical experience—his sagacity as a critic—and his ability as a writer, have long been deservedly acknowledged.

The work now before the reader afforded a fine field for the exercise of his talents, and cannot fail, we think, to attract attention from all those in any way connected with the subject.

SONG.

When the night wind is swelling,
With sweet-scented gale,
And the ring-dove is telling,
To his mate, his fond tale:
Then, dearest, will I watch for thee
Beneath the well-known old oak tree!

When the bright moon is beaming
In the high heaven above,
And her sweet light is streaming
O'er mountain and grove:
Then, dearest, will I watch for thee
Beneath the well-known old oak tree!

When the stars are all peeping
From their casements of blue,
And each flowret is sleeping
Enshrin'd in its dew:
Then, dearest, will I watch for thee
Beneath the well-known old oak tree!

Then let not thy breast, love!
Be saddened by fear;
Here, secure, thou mayst rest, love!
No danger is near:
Then, dearest maiden, come to me
Beneath the well-known old oak tree!

GEORGE H.

A CHRISTMAS SONG.

By Mrs. C. B. Wilson.

Nay! turn not away, with a pout and a frown,
Fair maidens! ye all must allow
The privilege granted to 'squire and clown,
Under the MISLETOE BOUGH.
Far hence be the Prude
Who would fancy it rude,
And dislike to the custom avow;
Or in scorn turn away,
With a heart-chilling "nay,"
When under the MISLETOE BOUGH.

In this age of improvement, in earth, air, and steam,
Old customs are waning away:
Our grandsires' gay Christmas to us is a dream;
So coldly 'tis kept in our day.
But though Fashion's hand
Has polish'd our land,
And made us more elegant now;
Have *we* friends more sincere,
Lips more tempting and dear
Than *they* had 'neath the MISLETOE BOUGH?

Then, let not the habits of England's past day
Be so much softened down and refin'd,
That in taking the dross of rude ages away,
We leave nought of the silver behind.
While our table is found
With smiles circled round,
And good fellowship beams on each brow,
What improvement can mend
The heart of a friend,
Or love's kiss,—'neath the MISLETOE BOUGH?

PUBLIC OPINION IN ENGLAND AND AMONG THE ENGLISH.

"Vox Populi vox Dei."

In England public opinion might be supreme was it honest; but while it is mixed up with party, and each party and partizan shall continue to set right and justice at defiance in forming its opinion, so long shall public opinion be over-ruled by the party in power, and so long shall it remain comparatively weak.

It, however, has been the fashion of one powerful party in the state, to pretend to despise the opinion to which the great majority of the people continually arrive at, on those momentous questions which the course of public affairs continually evolve. That party, with the most barefaced impudence, would make black appear white, and truth look like a lie,—would, after the public voice has passed judgment upon them over and over again, pretend to be unconvinced, and as they would fain cheat God of one of his attributes, that of omnipotence, so they would also lay claim to another, that of unchangeableness. Trenching themselves on all sides with piles of parchment surmounted with bristling bayonets and open-mouthed cannon, they proudly transcribe on their banners "Semper Eadem," and would declare themselves invincible, and shut themselves out from argument, reason, and conviction. *Truth* they know not, *evidence* they would shun, *demonstration* they would evade, and *deduction* they would despise. The thunders of the public voice they would laugh at, and the gigantic strides of the human intellect, as it topples down, one after the other, every intrenchment in which they feel secure, although it may alarm and does alarm them, will never bring them to confess they have been wrong.

For this deep and terrible iniquity, this blasphemy against the voice of nature, this total prostration of common sense, they not only bring the wrath of the people on themselves, but irresistibly force the honest into an adoption of their own abominable mal-practices. Those who sincerely desire to fight the battles of the people, are forced to meet the cunning and the crafty with corresponding circumvention and stratagem, and thus, instead of *holding* opinions, they suffer opinions to *hold them*, and *possessed* with this error, it is like a demon, only cast out with great difficulty.

Whatever the blind partizan of either side lays hold of, he clings to it like a drowning man Ignorance of the great springs of human policy

renders him impregnable both to justice and moral fitness, and makes him hold out to the last, although he has nothing to defend. On the abstract right of things he is as dark as pitch, and sticks as fast to, and defiles as much, every thing he lays hold of. The political skulls of such people are so thick as to be proof against any reason, and never crack but on the wrong side, just opposite to that against which the impression is made. The lighter and more inconsistent the opinions of this portion of the public are, the faster he holds them; otherwise they would fall asunder of themselves, for opinions that are false must be held with more strictness and assurance than those that are true; otherwise they betray their owners sooner than they are aware. To differ outrageously on things indifferent is the first article of their political creed, and to hold, with bull-dog tenacity, opinions once formed, is the second;—to make them a freehold, and to give up no right and title either to justice or common sense, to understand no man's reason but their own, and, if possible, to let no man reason but themselves.

These characteristics apply particularly to that prodigious cormorant, Toryism; but, as we said before, the spirit has descended even among those who have higher aims on the side of man and his rightful destinies. A lesson so ably propounded, with all the pomp and circumstance of *ex cathera* excellence and dignity, so eternally insisted upon by our betters, so minutely interwoven with the minutest ramifications of the art of government, and so shooting and shady the very aspect of public affairs has been conned over, studied, learned, and applied.

> "They but teach
> Bloody instruction, which being taught,
> Returns to plague the inventor."

Thus the same defiance of abstract right, the same setting at nought of common sense, the same unblushing effrontery in making the worse appear the better reason, and the same recklessness of the public opinion of honest men, is beginning to taint our patriots, to defile our legislative chieftians, and to sap the foundations of public principle, that glorious superstructure, which a Hampden in the field, and a Russel on the scaffold, cemented with their best blood. Nor is this all; there is a species of mean shifting, of low cunning, of despicable and meagre reprisal, of paltry art, brought to bear upon the law-besotted ignorance of the people, particularly of the benighted midland counties, where the squirearchy and high Church-of-Englandism would dye dark ignorance in "treble dun." Traps are laid from the common beer-shop to the very church doors to catch the unwary voter, and clouds of dust are raised on every side to mystify his mind, and to blind his eyes to his true interests. An atmosphere that distorts and throws out of shape, *truth*, under all her

aspects, is created for the elector, through which alone he is permitted to view surrounding things. The terrors of bye-gone ages are brought up like hosts of hobgoblins to scare him in his path.* Like the lover in Der Freischutz, he is hemmed in by the magic circle of existing interests. Bishops in their white wigs scowl on him and flap their wings on one hand—fat bulls of Basan enclose him on every side—the law, like an alligator with open jaws, grins at him on the other. The blue devils of penury, when a nobleman will do what he likes with his own, would

"Hiss him into madness,"

and skeleton horses and skeleton riders are presented to him if he would think on the corn laws; and thus he is compelled to cast those magic bullets which lead him on to irretrievable ruin and despair.

To make up for this, the Liberals are forced to be also illiberal—to fight the devil with his own weapons—to throw up at times, as was the case with Mr. Hume some time since, principle itself to gain a point. He was forced to vote *white* was *black* to save the cause of the people. There is not, perhaps, a man of more steadiness of purpose than Mr. Hume; or of more upright and manly political conduct, or of greater political consistency. But if the archangel Michael was to come down from heaven, or Aristides, himself, to rise from the dead, so great, so extended, and so universal is the taint of this moral depravity, that they would have to go with the stream, to fight with the same weapons, and to own Satan's own creed as a standard of political faith.

Now where is the remedy against this moral apostacy? ten thousand times more dangerous, to a people, than all the political apostacy that ever existed. The one has its reward in the execution of millions, and the everlasting perdition to his fame; but the other multiplies itself, and throws its gorgon features on the community, till it turns them into its own likeness, turning their hearts to stone against the finer and higher calls of their better nature, and making them the bulwarks of that species of depravity which ends, sooner or later, in the ruin of thrones and dynasties, or in the subjugation of the people themselves to the most odious and accursed tyranny.

The remedy must come frum the people themselves; it is they that must be the morduant that will fix the fleecy colours of the patriot's principle, and make him not only stick to his party but to that which is higher than party, or even country—namely, to "moral consistency." No man,

* At the late Northampton election one of those miserable tricks was played to frighten the people with catholicism. A small map of England was exhibited, with all the catholic chapels marked in it, which of course entirely covered the map, and this made the people think that catholicism was universal.

whatever, who can unblushingly depart, publicly, from that strict honesty and veracity which is demanded of him in private life, is fitted to legislate for a people or have a voice in the regulation of her civil policy. For this it becomes the people to fix the standard of moral as well as political consistency; and if they would prevent their country from sinking to those depths of degradation, from which there is no after hope, it is for them to say to would-be tyrants, and would-be patriots, "we will judge you by a law which you have long forgotten—we will try you by a standard which you have dared to despise! we will pronounce upon you according to your real worth, and shall throw all your blandishments and tinsel and puff and chatter to the dogs, in our estimation of you."

To do this the people must *unite*—not for political but for moral purposes. They must unite in every city, town, village, and hamlet, and form "Societies of Public Opinion," whose object shall be to report upon the "sayings and the doings" of public men, from the king on his throne to the half-starved Irish member, who peels his potatoes in a "two-pair back." A central society should be immediately formed in London, which should comprise honest men of every degree, and who should discuss the conduct of every political leader. This society should have *corresponding societies throughout the Empire*, who should meet at any particular moment, to denounce with the thunder of their maledictions, echoing far and wide, not merely the political tergiversation of the man who forgets himself, but the moral obliquity which leads man to forget that which ought to be dearer than himself—the law of moral honesty, which God has written in his heart.

The moral thunder of a people thus raised, would it not be more tremendous in its effect than the power of any government that could possibly exist? Such societies would have not political but moral ends in view, and could not be sent to the hulks as malcontents, or strung up as traitors, nor impeached of sedition. The aristocracy and the democracy would alike be held in awe by their sentences of condemnation, and the honest man, whether Tory, Whig, or Radical, would be cheered by their approval and the eulogiums they might pass upon their conduct; and thus, at a time when political terror seems to have slain moral honesty, the *people's voice*, freed from the rancour of party and the venom of its spleen, would arise in a glory of its own creating, and *public opinion* would be prevented from sinking in public estimation, and the *voice of the people* would be for once the *voice of God*.

Lucius Junius.

[The pages of the Monthly will therefore be open to the formation of such a society. We earnestly entreat our friends and correspondents to favour us with their opinions in this society, and we pledge ourselves to use all our personal and literary means to the furtherance of so desirable a work. Ed. M.M.]

DEPARTED JOYS.

When the gay sunny dreams of our youth are departed,
And the blossoms and spring of existence are flown,
When withered by sorrow, and half broken-hearted,
We mourn in our "solitude," darkly and lone.

In that night of the soul, when no hope-star is gleaming,
No moonlight of love "smiles" the spirit to rest;
Oh! then, like the glory of northern lights streaming,
The joys of remembrance illumine the breast.

Though mildew our heart's dearest hope may have blighted,
And the friends of our youth may be scattered and gone,
Some bright rays of bliss must our pathway have lighted,
And sunbeams of gladness must sometimes have shone.

And these the intense gloom of sorrow will brighten;
These visions of joy, in the memory enshrined,
With faint corruscations of bliss will enlighten
The darkness and clouds that envelope the mind.

Like the evening, in calm, melting loveliness veiling
Some landscape of Italy's azure-sky'd clime,
When the fervour and glare of the sunlight is failing,
On towers grey with lichen, the hoar-frost of time;

So holy and sweet is the soft shade of sadness,
Which memory throws o'er the joys of the past:
Though they have not the sunshine that crowns present gladness,
We love to contemplate them e'en to the last. Æ.

ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY
OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

The general meeting of the Local Agricultural Associations took place at the Freemasons' Tavern on Tuesday, the 15th ult., for the purpose—first, of forming a grand Central Society; and, secondly, of obtaining a Committee of Inquiry as to the best mode of alleviating the present agricultural distress.

It was amid "hopes and fears" that we found ourselves in the great hall, surrounded by no small number of wealthy and influential landed proprietors of Great Britain;—of hopes, because we did hope that something might, haply, be proposed, which, while it should improve the aspect of agricultural affairs, would yet steer clear of political manifestations;—of fears, lest such should not be the case. If it was with mixed feelings that we attended the meeting, so was it with mixed feelings that we listened to the proceedings. That we were gratified to hear voices upraised in defence of the farming interest of the country, we gladly and readily admit; still, we cannot say that we listened without a dash of a contrary feeling to the proposition, made by Earl Stanhope, "of replenishing the country with paper—paper of a valid description;" in short, "an issue, to an immense extent, of the lowest denomination of Exchequer Bills."

Before, however, we proceed to make any observations upon the remedy suggested, we will give the motion in the words of its mover, the noble Earl himself—viz.: "That nothing can remove the present overwhelming distress, but the adoption of some measure which will either raise the price to the level of the burdens imposed, or bring down the burdens to the level of the present prices." That one of the two things must take place, we feel convinced; but we cannot say that we advocate the one which manifestly found most favour in the eyes of the meeting—that of factitiously raising the price of wheat from 40 to 50 shillings the quarter; since, however advantageous such a price might be to the farmer and agricultural labourer, we hold that it would not be equally so to the manufacturer and mechanic.

As to the attempt to work upon the fears of the fundholder by the declaration, "that, if the price of wheat was factitiously reduced, those who had money in the funds must be prepared to endure the loss of it"—we can only say, that, should a factitious scarcity of gold be, for a time, created under the influence of such fears, and the price of agricultural produce fall, pari passu, the blame will rest far less with the funded than with the landed interest who conjured up "the ghastly spectre."

"Oh! the debt!" we have heard a conservative "blue," of the softer sex, exclaim: "mere moonshine—nothing but moonshine, I do assure you." Moonshine, indeed, it may be, in the opinion of those who

mainly created it; but, like moonshine, it *may* produce corruption, and, like moonshine, its influence *is* a borrowed one. Give the moonshine of night, then, say we, to love and the lute; but for the general interests of the country, for the labourer, and the mechanic—be theirs the broad sunshine of day!

As we have never been of the opinion of those who attribute the low price of corn to the imperfect operation of the corn-laws—since, "in point of fact," to use Lord Stanhope's own words, "they amount to a positive prohibition;" so neither have we, at any time, considered "that the depression of the agricultural interest is to be attributed to that high-way robbery, the confiscation edict of Sir Robert Peel;" and, therefore, it is not to a "replenishing the country with paper" that we look to any vital improvement in agricultural affairs.

It has, indeed, been ably and rationally argued, that, as the Union of England and Scotland with Ireland has, or ought to have, placed all three countries on the same footing as to currency, it is unfair to allow the circulation of paper notes of small value to the one, yet to deny it to the other, which has been, for some years, and still is, the case. To this we answer, well! and why are there not small notes in England? If "the Royal Agricultural Society" really think that this system would be a panacea for agricultural distress, why don't they form themselves into a Joint Stock Banking Company, and issue 1*l.* notes? Would government interfere to prevent it? We trow not—but, then, should that portion of the population who are interested rather in keeping down the price of agricultural produce than in making it rise—should these, we say, determine not to circulate the said notes of the said company, would the government, could the government, Whig be it or Tory, make a law to compel them so to do? and, if not, to what extent would a limited circulation of them assist the agriculturist?

On turning to the prospectus issued some short time previous to the meeting, we were struck with the quotation from an able writer, that "in Wales, agriculture is still most backward, the country does not produce half of what it is capable. This remark is not much less applicable to England; in fact, were all England as well cultivated as Northumberland and Lincoln, it would produce more than *double the quantity* that is obtained from it." Should such be the fact,—and who, on authority quoted by such competent judges as the Agriculturists themselves, may venture to doubt it?—would it not be worth while for the landed proprietors to experiment whether that, which the *plough* has avowedly failed to do, might not, to a certain extent, be effected by the *spade?* because, if the same acre, which, now under plough cultivation, produces, on an average, no more than twenty bushels of wheat, can be made to produce, under that of the spade, thirty bushels, the income of the cultivator of it would be increased 33 per cent, and that too, be it observed, without the assistance of hawthorn-bushes leafed with one-pound notes and exchequer bills. To the proposition of the revival of the annual grant given by the government to the old "Board of Agriculture," we do not object, neither do we to the government affording the use of some public building for a museum, library, &c. As to Frederick the Great, his barbarous age, and his yearly expenditure of £300,000 in the encouragement of agricultural improvements, we must

be allowed to remark that it will be quite time enough to adopt *his* mode of relief when Great Britain shall have relapsed into the same "comparative barbarity" as that of the country which owned him for its monarch.

In fine, however we may admit the truism, "that nothing can remove the present overwhelming distress but the adoption of some measure which will either raise the price of produce to the level of the burdens imposed, or bring down the burdens to the level of the present prices," still we do not think that the best mode of obtaining that object is by continually tampering with the currency.

Since writing the above, we learn from an advertisement in the public journals, that, at a meeting of the committee, held this day, Dec. 26, it was resolved—"That the objects of the Central Agricultural Society be exclusively national; directed to no theoretical purposes, but formed solely with a view to procure the co-operation of the owners, and occupiers of land in every practicable measure which can afford relief to the present distressed state of the agriculturists, as regards poor-rates, county-rates, poor-laws for Ireland, unequal parochial taxation, &c.; and, also, with a view to improvement in every branch of practical agriculture."

To what extent agriculture can be relieved in this way, we know not; but this we know, that it is by far the more open, straightforward, and fair way of obtaining any such relief, than that of raising the price of land produce by flooding the country with one-pound notes; in other words, by establishing a *war* circulating medium *in time of peace*.

TO THE POET'S MISTRESS, WITH A NOSEGAY.

Go, happy flower, and touch the beauteous hand
Of her whose smiles would "cheer" a drooping land:
Go, and approach her lips of roseate hue,—
Enchanting thought!—go, taste the balmy dew:
From her sweet lips, where loves and graces play,
Imbibe the rapture which her words convey.
Mortals with envy shall behold the rest,
Luxuriant seat upon her swelling breast;—
That throne of bliss, where Cupid lurking lies,
And steals unerring darts from Adah's eyes,
Go,—but when every fibre she has fir'd,
And every leaf with rapture is inspir'd;—
For beauty, heavenly beauty, nerves the weak;
Gives eyes to blindness, makes the tongueless speak;—
Remember me, in terms resistless prove
The fire of feeling and the force of love.

Æ.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

The Edinburgh Enclycopædia Britannica, or a Dictionary of Arts, Sciences, and Miscellaneous Literature, Part 68; Seventh Edition, greatly improved, with the Supplement to the former Editions incorporated, and Illustrated by an entirely new set of Engravings on Steel. Edited by Professor Napier. Adam and Charles Black, Edinburgh; Simpkin, Marshall, and Co., and Whittaker, Treacher, and Co., London.

This elaborate and truly scholarly work proceeds with increased merit, and we are delighted to add, additional success. Professor Napier, already placed above most of his literary compeers, by talents peculiarly his own, and by the performance of this vast, (and to some minds) frightful undertaking, will erect a monument to his own memory, which posterity will not fail to admire and revere. The present part commences with "Indiana," and concludes in the middle (Query ?) of a new and deeply interesting history of that singularly ill-fated part of his Majesty's British dominions—Ireland. The plates are splendidly done on steel. In this part also we have a fine "paper" descriptive of the Ionian Islands. Without doubt, this is the most valuable—because, in every sense of the word, the most utilitarian—Encyclopædia of which the present age can, with strict regard to truth, boast.

The Scottish Annual, 1836. Edited by William Weir. John Reid, and Co., Glasgow; Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh; and Whittaker and Co., London.

Like most of the Scottish publications, so really useful, so decidedly utilitarian, here we have sent to us, in the form and character of an Annual, one of the best among the number that have been presented to the British public, to commemorate the year of our Lord, 1836. We have, feeling a deep interest not only in the past but current literature of Scotland, made ourselves acquainted with the contents of this delightful harbinger of good sense, fine feeling, and purity of sentiment; all of which do honour to the genius and *mind* of the gifted Editor. The "autograph letters," which may be said to embellish this interesting northern stranger, will be held in high estimation by the literati. That of Dr. Southey, Mrs. Opie, Maria Edgeworth, William Godwin, &c. are inimitable, and will be held in the light of "valuable relics" for ages to come. We cannot but regret, for the Editor's sake, (who is evidently a highly gifted literaturist) that we have no room for extracts from his work, and reluctantly conclude our notice in his own language—"Let Glasgow flourish!"

> "Let Glasgow flourish!" Mongo said,
> As he bowed his white and sacred head
> Over the first foundation stone
> Of a town, where the wild stretched wasted and lone,
> And hovering choirs of cherubim
> Echoed his prayer with a holy hymn—'
> "Let Glasgow flourish!"

The "plan" of this Annual is perfectly original.

On the Mental Illumination and Moral Improvement of Mankind, &c. By Thomas Dick, LL.D., Author of the "Christian Philosopher." Glasgow: William Collins. 1835.

This is another aud a still more valuable work of the learned and devoutly-minded author. In this age of mental (and we religiously hope moral) improvement, we do not know of any work more seasonably calculated to inform, improve, and enlighten the human understanding. The very title will convey to the reader the character of the admirable matter which this utilitarian work contains: and we take leave to direct the early attention of our readers to the "paper" entitled the History of Education, and others of permanent interest.

Lardner's Cyclopedia, Vol. 73.—History of Rome. Longman and Co.

This highly talented work becomes more and more entertaining, both to the scholar as well as the general reader. The present volume commences the History of Rome; and we do think it in the very best style of modern writing.

The Poetical Works of Samuel Rogers. Illustrated by 128 Vignettes, by Stothard and Turner. Part 10.

This, we apprehend, is the concluding number of a very charming and elegant work. Praise is out of tune. As a whole, it is above praise. Mr. Rogers's fame is irrevocable.

The Angler's Souvenir. 1836. Charles Tilt, Fleet Street. Splendidly appointed, in every respect.

We never regretted the absence of a knowledge, such as good fishermen possess; and such as poor, dear old Izaac justly boasted, during the noiseless tenor of our single blessedness. It is not unworthy of remark, that, notwithstanding the manifest advance of art and science of every kind, during the last thirty years, the art of angling seems almost if not altogether neglected; or, if not neglected, suffered to remain in the precise same state as it was when our venerable father, Mister Izaac Walton, gent., &c. &c. left this fly-fishing world, for another and a less precarious one. Men, generally,—those, we mean, who have no taste for "fly-fishing," —are wont to ridicule those who are wedded to the flinging of the "fly" upon the smooth surface of the gliding streamlet in solitary silence, and so on; for our part, we, in turn, could fling back their gratuitous ridicule, and, in the true spirit of a Fisherman, say "taste and try." There is a charm—a pleasure—to be derived from angling that anglers (fishermen) only know,—and those who do not, cannot appreciate. Away, then, with "ridicule:" and learn, sir, to venerate not only the memory, but the profession of King Fisherman Walton.

Mr. Fisher (what a name for the author of the Angler's Annual!) has made the very best use of his time and talents in applying them to the production of this remarkable work, which, notwithstanding what has been said respecting the annuals, generally, we declare to be unusually interesting. The subject of "Angling," in all its branches, is treated of in a way we little expected; in short, *intellectually!* so much so, indeed, that the "mind" of the author should seem to have been designed for the express purpose of demonstrating that books are to be found in the purling streams and murmuring brooks of musical solitude, where the angler, as he skilfully throws the fly that lures the trout, can, at the same time, enjoy the delights of sober-minded contemplation: can look from nature up to Nature's God.

Margaret Ravenscroft, or Second Love. By Mr. St. John. 3 vols. Longman and Co.

Mr. St. John's new novel is a work of considerable merit. The story is one of deep interest, and will be read by the lovers of light literature with no little satisfaction. "Second love," moreover, is one of those admirably managed tales calculated to make a *powerful impression* upon the mind of the young reader, if not of the old. The scenes are well described; and, what is more, the characters are successfully sustained throughout. Mr. St. John is a man of no ordinary power; his polished mind and general information fit him for higher walks in the literary arena. Novel writing, perhaps, pays him better than any other; if such be the fact, we frankly confess that it is to be gravely deplored. In this age of practical usefulness it almost constitutes a "moral crime" in any public writer to employ his pen upon works of fiction, doomed to die a natural death.

The Book of Common Prayer Illustrated. Thomas Kelly, Paternoster Row.

This is, without exception, one of the most elegant and splendidly appointed editions of the Book of Common Prayer, pocket size, with splendid illustrations and notes, &c. we have ever seen; and, as a "present" to the young, we venture to recommend it in preference to most others that have come under our notice.

Miscellanies. By the Author of the "Sketch Book." No. 3. Containing Legends of the Conquest of Spain. John Murray, Albermarle Street. 1835. pp. 340.

This is an admirable effort of the gifted author, and full of entertaining and valuable matter relative to subjugated Spain—a beautiful and aspiring country; and one, too, upon which all eyes are fixed on this so interesting epoch of her history. The Legend of Don Roderick will be read with unusual interest, as well as the Legend of Count Julian and his family. The work has been brought out in Mr. Murray's best style.

The Gallery of Modern British Artists; consisting of a series of Engravings of their most Admired Works, with Illustrative Descriptions. Charles Tilt, Fleet Street.

This is a splendid publication. Indeed, it is difficult to find words calculated to serve the just and honest purpose of praising it becomingly. The publisher, however, seems to succeed so admirably in all his *illustrious* undertakings, that we need not dwell longer on that point.

"A characteristic feature of the present times is the increased taste for the fine arts; nor is its gratification any longer exclusively confined to one peculiar class of society; but works of merit are sought for with an amazing avidity by all, and their circulation has become universal." The whole series of illustrations —thirty-five in number—contained in this elegant 4to. volume are, without exception, beautiful specimens of the art. We most cordially recommend it to the early notice of our readers. The letter-press, too, is of the best description. The binding chaste withal.

The Parricide; a Domestic Romance. By the Author of "Miserrimus." 2 vols. post 8vo.

This is a very clever production,—full of interest from beginning to end. We have only room for a few lines, by way of quotation, which we transfer from the

"Introduction" to our pages. This amusing writer says:—"In the hope of benefitting some few of my fellow-men, and of thereby making a slight atonement for my crimes, I record the events of a long life of self-indulgence, anarchy, passion, and truculence, of which every minute has been a tempest, and every thought a wound. *Now*, the aches of my heart are entombed in my breast, as in a sepulchre of ice; yet once that breast was formed of fire, and burned, and raged, until it perished, self-consumed."

Hume and Smollett's History of England. With a Continuation. By the Rev. T. S. Hughes, B. D. vol. 18. A. J. Valpy, M. A.

This is a very superior edition of the history of our own country. The rev. editor has hitherto done his work with a masterly hand. We are glad to hear of its increasing success. We may observe, by the way, that the volume now before us contains two splendid engravings, in addition to 350 pages of excellent letter-press.

Thoughts in the Cloister and the Crowd. Henry Wix, 41, New Bridge Street, Blackfriars.

Here we have a very amusing common-place book; and one, too, of a superior order. This is evidently the *protegé* of a man of learning and refined sentiment. The work is very nicely printed.

Stanfield's Coast Scenery. No. 6. Smith, Elder, and Co., Cornhill.

This is a strikingly brilliant number of this justly popular work. The present number contains four highly-wrought engravings—namely, a view of Calais Pier; Hastings, from the sea; Dieppe, and Boulogne, upper harbour.

Gilbert Gurney. By the Author of "Sayings and Doings," "Love and Pride," &c. 3 vols. Whittaker and Co. 1836.

Several of the sensible and graphic chapters (and they are all of a very lively and talented description; and can never fail, we think, of pleasing the literaturist, even though they were read severally once a month, throughout the year) have already appeared in print. Two of the incidents contained in them have been dramatized: one on the French; the other on the English stage.

This circumstance, which has been noticed by one of the ablest and most impartial of our weekly periodicals, (the Athenæum,) has arisen from the fact of the editor's having, in society, frequently described the events, which actually occurred many years since. He does not, however, think this a sufficient reason for omitting them in his bundle of gleanings, from the late lamented Mr. Gurney's "papers," in which they stand *originally* recorded. We had intended to extract largely from "Gilbert Gurney," but the crowded state of our pages prevents our doing this at present. We shall, in all probability, give a *second notice* of this work, which, if we mistake not, will be thought deserving no ordinary praise.

Visit to Alexandria, Damascus, and Jerusalem, during the successful Campaign of Ibrahim Pasha. By Edward Hogg, M. D. 2 vols. Saunders and Ottley.

These are two delightful volumes, full of interest from the beginning to the end; and the vivid, though perspicuous, details the author enters into of the scenes

through which he passed, are a sufficient proof of their faithfulness. Could we afford space for an extract, we should be tempted to give Dr. Hogg's interview with Lady Hester Stanhope, which is both curious and interesting in the extreme. As we cannot, however, do so, we must content ourselves by strongly recommending a perusal of the work to all our readers who are fond of travelling by their own fire-side, and viewing, "through the loopholes of retreat," the wonders of nature, or the inventions of art.

The New Year's Gift for 1836. Edited by Mrs. Alaric Watts. Whittaker and Co.

This pretty juvenile annual comes before us in its usual pleasing dress, and with its usual share of elegant embellishments. We are inclined to think its literary contents are improved this season, as it boasts many names of high note, especially among the female contributors! We take leave, however, to inform the author of the tale entitled "The Little Shropshire," that the females employed as described to plant fruit in the market-gardens surrounding the metropolis, are from the principality, and not from Shropshire, and that "clean sleeves" are not a distinguishing mark of "the *recherché*" among the Shropshires! The Conscript is a very sweetly-told tale,—and we were much struck by some playful lines, from the talented pen of Miss Pardoe, to illustrate a plate entitled "Dressing for the Fair!"

New Year's Gift for Young Ladies. 1836 Tisdale, Strand.

We are sorry to give an unfavourable report of any work, well intended, particularly one by a lady, but we really must in candour confess, that we consider this to be one of the most silly kind of account-books for the use of young females we ever looked over.

To suppose that every girl would sit down to enter a record of her faults and untruths, with her weekly expenditure, is to suppose human nature totally different from what it is, or ever will be! These confessions can be written with sincerity on the tablet of the *heart alone*; there to be subjected to the seeing eye and faithful admonitions of conscience, to produce any good effect on days to come.

Marco Visconti; a Romance of the Fourteenth Century, from the Italian of Tommaso Grossi. By Miss Caroline Ward. Smith, Elder, and Co.

This romance consists of a series of events strung together without order, consistency, or regular design; and is consequently completely devoid of interest. The horrors acted after the deposition of Pope John XXII., known as the wars of Pope and Anti-Pope, would, judiciously woven into the web of a regular well-sustained story, form an interesting and spirit-stirring romance. But the extreme tenacity evinced by the author of "Marco Visconti," to adhere to historical memorials, has not left the smallest scope for invention or imagination. As, however, a record of the dissensions in the Italian Church, during its most turbulent era, the romance is not without value. We cannot award much commendation to the fair translator, —a singular want of "translating tact" is betrayed throughout the work; – the dialogue is rendered pointless from the *literal* manner in which it is rendered; while the descriptions, both of character and scenery, are from the same cause devoid of that richness of diction and beauty of verbal illustration, so essential to relieving the monotony of didactic writing! In truth, the story of "Marco Visconti" is a series of detached scenes, totally independent of, or unconnected with, each other, although, considered separately, meritorious enough.

Narrative of a Voyage Round the World: comprehending an Account of the Wreck of the Ship "Governor Ready," in Terres Straits; a Description of the British Settlements on the Coasts of New Holland, more particularly Raffles Bay, Melville Island, Swan River, and King George's Sound; also, the Manners and Customs of the Aboriginal Tribes; with an Appendix, containing Remarks on Transportation, the Treatment of Convicts during the Voyage, and Advice to Persons intending to Emigrate to the Australian Colonies. By T. B. Wilson, M.D., Surgeon, R.N., Member of the Royal Geographical Society. London: Sherwood, Gilbert, and Piper, Paternoster Row. 1835.

There is no class of literature so instructive and amusing as voyages and travels: while perusing the narratives of those who either from circumstances which they could not control, or a love of adventure, have dared the numerous perils attendant on savage lands, the thoughts of the reader transplant themselves to the place described, and he sympathises with that intrepidity of spirit which, reckless of all obstacles, has accompanied the traveller in every enterprise and danger.

We have been led into making these remarks by a perusal of Doctor Wilson's highly interesting volume, which describes most minutely and graphically the British Settlements on the northern coast of New Holland, viz. Raffles' Bay, Melville Island, and others hitherto undescribed, together with accounts of the Aborigines, enlivened with amusing anecdotes concerning them. Swan River and King George's Sound are also touched upon, and the first attempts made to form these settlements are described with great accuracy.

The events that led our voyager to these remote climes are too numerous to be detailed here: suffice it to say, the book is well worthy of being read by all who desire to be informed of tribes no previous traveller has afforded us a relation of, and of the lands they inhabit, which although at present barren wildernesses at the remote ends of the earth, may at no distant period become the settlements of Europeans, and be replete with the produce of the civilized world.

To conclude, our author has furnished those who purpose emigrating to New South Wales, or Van Dieman's Land, with an invaluable article, entitled "Hints to Emigrants," which we sincerely commend as the best that has been written on that very important subject. The good sense and observation that dictate the whole, our readers will be able to form a judgment of from the following specimen:—

"The average sum, for cabin passengers, is from £70 to £80; but a family—say a man, his wife, and five children—may be very comfortably accommodated with a reasonable table for £300 or £350.

"Although I am aware many are of a contrary opinion, yet I would not advise a passenger to have any written agreement, as to what kind and quantity of meat and drink is to be received by him during the voyage, as such conduct infers suspicion and mistrust. The owners of vessels trading to Australia from the port of London, are wealthy; and the masters highly respectable, and not likely to act with duplicity, after they have sailed.

"Emigrants have frequently applied to me for information, as to what articles they ought to take with them to the colonies; and I have invariably advised them, not to expend their money in the purchase, either of merchandize, household furniture, agricultural implements, or a superfluity of wearing apparel; as they can obtain all these articles, when they really want them, at Sydney, or Hobart Town, nearly on as reasonable terms as in England.

"On arrival at Hobart Town, or Sydney, the first care of the emigrant must be, to get into the country as fast as possible, as a settler, who has a family, and moderate means, ought not to idle away his time, and spend his money, which he may do, in either of these places, with as much facility as in London. I would also particularly caution him to be on his guard against purchasing extraordinary good bargains, either in sheep, land, or cattle, which may be offered to him immedi-

ately on his arrival in the colony. The most judicious plan—whatever the temptation to purchase may be—is still to keep his money, rent a farm, and remove his family to it as speedily as possible. He has then time to look about him; also to acquire a knowledge of the country, and its inhabitants; and to take advantage of a *real* good bargain, should any such occur.

"Having got his affairs in some order, and his family settled on his farm, he ought to proceed in search of land; and, in doing this, he must make up his mind to struggle with many annoyances and disappointments. But a person who cannot dispense with what are called "necessary comforts," nor determine to bear up against disasters and many misfortunes, ought not to emigrate, as it is more than probable, that, being paralyzed by supposed insurmountable difficulties, he will become discontented and inactive, spend the remainder of his money, regret that he was ever induced to leave his native land, and write home dismal accounts of the colony. Whereas, had he exerted a little extra mental energy, all the difficulties which appeared, at first sight, insurmountable, might have been overcome, and he would have added another to the vast number of flourishing Australian settlers—many of whom, to my certain knowledge, have had great and varied difficulties to contend with in the first instance, and are now in the well-merited enjoyment of affluent independence."

MUSICAL REVIEW.

The Musical Keepsake: consisting of Selections, Vocal and Instrumental, from the Operas of "Gustavus," "Anna Bolena," "Masaniello," &c. &c. By Herz and John Barnett. T. Hurst, St. Paul's Church Yard.—*(Second notice.)*

THE pieces in this excellent *souvenir* are selected with a degree of taste and judgment highly creditable to the editors, considering the immense quantity of musical matter contained in the book. Of the five original songs composed by Barnett, the Spanish Girl's is to our taste the best. The melody is in a flowing six eight, and the accompaniments are disposed with a simplicity and elegance highly pleasing. This keepsake will be found an excellent and appropriate present to all young ladies possessing a musical library.

1. "The Christmas Party." By J. E. Carpenter. Music by J. C. White.
2. "The Wood-cutter's Eve." By John Clare. Music by J. Whittaker.
3. "Swiftly o'er the Waters Bounding." By W. H. Wells. Music by Rossini.
4. "Les Amusemens de l'Opera;" containing "Le M'Abbandoni," "Carnival Chorus," and "Se Mi Credi," arranged for two performers on piano-forte. By C. W. Glover.
5. "Duke of Reichstadt's Waltz," arranged for piano-forte. By G. F. Harris.
6. "Six Grand Waltzes" for piano-forte. By J. Wilkinson.

"To sing Carpenter's clever Christmas Carol with proper *gusto*, we beg to recommend the following recipe:—

"Roast beef, one pound; plum-pudding, eight ounces; boiled turkey, six ounces; Port wine, five pints; Rum-punch, as per formula of Royal navy. Quant. suff. To be taken about 5 o'clock, A. M., with patients assembled in best possible spirits, and in number not less than twelve."

No. 2. Is a rural ballad,—the words by a Northamptonshire peasant, and the music by a London composer. Town and country form a pleasing combination in this instance. The melody is extremely pretty, but the treble of the accompaniment going in unison with the voice creates a monotony which a little well-dispersed *arpeggio* would have relieved.

No. 3. Is an arrangement of the subjects in Rosini's overture to the "Barber of Seville," for which we are indebted to Miss F. Romer, who has thus presented us with one of the prettiest cavatinas we have for some time seen. The words are supposed to emanate from a syren in the form of an invitation, which ends thus:—

"Dive, love, with me."

Thank you, madam, we would rather not, while the thermometer remains at freezing point.

No. 4. Is one of those clever productions which has all the effect of difficult music without any of those scampering impossibilities which disfigure the scores of many modern piano-forte writers. Mr. Glover's music deserves to be very popular, because players of moderate ability can get through it with satisfaction to themselves and pleasure to their hearers.

No. 5 is an unpretending arrangement of the beautiful waltz imported into this country on the barrels of divers French organs.

No. 6. We have carefully tried over No. 6,—and when we repeat that it consists of "Six Grand Waltzes for piano-forte," our readers will know as much about it as we do.

The Miseries of an Omnibus. Comic Song. By J. E. Carpenter. Music arranged by S. Godbe.

The good taste of sporting with money hath often been questioned, but the miseries experienced in an omnibus are of a peculiarly comic character, the mal-agrèmens so essentially funny, that Mr. Carpenter must not only be forgiven on the score of taste, but applauded for "hitting the right nail on the head," while *hammering* his brains for a subject. He has made, without *boring* us, a great *deal* of it, and we have no doubt his omnibus will *run!*

German Air, "Du, Du," &c. arranged, with Variations, for Piano-forte. By C. W. Glover.

Another of Mr. Glover's sensible and musician-like arrangements, the finale of which is peculiarly spirited and effective; the modulation of the last page gives a return to the subject at the end, a charming and captivating character!

Military Introduction, &c. to La Parisienna, arranged for Piano-forte. By T. A. Rawlins.

A cappricio in the key of B flat, presenting many beauties and few difficulties.

Les Fleurs de France, a New Set of Quadrilles. By W. Ethrington.

A set of popular airs, by French composers, duly arranged to give life and motion to the "light fantastic toe."

The Holly Branch. Words by J. E. Carpenter. Music by J. Whittaker.

A genuine Christmas ditty, neither very sentimental nor very elegant, with a chorus at the tail of each verse, well adapted for the stentorian lungs, strengthened by good cheer. The idea is, however, not a new or original one—the *holly-bough* having last season appeared from the pen of a lady!

Thine! Thine! Ballad. Words and Music by Mrs. C. B. Wilson.

Our Auld Roof Tree. Scotch Ballad. Words and Music by the same Composer.

These are two very sweet, though plaintive ballads, both words and music by a lady who does not pretend to compete with those to whom the composition of music is a study. As the works of an amateur, unpretendedly put forth, we feel happy to be able to give them our good word.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY-LANE.—Theatricals, to use a Corn-Exchange expression, "are looking up." Generally, they have been prosperous within the last five or six weeks; but the success of Old Drury has far exceeded that of any of the other houses. *The Jewess* still runs its triumphant course. While continuing to afford entire satisfaction to the thousands who troop from all parts of the metropolis to witness its representation, it is, we are happy to say, proving equally satisfactory to Mr. Bunn. In fact, it were strange if either he or the play-going public were dissatisfied in the smallest degree; for never, in the records of theatricals, was so splendid a spectacle, and one moreover abounding with great dramatic merits, exhibited to the public gaze. The public, therefore, would be what *The Times* has on more than one occasion called it, "a beast of a public," if it did not extend its most liberal patronage to a piece which possesses such great and manifold attractions. And that patronage being so prodigally extended to Mr. Bunn, that both the house and his exchequer are regularly full to overflowing—the first with the ordinary race of mortals, and the second with sovereigns—it would go hard indeed if he were not on as good terms with the public and "the Jewess," as the public are with Mr. Bunn, "His Majesty's servants," the performers, and the piece performed. The extraordinary attractions of "the Jewess," suffer no diminution from the frequency with which they are exhibited; on the contrary, the more they are seen the more they seem to be admired. Mr. Bunn calculates—justly, we have no doubt—that the charms of the Jewess are not to be eclipsed by the "pantomime affairs" which at this season of the year were wont, from time immemorial, to throw the "legitimate drama," and all other sorts of dramas, completely into the background. While, therefore, in his commendable anxiety to suit all tastes, not forgetting the gods in the gallery, he has brought out a pantomime to gratify the lovers of that sort of theatricals, he has determined to continue nightly his representation of "the Jewess." We hope we shall in our next month's review of the drama, have to report equally favourably of the fortunes of Drury.

The pantomime produced on the 26th is founded on the well-known story of *Whittington and His Cat*. As our readers were acquainted with that story from their boyish days, and as it must then have made such an impression as to be still fresh in their recollection, we will not weary them by a repetition of the leading incidents. Suffice it to say, that there are some deviations from the story as it passes current in the nursery, and some considerable additions to it; but these are perfectly allowable in the getting up of a pantomime. There are various excellent scenes in the course of the piece, which cannot fail to be attractive during the usual season. What the audience felt to be tiresome the first night was the length of time taken in managing some of the scenes. This, however, was doubtless unavoidable on the first representation: but will be

guarded against in the future representations of the piece. The principal character, that of Grimaldi, was given to Mr. H. Mathews, who certainly did it ample justice.

Covent Garden.—Matters have proceeded but indifferently well at this theatre during the last month. The principal novelty brought out has been *The Bronze Horse*. It was attractive for some nights, but has been losing ground in public favour. It has some excellent scenes, but, as a whole, there is a heaviness about it. We doubt if the receipts at the treasury have at all been equal to the expenditure in the getting up of the spectacle. But, even had the piece been more meritorious than it is, it would not have "drawn," in the more enlarged acceptation of the term, while *The Jewess* was in the zenith of its popularity. Mr. Osbaldiston has committed a great mistake in allowing himself for a moment to suppose that he could cope with Mr. Bunn in the article of "spectacles." One insuperable obstacle, were there no other to his doing so, would be found in the "reduced prices," of Covent-Garden; he could not afford the necessary expenditure of money. Besides, the only pieces which are likely to "attract" the "reduced price" part of the play-going public, are *Jonathan Bradford, Poll and My Partner Joe, Black-Eyed Susan, &c.*

Saturday, the 26th of December, being the first night of the pantomime, the house, to use phraseology which the gods will understand, was an overflowing bumper in both galleries and the pit. The boxes were not so well attended at the commencement, but they also filled up at half-price. The very name of the pantomime, *Harlequin Guy Fawkes, or the Fifth of November*, could not fail, on boxing-night, to fill the loftier regions of the theatre. The pantomime was preceded by *The Carmelites*, and *The Bronze Horse*, both of which pieces, but especially the latter, were very favourably received. It would have added much to the enjoyment, which that part of the audience in the boxes and pit derived from the representation of these pieces, had their divinityships in the neighbourhood of the ceiling been somewhat less uproarious. This, however, they were above submitting to. It was boxing-night, and, agreeably to ancient usage, they were determined to carry matters with a high hand—to have everything, in short, their own way. The commencement of the pantomime, however, had a wonderful effect in hushing the storm of voices which raged during the whole of the previous performances. The deities in the upper regions were propitiated by the very first scene: the huge noses, "prodigious" eyes, and the expression generally of the countenances of Grumble-gloom, Mischief, and the other personages of the same character, were just the things for them. Scene succeeded scene, one character followed another, and lively incidents passed in such rapid succession before their eyes, that they must have been a strange race of deities, indeed, if they had not been gratified to their heart's content. This we know, that the less dignified people in the boxes and pit were pleased to a degree of which, we are sure, they could have had no previous anticipation. Some of the scenes were beautiful. That representing Lambeth Palace and the Thames, was really excellent. The only defect in it was, that while some of the boats which were ever and anon gliding up and down the river, had their shadows correctly given, others had no shadows at all

The scene, too, representing the heavens and stars, while the immortal Francis Moore, of astrological and almanac-making memory, consults the planets as to the meaning of the equivocal letter which Lord Mounteagle received from one of the *Guy Fawkes* conspirators, is also good. Others, while they pleased us much, and were the subjects of general admiration, we have not space to advert to. The piece does not strictly adhere to history; but that is of little importance in such a case. If an occasional deviation from Hume—not Joseph Hume, the Member for Middlesex, but David Hume, the historian—be not allowable in a pantomime, we wish some one would inform us in what case a little liberty of the kind would be justifiable. As to the acting part of the affair—if acting be in such a case a "legitimate" expression—we hardly suppose our readers will expect that we should be particularly critical. Mr. Bannister performed his part well as the Genius of Discontent, and we could not, for the life of us, see any rational ground of quarrel which any one could have had with Mr. Beckett, as his familiar agent. Mr. —— was unexceptionable as the Mysterious Stranger, and if any one saw anything amiss in Master Catesby (Mr. Clarke), or any of the other Masters with whom this piece abounds, all we can say is, they must have been more quick in their perceptions than we were. The manner in which Mr. C. J. Smith acquitted himself, as *Guy Fawkes*, was undeniable. Mr. Bender earned quite a reputation for himself as Dame Caudlecup, Alice's nurse; and Alice (Miss Cehill), the beloved of Lord Monteagle, gave her nurse a very reasonable quantum of trouble, as girls in their teens always do to those entrusted with their guardianship. The other personages made the necessary movements on the stage, and tumbled and fell, and knocked each other about, and occasionally each other's heads, in a manner which could not fail to satisfy the most fastidious in such matters. In one word, *Guy Fawkes* has been extremely well got up, and afforded extreme gratification to those for whose special delectation Mr. Osbaldiston has "brought it out."

The Adelphi.—The "fair widow," by her transplantation from the Queen's to the Adelphi, appears to have added to her fascinations. The house has been nightly crowded since her settlement in her new locality. It has been, it is said, as prosperous during her short administration of its affairs, as ever it was when under the dynasty of Mathews and Yates. Some of the pieces which have been "running," are excellent; others are but indifferently good. However, as the public seem in this case to consider "all to be fish that comes in the net," and to applaud the indifferent as heartily as the good, we see no rational ground of quarrel with Mrs. Nisbett for repeating them "every night till further notice." The great end of all theatricals, in the eye of the proprietors of theatres, is to draw money into their coffers by drawing people into their houses, and as that object is accomplished in the present instance, as far as the size, not of the proprietors' pockets, but of the Adelphi, will allow, it is all in the nature of the things that they should suffer matters to remain as they are.

In our next number, we shall devote greater space to matters connected with the Drama.

CUPID, EARTH'S MOST FAVOUR'D GOD.

Love still has something of the sea
From whence his mother sprung.—SEDLEY.

CUPID, earth's most favour'd God,
At thy shrine all nations bow;
Thine the wilds of far Pequod,
Thine old Sunium's marble brow.
Owns not ocean, too, thy power,
With its billows, fresh and free?
Yes—for e'en mid forest bower,
"Love has something of the sea."

Calmly sleep the summer waves,
As if they would wake no more;
Hark! how the mad tempest raves,—
How the billows lash the shore!
Cupid, such thy changeful form—
Well doth ocean emblem thee;
Even in his calm and storm,
"Love has something of the sea."

Now its tide serenely flows,
Now it ebbs, obedient still
To some spell, no mortal knows,—
Nature's superhuman will.
As the tide of ocean, so
Passion's tide of grief or glee;
Spell-bound in his ebb and flow,
"Love has something of the sea."

Weeds that spurn the billows dark,
Die upon the sunny shore;
Young Affection's stranded bark
Owns its pride of conquest o'er.
To his ocean parent true,
Ocean-like he needs must be;
Even in his eye of blue
"Love has something of the sea."

Decr. 1st, 1835. H. B.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

It is natural enough for those whos uffer to cry for help; and hence complaints, both loud and deep, resound from one end of the kingdom to the other, from those who perseveringly promoted, and for a while fattened upon, a system, which, containing within itself the seeds of its own destruction, was sure to crumble to pieces at no distant period. Complaints were stifled as long as possible; legislative enactments, in opposition to reason and justice, were vainly brought forward for the purpose of arresting the progress of that alarming retrocession which appears to bid defiance to all restrictive appliances; for, as the rise of the tide had been unnaturally rapid, so its reflux became equally astounding, till at length, it has eddyed into a terrific whirlpool which threatens to swallow up the agricultural interest in its unrestrainable and frightful vortex!

Although the interest of all those who have come forward to vent their complaints in public must be mainly the same, it is not surprising that a difference should exist as to the mode of relief; which, after all, can arise neither from the repeal of the malt tax, nor the re-establishment of that system of currency, which was so injudiciously demolished by Mr. Peel, and which has produced more mischief and misery than all the measures which have given to the memory of his prototype, Mr. Pitt, an infamous immortality: an alteration of the monetary system might appear necessary perhaps, during the ill-fated and ruinous administration of Mr. Peel; such an alteration, however, as this wretchedly-miserable politician effected, which tripled his own enormous cash account, and filled the pockets of the fundholders at the expence of the Agricultural interest, could not operate as a remedy for the evil, (if evil existed;) but must, necessarily, produce those ruinously-desolating results which are as impressibly perceptible in the manufacturing parts of the kingdom as in the rural districts.

The Agricultural Reports of former days, which had reference merely to the influence of the weather, and the appearance of the crops, are superseded by political discussion; since, however abundant the returns of grain may be, the blessings of Providence are, generally speaking, rendered unavailable by the wretched pecuniary incapacity of the working classes:—hence the present depressed price of agricultural produce.

	PER QR.	PER QR.	
Wheat, English, white		34s, 38, 42, to	45
red		34, 36	40
Lincolnshire red	34s. 36s. to 38, white	37	40
Yorkshire		32, 34	36
Northumberland and Berwick	32 to 34. fine white	37	88
Dundee and choice Scotch	38 to 40. extra	———	
Irish red	30 to 33. fine	34	—
white		33	35
Rye		30	32
Barley, English, Grinding	23 to 26. distilling	26	27
Barley, Malting	28 to 31.	32	33
Irish good Grinding, about 27 to 28 stone to the quarter		21	23
fine (30 st.)		22	35
Malt	44 to 54. fine new	56	64

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

A Convenient Conscience.—A meeting was lately held in Bungay, by certain persons calling themselves "friends of the church," for the purpose of enforcing on the refractory Dissenters in that place, the duty of paying church-rates. At this meeting, a Rev. gentleman, who rejoices in a very lucrative living in the neighbourhood, in addition to the name of Hobbs, is represented, by one of the provincial papers, to have held forth to the following effect:—"I maintain, it is the duty of all men to contribute to the support of whatever is the established church of the country in which they dwell. I myself, acting on this principle, cheerfully paid for the support of the Roman Catholic Church, when residing on the continent." This Rev. gentleman, according to his own showing, has a marvellously pliable conscience. He runs but little risk of ever suffering martyrdom for his principles. It is impossible, be his lot cast where it may, that he will ever find himself in a wrong position. What simpletons he must think such men as Cranmer, Latimer, Ridley, and others of his own church, were, for suffering their heads to be chopped off on the scaffold, or their bodies to be burned at the stake, for such a trifling affair as conscience! The fires of Smithfield may be again kindled whenever religious intolerants of any denomination please—there is no danger of their ever singeing a hair of the Rev. Mr. Hobbs's head. What matters it, in so far as this enforcer of the duty of paying church-rates is concerned, whether the Mahometan religion, or the Christian religion, be the established religion of the land! In either case, he will be equally cheerful and prompt in his payment of church-rates. In Turkey, there cannot be a question, he would make a most exemplary Mussulman. Of course, if in India, he would not have the slightest scruple in contributing his share to the support of the worship of Juggernaut. The Scriptures tell us, there will be a severe and deadly struggle between the true and false religion, immediately before the Millenium. The late Rev. Mr. Irving died in the firm belief that the Millenium is to commence in 1847. If this ornament of the church happen to live to see the struggle which is to precede the Millennial advent, he will be quite safe, however others may fare. He will always be on the strongest side—always a supporter of the established church, whatever it may chance to be. What a mighty convenient thing it is to have so accommodating a conscience!

Marrying Extraordinary.—The following short paragraph is just now making the round of the papers:—

"A woman recently died in Italy, who had attained the advanced age of 142 years, after having eight husbands, the last of whom has survived her."

There is so much curious matter indicated in this brief paragraph, that we wish, with all our hearts, the inditer thereof had been somewhat

more communicative. We wonder at what age the lady was buckled with husband the first—it would have been gratifying also to know, at what particular era of her protracted existence, she engaged at the altar to perform all the duties of wedlock to husband the eighth. As to the respective periods of the half dozen intervening marriages, we would have made calculations of our own, which would at least have been satisfactory to our own minds. But the rogue who wrote the paragraph, has left us completely in the dark on these points. For a century at least, we may safely assume, this wife of many husbands produced but few of those "little pledges of mutual affection," which are ordinarily looked for with so much anxiety by "a newly-married pair." During that time, there can be little doubt she has been as anti-Malthusian in practice, whatever she may have been in theory, as the most strenuous advocate of that hypothesis could wish. The paragrapher says nothing about her charms. They must have been great to have brought no fewer than eight swains into her arms, while others of the sex are unable to get one. We wonder if her attractions continued to the last; if they did, we are prepared to shed an additional tear in sympathy with the bereaved husband, now mourning in the anguish of his soul, the death of her in whose arms he was wont to be supremely blest. On talking to husband the last of his predecessors in her affections and arms, we presume she must have done so, as No. 1, No. 2, No. 3, and so on, to prevent any mistake as to the identity of the "dear departeds!" The fact of the deceased having in her time wedded eight husbands, is fraught with an important moral and social lesson—a lesson which must especially commend itself to the female sex. Never was the blessedness of matrimony so forcibly inculcated before. Here is a woman, who for nearly a century and a quarter—assuming, as we think we have every right to do, that she was wedded to No. 1 when in, or only just out of, her teens—here is a woman, who for this long period had experience of the married state, and found it so sweet to her taste, that she died as she had lived, in it. Had she felt it irksome, she had, in her eventful domestic career, several opportunities of escaping for ever from it; but she found it to be so much the reverse, that as soon as she was thrown out of it, she made all possible haste to get herself reinstated in it. Marriage is said to be a lottery—by which we suppose is meant, the quality of the partner whom one gets. It is a lottery also with young ladies, whether they get a husband at all. The deceased had remarkable luck in the mere article of getting husbands. If she drew prizes—that is, got *good* husbands—her luck, we are confident, must have been perfectly unprecedented in the annals of matrimony. Seriously speaking, we question whether it be just or politic in the laws of Italy to allow one woman to have eight husbands, while so many of the sex are vegetating in celibacy. It were a pity the memory of such a woman should be confined to oblivion: the brief notice which the inditer of the paragraph we have quoted gives of her, will hardly serve to rescue her name from forgetfulness for even one little fortnight. We hope the surviving husband, when the first overwhelming emotions of sorrow have somewhat subsided, will seriously set about writing her biography at full length; if we had the necessary matter, we would do it ourselves.

The Tables Turned.—Mr. Mortimer O'Sullivan, and the other reverend church-and-state itinerants, have hitherto had it all their own way in their denunciations of poor Peter Dens and his system of theolgy. With meetings packed with as great intolerants as themselves, every thing they uttered was applauded to the echo, and they began to look on themselves as specially commissioned to establish an Orange Church on the ruins of the Roman Catholic religion. Matters, however, have begun to take a turn. A meeting was appointed to be held at Brighton, on the 16th ultimo, for the purpose of again parading the ghost of the aforesaid Peter Dens, and dealing out "damnation on the Roman Catholics." The usual precaution of admitting only by tickets, was adopted on this occasion; so that, but for a rather ingenious expedient on the part of the liberals of Brighton, there would have been an audience of the usual complexion, and Mortimer would have received his accustomed modicum of cheers from "the gentlemen," and of approving smiles from the ladies. The more tolerant portion of the community of Brighton, determined not to be "done" by the reverend zealots, sent the public criers through the town, announcing that the meeting would take place an hour earlier than was originally intended. A vast concourse of persons, of all classes, and both sexes, assembled; when the liberal party, after a hard struggle, succeeded in inducing Lord Teignmouth, Mr. O'Sullivan's chairman, to withdraw, and in appointing a Mr. Good, a hairdresser, in his place. Lord Teignmouth, on leaving the chair, declared the meeting adjourned. The liberals maintained it was not; and the point of adjournment was settled by a scuffle, in which the antagonist chairmen—the noble lord and the "democratic hairdresser," "with several other couples"—we quote the *Times*' account—"rolled on the floor together." The opposing parties in the hall in which the meeting was held, got up "a scene" in exemplary imitation of the chairmen. The chair—as a prelude, we presume, to the fate of the Church of Ireland—was overturned; and the benches followed the example of the Orange chair. The ladies were to be heard screaming, and to be seen fainting, in all directions. They could not have been more affrighted had Peter Dens himself made his escape from purgatory, and suddenly appeared amongst them. Order being at length restored, Mr. O'Sullivan addressed the meeting in a speech of three hours' length. Of course, it was the old story over again. Mr. O'Dwyer, the ex-member for Drogheda, replied to the rev. bigot; and the whole affair was very appropriately wound up by a resolution being proposed and carried, amidst loud acclamations, to the effect—"That it was inexpedient to interfere with the regulation of ecclesiastical affairs, and the differences between Protestants and Roman Catholics, as the subject was now under the consideration of government!" The example of the inhabitants of Brighton is not likely to be lost on the liberal part of the population of those places where these politico-religious mountebanks may contemplate playing off their fantastic tricks. It is clear, that a few such receptions and results, would put a stop to the "mission," and ship the missionaries back to their own country. We hope O'Sullivan has taken care not to make the amount of his remuneration dependent on the continuance of his mission, but that the £2000 he is understood to receive from the Orange party for his exhibitions, is to be equally paid to him whether it shall be found expedient to repeat those exhibitions or not.

ENCOURAGEMENT TO "ACCOMPLISHED" LADIES.—One of the morning papers, a few days since, contained the following announcement in its advertising columns:—

"Wanted, a daily Governess for a young Lady, to teach English, French, Drawing, Singing, Writing, and Arithmetic. The required hours of attendance are from eleven till four daily. Salary, £12 per annum.

Parents who move in what is called a respectable sphere of society, but whose means are so limited as to render them unable to make provision for their children when they are grown up, often stretch a point to give one or more of their daughters as much education as will make them sufficiently "accomplished," as it is technically called, to go out as governesses. Those of them who may chance to cast their eye on the above advertisement, will not congratulate themselves on the profession, if so it may be termed, which they have fixed on for their daughters. To offer such terms as a salary for the services of an educated lady, is synonymous with a regular proposal to starve her; and if there be any way of getting at the father of the young lady whom it is proposed to educate in all the above branches of learning, to the tune of five hours a-day, at £12 a-year, we would suggest to the public prosecutor the propriety of indicting him for an attempt on the life of some unfortunate governess. It is clear the fellow never intended she should have anything to eat other than chameleon's fare. See how carefully, with this view, he specifies the hours during which she is to teach the "Young Lady English, French, Drawing, Singing, Writing, and Arithmetic." They are to be from eleven till four—just such hours as would prevent her presence during breakfast and dinner; the first meal would be over before she commenced her duties, and the second would not begin until after she had finished them, and retired. The advertiser is evidently no fool: he knows it would be dangerous to have a governess in the house, at meals, with a stomach no better furnished than it would be by a salary of £12 a-year. Why, the poor creature would not be able to find herself in tolerably decent clothes, putting washing out of the question, at the sum. And yet, ten to one, it would be a *sine qua non*, in making the engagement, that she should "go genteel." In the same paper which contains this advertisement, which must literally outrage the feelings of every governess without a situation and without friends, whose eye may chance to see it,—in the same paper there is an advertisement wanting a housemaid, where the washing is given out, and where several servants are kept, in which the wages offered are £14. Let the circumstances of the housemaid and those of the governess be compared, and then say which of the two is in the most enviable condition. The one has no feelings refined by education, and by previously moving in a respectable sphere of life; the other has. The housemaid has no appearance as regards clothes to keep up; the governess is expected to be in appearance a lady: the housemaid has "her meals tied to her head;" the governess, unless she get it through some other means, will never have a meal at all. What a miserable prospect for those young creatures who are, at a great personal sacrifice it may be on the part of their parents, fitting out for governesses, in the hope of, by that means, making out a livelihood! The schoolmaster, at this rate, had better

stay at home; and intellect, instead of advancing, had better remain stationary. Instead of education raising those in society who seek to make it the means of earning a livelihood, it only sinks them lower in the scale.

Ingenious Equivocation.—At the Middlesex Sessions, held on the 17th ultimo, a person named *Sheering* was cross-examined relative to an information he had laid against a publican, for selling beer during the hours of divine service. The following is part of the dialogue which took place on the occasion, between him and the opposing counsel:—

Mr. Prendergast.—You have been often in this Court, I believe?
Sheering.—Yes, many times (giving a glance towards the dock).
Mr. Prendergast.—Ah, I see you are looking towards the bar.
Sheering.—Yes, I was brought up to the bar.
Mr. Prendergast.—What do you mean by that, fellow?
Sheering.—Why, I was brought up to the bar when I was drinking in the defendant's house.
Mr. Serjeant Andrews.—What did you mean when you said you were brought up to the bar?
Sheering.—Mr. Prendergast made an observation about—
Mr. Sergeant Andrews.—And you meant to give him a pert answer?
Sheering.—No, I did not, sir.
Mr. Serjeant Andrews.—Take care how you answer, then, as your answers may affect your credit with the Court.
Mr. Prendergast.—Have you never stood within that bar [pointing to the dock]?
Sheering.—Never.
Mr. Prendergast.—Do you mean to swear you were never tried in this Court?
Sheering.—No.
Mr. Prendergast.—Then what did you mean by your former answer?
Sheering.—I never stood behind that bar; it was a different one when I was tried.
Mr. Flower indignantly asked how he dared equivocate thus with his oath?
Mr. Prendergast.—What were you tried for?
Sheering.—You ought to know, for you defended me.
Mr. Prendergast.—I insist on an answer. I can't be your witness, and if I could I would not.
Sheering.—It was for rescuing a fellow-creature from the grave.
Mr. Serjeant Andrews.—Was it not for stealing a dead body?
Sheering.—Yes.

There is clearly a mistake in the destiny of this person, who is said by the newspaper reports to be a common informer. Nature obviously intended him for a lawyer; and had not some "untoward affair" thwarted her purposes, he would have been "brought up to the bar" in a professional sense, instead of to the bar of a public-house or a criminal court. In that case he would unquestionably have raised himself to eminence. As it is, there is every probability that he will raise himself, or be raised by others, to a certain kind of eminence, though one of a very different description, before he goes out of the world. The ingenuity of the fellow's equivocation about "the bar," could only be equalled by the cool effrontery with which he parried the questions of Mr. Prendergast. The equivocation about the old and new bar was also good. But decidedly the most ingenious of the three grand equivocations, and indeed

by far the most ingenious we ever met with, was that about "rescuing a fellow-creature from the grave." It ought of itself to immortalize the fellow: this, we know, that many a person has been immortalized who never said anything half so clever. When we first read his statement of having been tried for "rescuing a fellow-creature from the grave," our admiration of his humanity was only equalled by our regret that he should ever, by so meritorious an act, have got himself "into trouble." Judge of our confusion, when, in answer to the next question, the rogue, with the most consummate impudence imaginable, admitted he had been tried for stealing a dead body, which was what he meant by "rescuing a fellow-creature from the grave!"

Matrimonial Advertising.—The practice of advertising for wives is beginning to be revived. In a morning paper, a few days since, we see a couple of these "ads," as the printers call them, together. This shows the taste of the person who "makes up" the paper. In both cases there is the usual notification that "the dust" is indispensable; but from the wording of the advertisements, it is obvious, that if the matrimonial candidates be only satisfied on that point, they will not be over scrupulous on others. In fact, it would be a perfectly fair inference from the advertisements, that the "monish," as a Jew old clothesman would say, is the only qualification which either of the aspirants at domestic bliss considers in the least necessary. It is a pity that persons who can thus sacrifice all the better feelings of human nature to their passion for money, should not, by mistake, run their necks into some matrimonial halter, which they would find anything but agreeable. There are still a goodly number of Xantippes in the world, and it is to be hoped that this brace of adventurers may each in the end be united, for better for worse to one. In the meantime, why do not the fair sex, when they see such advertisements, rise *en masse* to revenge themselves for the insult thus offered to them? They are not lacking in spirit nor deficient in ingenuity in other cases. Why not give an illustration of both these qualities in the present instance? It would be no difficult matter, if a dozen or so of the ladies were, as the representatives of their sex, to put their heads together, to devise some scheme for inveigling these devoted lovers of money into a place in which, in the true American fashion, they might be tarred and feathered from top to toe, and then turned out into the streets, to be barked at by the dogs, pelted by the boys, and laughed at by all. Windsor had its "Merry Wives" to vindicate the honour and honesty of their sisters in matrimony, and to revenge the attempts meditated against their own nuptial fidelity, in the days of Falstaff. And has not London its "Merry Maids," in January, 1836, to punish these insulting speculators on their simplicity and good nature? If a few good examples were made in the way we are recommending of these "fellows of the baser sort," female sensibility would soon cease to be wounded by such advertisements as those we have referred to.

Curious Bequest.—A Scottish provincial paper mentions that a gentleman who lately died in India, has left the whole of his fortune to the old maids, daughters of "respectable parents," of his native place. The fact is pregnant with meaning; there is more in it than meets the eye. There can be no question that the deceased must have, in early life, been a great gallant, and trifled with the feelings of more than one of the then "young ladies," now the "old maids," of his native place, and that he has bequeathed his property to them simply for the purpose of administering an opiate to a troubled conscience. We are always happy to see, under any circumstances, symptoms of a sense of past errors, but we are specially so, when such a sense of them is accompanied by an earnest desire to render atonement as far as practicable. It must be admitted on all hands, that the gentleman in question, in making his bequest, gave the most convincing evidence in his power, of his anxiety to make reparation for an injury done the contemporary sex of his native place; but we wish he had been a little more particular and definite in the terms of his will. We are informed by the same provincial print, that the introduction of the terms, "daughters of respectable parents," is likely to lead to endless annoyance and difficulty to those who are to be the executors of the will, in deciding as to the eligible claimants,—every old maid, as might have been expected, stoutly maintaining, whatever her parents may have been, that they were "respectable." It is much to be regretted, as all our lexicographers differ as to the import of the word "respectable," and as the magisterial luminaries of our metropolitan offices are equally at variance on the subject,—that the deceased, out of pity to his executors, had taken the trouble to give his own notion of what constitutes respectability. Another inconvenience has arisen from his not being sufficiently precise and definite in his phraseology. He gives no data by which one can judge of what he considered the time of life at which a virgin may be said to cross the threshold of old maidship, and consequently become entitled to the benefit of the bequest. The only hope the executors have that they will not appropriate the money improperly, by giving it to persons not entitled to it, arises from the well-known abhorrence of the sex, especially of the "daughters of respectable parents," to be included in the hateful category. Nothing but dire necessity will induce a female, the daughter of "respectable parents," to confess herself an old maid.

The King and the Informer.—Some days ago, Mr. Perring, the celebrated hat-manufacturer, of the Strand, appeared at Bow-Street Office, to answer an information laid against him by Carter, the notorious informer. Mr. Perring, who has the merit of having invented the much-admired light hats, has, it seems, lately, by a further exercise of his inventive powers, hit on a truly singular mode of advertising. He has caused a beautiful cabriolet to be made, in the form of a hat, which is betwixt four and five feet in height, and ten or twelve in circumference. This "standing" advertisement—to use a printer's term—is drawn by a horse, and makes the daily tour of the town. Carter, with the lynx eye of his profession, soon made the discovery, that, however

ingenious this mode of advertising, it was not a legal one; and therefore, in the hope, no doubt, of receiving as much from Mr. Perring, in the shape of a penalty, as would replace, by a new one, his "shocking bad hat," he at once pounced on Mr. Perring and dragged him to Bow Street. Mr. Perring had his name, "Perring," and "85, Strand," on his hat; but the letters, though of a size which Dominie Sampson would have called "prodigious," and therefore leaving room for "no mistake," were in gold, and on the hat, while the act of Parliament, it seems, requires that they should be on a particular part of "the vehicle," and be either black on a white ground, or white on a black ground. It therefore appears, that Mr. Perring transgressed what Carter called the "hact," inasmuch as he omitted to have his Christian name on his cabriolet. There was consequently no alternative for Sir Frederick Roe, but to fine Mr. Perring. The worthy magistrate, however, to show his sense of the undue strictness of the statute, and his opinion of the virtue of the informer, imposed on Mr. Perring the mitigated penalty of half-a-crown—which, as all the world knows, is just the price of the *Monthly Magazine*—in the purchase of a number of which, we doubt not, Mr. Perring would infinitely have preferred spending the sum. But who, do our readers suppose, does the aforesaid penalty of half-a-crown go to? Why, it is divided between the King and the informer—persons whom the law, by one of its fictions, assumes to be, in all such cases, in co-partnership together. His Most Gracious Majesty (whom Heaven long preserve among us) gets credit for pocketting fifteen-pence, while Carter, his colleague in this prosecution, is rewarded for his virtuous trouble by the other one-and-threepence. It is high time that this firm of the King and Carter the informer, be broken up: we hope we shall, ere long, see a notification of the dissolution of partnership in the Gazette. To us who are, and always have been, loyal subjects, it is not very pleasant to see the "divinity that doth hedge a king," broken through by so degrading an association. If Carter is determined to prosecute his disreputable calling, let him do so on his own account, and not be suffered to drag his Sovereign through the mire with him. In the meantime, we are sure that our readers will come to the same determination as ourselves—namely, to prevent, by an extensive patronage of his unrivalled light hats, Mr. Perring being eventually anything out of pocket by this joint-stock prosecution of him by the King and Carter, the informer.

THE EDITOR'S LATEST MOMENTS.

The French arms have been signally and gloriously victorious in Africa! Honour to the brave Marshal Clausel!—to the young Duke of Orleans! Honour to the French troops! Mascara has been levelled with the dust. The vile and vicious Abdel Kader, together with his savage and ferocious mountain troopers and Arabian satraps, have been triumphantly defeated. The enemy has been deprived of his habitation —of his home—and the city of his fathers, and his brutal chieftainry! Honour to France! Humanity—civilization—demanded this "magnanimous effort" at the national hands of modern Gaul. The Duke of Orleans—the future monarch of France—behaved nobly in the field of battle. He is a prince of rare courage and brave promise. May this bold young man of war lead into battle the troops destined to fight the good fight with a view to the restoration of benighted and suffocated Poland! And may God defend the right. The cry is up! Woe to the modern *Huns!*

WHITTAKER'S HOUSE.

The Literary Souvnir, for 1836,—second series. Edited by A. A. Watts, Esq. A most splendid production, and worthy of all commendation.

SHERWOOD'S HOUSE.

The Volume of the Affections, or Bridal Offering. By the Editor of the Young Gentleman's and My Daughter's Books.

SMITH AND ELDER'S HOUSE.

The Second Edition of Radom Recollections of the House of Commons.

We have much pleasure in devoting the space we have left to the announcement of a new "daily evening" newspaper, to be called

"THE SHIPPING GAZETTE;"

which, we are informed, bids fair to become one of the most important journals of this important commercial age. We most cordially and anxiously lend our aid in giving this promised publication the publicity we can command; and desire nothing less than its speedy appearance and mediate if not immediate prosperity. We add the following, by way of addenda from the prospectus, which is ably written:—

"The Shipping Gazette will prove to be a publication which will combine all the essentials of an evening newspaper, with a commercial shipping list of the most correct and comprehensive description."

"One of the most prominent features in the Shipping Gazette will be discoverable in the supply of those deficiencies to which allusions have already been made; and which will be understood to be generally comprised in the efficient and unflinching support of the Shipping Interest."

LITERARY ANNOUNCEMENTS.

FOR JANUARY, 1836.

The Volume of the Affections, or Bridal Offering, by the Editor of "The Young Gentleman's Book" and "My Daughter's Book," elegantly bound, with a splendid portrait of her Royal Highness the Princess Victoria; on the 1st of January, 1836; by Messrs. Sherwood and Co.

It is the intention of Mr. Valpy to reprint in Octavo (uniformly with the established Library Editions of Hume and Smollett) the Rev. T. S. Hughes's Continuation of The History of England, from the Reign of George II. to 1835. This Continuous History will be completed in six monthly vols., the first to appear in February.

The Book of Common Prayer, printed in a clear type, with short Explanatory Notes, for Church Service and Private Use, in a neat Pocket Size, by the Rev. G. Valpy, late Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. Price 5*s.* 6*d.*

A Complete Latin-English and English-Latin Dictionary, for the Use of Schools, by the Rev. Dr. Niblock, in one thick square vol., will be published early in February.

An interesting little work is on the eve of appearing, by the Author of "Five Minutes' Advice on the Care of the Teeth," entitled, "What is Phrenology?" in which the evidence and principles of the science are familiarly stated and explained.

Elements of International Law, with a Sketch of the History of the Science. By Henry Wheaton, L. L. D. President Minister from the United States to the Court of Berlin.

A New Edition of Gifford's Poetical Translation of Juvenal's Satires, with Notes, &c. is preparing by Dr. Nuttall; printed uniformly (so as to correspond, page for page) with his forthcoming edition of Juvenal.

Mr. Montgomery Martin has in the press a popular Work, entitled "The British Colonial Library," to appear in monthly volumes, at six shillings each, illustrated with finished engravings of the Capital of each Colony, with Maps, &c.; forming a valuable and interesting history of these vast possessions of the British Empire, and peculiarly adapted for the instruction of the rising generation.

Brief Memoir of Sir Wm. Blizard, Knt., F. R. S. L. & E., Surgeon and Vice-President of the London Hospital, read before the Hunterian Society, with Additions and Appendix. By Wm. Cooke, M. R. C. S., Secretary to the Hunterian Society. Longman and Co.

A Series of Outlines from the well-known collection of Italian Pictures in the Possession of W. G. Coesvelt, Esq. Engraved by Monsieur Joubert. Royal 4to.

On the Education of the Eye in Reference to Painting. By John Burnet. To be printed uniformly with the author's Practical Hints on Painting.

Mrs. Cornwell Baron Wilson (the justly popular Editress of the "Belle Assemblé,") is preparing for the press—at the kind suggestion of her wide circle of literary and other friends,—a New and Complete Edition of her Songs and Poems. We shall be glad to receive an early copy of this forthcoming volume.

Mr. Leitch Ritchie has nearly finished a historical Romance in three volumes, to be called "The Magician." The scene is in France—the epoch, the end of the English dominion in the fifteenth century—and the main interest of the story arises out of circumstances connected with the favourite studies of the period, Alchemy and Magic.

LITERARY OBITUARY.

Died, in November last, aged 4 months, the infantile bantling of Peter Gaskill, Esq., which had been most happily christened by the late very rev. and learned Dr. Slop—"The Constitutional Magazine." The sudden demise of this truly excellent miscellany has been remarked upon by all classes of the king's subjects. We hope Mr. Gaskill may be consoled under this severe affliction. We sincerely wish Mr. Gaskill every possible success in his future undertakings.

Died, early last week, in Warwick Square, in the house of a printer, all that remained of "The Christian's Weekly Journal;" which, from the commencement, had been most benevolently edited by the self-Rev. Josiah Penny, late of the Devonport Porter Brewery; and formerly of the Colchester Gazette; and still more recently of the Devonport Independent. Among the "Christians," we believe the reverend and pious editor will be found wanting. It is but bare justice to Mr. Penny's talents to state, that we think him better fitted for the pulpit he has presumed to occupy, at Islington (we believe), than for any other occupation of the kind.

IRELAND PREVIOUS TO THE INVASION BY THE ENGLISH.

ANCIENT NAMES OF IRELAND, AND DERIVATION OF THOSE NAMES.

Ireland, the second of the nations which compose the British realm, was known anciently by the names of Iërne, Inverna, and Hibernia.

The first of these names, Iërne, is supposed to be of Phœnician derivation, and was, perhaps, pronounced Erin, which signifies the Country of the West; and of which Mr. Pinkerton—an authority on the subject of British antiquities of high standing—considers Hibernia, as well as the Gothic appellation, Ireland, to be mere modifications. As much, perhaps, may be conjectured with respect to Inverna, which bears no very distant affinity to Iërne. With respect to the name Hibernia, however, authors are not agreed as to its derivation. Some deduce it from Heber, one of its most ancient kings, while others consider it a corruption of Iberia, the classical name of Spain—the country from which Ireland, according to some, was first colonized.

COLONIZATION OF IRELAND.—OPINIONS OF WRITERS ON THE SUBJECT.

Respecting the people who first settled in Ireland as colonists, much doubt exists, though various accounts are given. If fable is to be quoted, three of Cain's daughters were the first who visited that island, three hundred years before the deluge.

From the same authority, Partholanus, a descendant of Magog, the son of Japhet, is said to have landed on its shores with a thousand followers; and subsequent to him, and before the year of the world 2700, another colony, headed by Nemedius, a descendant also of Magog, attempted the same project with no great success; a failure which the fabulists attribute to the successive revolts of a body of the colonists called Fornorians, a race of giants, and descendants from Nimrod.

Spenser, the celebrated poet, whose residence in Ireland at a time when the national character was undivested of its peculiarities, and which must have afforded him great advantages of observation, supposes the Irish to have been of Scythian origin. He is also of opinion that the western part of the island was occupied subsequently by a body of Gauls, who had previously settled in Spain, and who had

acquired of the Phœnicians settled in that country a knowledge of those arts for which that people were distinguished.

Pinkerton's opinion is, that Ireland was originally peopled from Gaul; and at the time that the Belgæ invaded the south of England, kindred Gothic tribes emigrated to the south of Ireland; these, according to his account, were the Firlbolgs of the ancient Irish historians, and the Scoti of the Roman writers. General Vallancy's supposition, from the attention he has given to the antiquities of Ireland, is also entitled to consideration. His idea is, that the people who first colonized Ireland were of Southern-Scythian, the same as Phœnician, extraction, and who directly owed their origin to that central Asiatic nation—the source whence Ancient India, Egypt, and Babylon, derived their knowledge and civilization. The antiquarian sagacity of Mr. Whittaker has also been directed to this subject, and he has given his opinion with a confidence and clearness which savours much of probability.

According to this writer, the Belgæ, about 350 years before Christ, crossed the channel, and drove the inhabitants of the several southern districts of England before them; and these, giving way, emigrated to Ireland. After a lapse of about 200 years, or about 100 years before Christ, these colonists were joined by another body of Britons, who fled from their country on the landing of Divitiacus. And that about the 150th year of the Christian era, the whole circumference of the island was thus successively peopled.

AUTHOR'S OPINION ON THE SUBJECT.

While on the subject, and without any wish to set up his individual opinion against such authorities as he has quoted, the author ventures to state a few particulars which have occurred to his reflection.

He has observed throughout the writings of the Irish historians who profess to treat of the antiquities of their country, a general disposition to ascribe the origin of their nation to the visits of certain colonists of eastern extraction: and that they never will allow the idea of any settlement having been made from Britain prior to this.

To what this partiality for oriental extraction is owing it may be difficult to say: it must, however, be allowed, that, by selecting the Phœnicians for their ancestors, they have made a very good choice; as that people, when possessing the ability to colonize, were perhaps the most intelligent and most enterprising people upon earth. And if their maritime excursions are regarded, which extended to all parts of the

Mediterranean, and even to Britain, the idea is not improbable that they visited Ireland in the course of their traffic. Whether in the course of these visits they ever considered Ireland desirable as a settlement, is a point which the author is prepared neither to maintain nor dispute: he only observes, that if such is the case—and it is far from being improbable—it is the reverse of the mode of colonization in these times, which is generally in the direction of from north to south.

It is much more probable that the ancient nations moved northwards, to escape from the invasions and aggressions of their southern neighbours, to conceive the whole of the north of Europe, including the British islands, to have been thus peopled.

A similarity, in many points, between the Irish and Highland Scots, is too remarkable not to be here attended to. Without deciding on the claims of either side, as to priority of settlement, with Macpherson, on the part of his country, that Ireland was colonized from North Britain, or that, according to the Irish authorities, Argyleshire was peopled in the third century, by an Irish colony, headed by Riada the son of Ollid Olum, a native prince, it seems that the intercourse between these people, in former times, must have been intimate and frequent. Their language is nearly the same, which is of Celtic character. Some of the same names are common to both countries, such as those beginning with Mac; though the prefix of O' is peculiar to Ireland. The bagpipe is the national instrument of both; and an affinity of sympathy may be traced in several of their respective melodies; in such whose object is to excite and enliven, as well as in those whose effects are of a more powerful and deeper kind.

A SHORT REVIEW OF ITS HISTORY, PREVIOUS TO THE INVASION OF HENRY II.

Previous to commencing this review, it may be proper to give a short sketch, previous to the invasion of Henry II., of the state of things and parties in the country on that monarch's arrival. In this sketch, however, the author does not guarantee as authentic the account he is about to give. Unfortunately, all information respecting the early state of Ireland, is to be obtained from sources, in point of historical veracity, extremely questionable: such as traditionary tales and poetical records. Since, however, he has no other, he must exhibit what he has, accompanied at the same time with the above qualification.

Having given his conjectures respecting the Aborigines of the country, he now proceeds to the Milesian conquest.

MILESIAN CONQUEST.

Some time about the 2900th year of the world, the Irish historians describe the arrival of an adventurer in their country of the name of Ith. This prince, who was a son of Milesius, sailed from Galicia, in Spain, and belonged to a wandering tribe of Egyptians or Phœnicians, which had lately settled in Spain. On the death of Ith, Heber and Heremon, his two surviving brothers, jointly ruled the country; in whose reign the Picts are said to have attempted the invasion of the island, but unsuccessfully. To Heremon, the surviving brother, succeeded a series of monarchs of the same line, the sum of our information respecting whom, being their character for valour, the number of battles they had fought, and the violent deaths that awaited them. And it is here worthy of remark, that of 121 kings which belonged to this line, not above ten or twelve are described as having died a natural death. They fell, either by assassination or in the field of battle.

A monarch of more than ordinary merit, however, appears early in the series, who deserves particular notice, of the name of Ollam Fodlah, and who appears to have united the talents of legislator to those of the warrior. In his reign, and by his command, was instituted the assembly convened at Tarah every three years; to which, along with the nobility, the learned from all parts of the kingdom were summoned; at which laws were enacted and repealed; public grievances redressed; and festivities kept on a scale of great magnificence. To Keating's History, in particular, the curious reader is referred, who is desirous of an ample description of this assembly.

STATE OF GOVERNMENT.

The ancient form of government in Ireland, if the same sources are to be relied on, was monarchical. Besides the monarch, who subsequently was styled also king of Meath, there was a tributary king at the head of each of the four provinces, besides a number of princes more or less subject to these again, according to their extent of possession. The degrees of precedency which these kings held, may be seen from the description of their places at that assembly of Tarah, just noticed, in which the King of Ulster is represented as seated on the monarch's right hand; the King of Munster on his left; the King of Leinster opposite to him; and the King of Connaught behind the throne. Besides these, other kings and princes occur in the perusal of ancient Irish

history: as the Kings of Breffny of Ossory, the Princes of Orgial, Desmond, Thomond, Decies, &c. &c.

With respect to the election of this monarch, it should be remarked, that of the royal Milesian line, he that was most distinguished for his valour, enterprise, or martial skill, was selected for the dignity.

The Irish monarch's revenue was paid him, occasionally in the form of a settled stipend, occasionally in presents given in kind. And, to assist him in any exigency, taxes were levied by the heads of the assembly just described.

The form of ancient Irish judicature also deserves notice at this place.

Of the Pentarchy, every king had under him a chief, as the representative of his family, each of whom had the administration of justice among his own tribe. As an indispensable part of the chief's establishment, a judge was kept, called in those times a Brehon; and from whose judgments, delivered in the open air, and in the presence of the whole tribe, there was no appeal. It is uncertain to say how long this form of judicature had lasted; an act of King John, however, confirmed its abolition.

INTRODUCTION OF CHRISTIANITY.

In the midst of these scenes of aggression and slaughter, a new era commenced in Irish history, not distinguished, indeed, for any immediate good effects attendant on it, but which is no less than the succession of the Christian religion to Paganism; which, up to the middle of the fifth century, prevailed there.

It was in the riegn of Lagoary, of the Milesian line, that Patrick—or St. Patrick—animated with the zeal common to the primitive Christians, arrived in Ireland, and made the first effectual stand, by the introduction of the pure precepts of his religion, against the Druidical forms and institutions which prevailed throughout the island. Notwithstanding the testimony of early writers respecting the exemplary piety, the unwearied zeal, and the astonishing influence which this philanthropist possessed, and continued to exercise, in humanizing the natives of this country, the Irish character seems to have been divested, after all his benevolent efforts, of very little of its former habits, as subsequent to his death, to the very extinction of the Milesian line of monarchs, the same depositions, aggressions, ravages, and assassinations, continued in successive record, and in instances of unmitigated violence.

DRUIDS OR BARDS.

Previous to the introduction of Christianity into Ireland, the religion

of the country was that no doubt which was common to Britian, as its priests or professors were Druids. Of this order nothing is recorded to distinguish them from the Druids of Britain. Like them they had the direction of all religious ceremonies: they enjoyed the same reputation for wisdom; their advice was asked with the same readiness in all matters of policy or emergency; and their directions were followed with an attention equally scrupulous. They excelled in divination, and in all its mystical concomitants; and to them, as bards, was assigned the task of embodying in verse, and adapting to the music of their harp, the deeds of departed valour. Their verses and their music were alike the language of passion; and to this period may, possibly, be ascribed the origin of several of those airs, the effects of which at the present day are neither slight nor transient.

DANISH CONQUEST.

About the end of the 8th century, the Irish were destined to experience a share of those depredations which the Danes, Norwegians, and other northern adventurers, had previously committed in Britain; and who, in the reign of Hugh V., of Milesian extraction, landed on the coast of Munster, in very considerable force, from a fleet of fifty ships. To these other adventurers followed, and so successful were their plans of subjugation, that, in less than half a century from the period of their invasion, a Norwegian of the name of Turges or Turgesius was proclaimed monarch of all Ireland, A.D. 845. Though the unfortunate feuds and conflicting animosities which prevailed among its princes, rendered Ireland an otherwise easy prey to foreign conquest, yet, amid their humiliation, the spirit of resistance in the breasts of Irishmen, towards these scourges of their peace, seems never to have been extinguished. Repeated battles were fought between the invader and the invaded, with various success; the attempt of Magnus, a Norwegian king, to subjugate the island, was unsuccessful, and a blow to the Danish power, from which it never recovered, was given by the forces of a celebrated king, named Brian Boriome, near Clontarf. Though thus conquered, and having the supreme power thus wrested from them, the Danes and Norwegians yet possessed great influence in the country; as they were in possession of the principal seaports and forts, which the native princes, with great simplicity, allowed them to occupy, with the view of encouraging commerce. Such, then, was the state of Ireland, her fortresses and seaports in the possession of these Scandinavian adventurers called Easterlings or Ostmen—

previous to the invasion of the English; distracted in her councils—without any common interest—her princes suspicious of each other's ascendancy, and prosecuting their plans of aggression and retaliation for injuries received with a ferocity merciless and unbounded—its natives of every degree averse to the arts of peace—of course, of civilization; and attached, even to enthusiasm, to the fame attendant on martial enterprise.

INVASION OF IRELAND BY THE ENGLISH IN THE REIGN OF HENRY II.

In the reign of Roderic O'Connor, Dermod, King of Leinster, a prince deposed by his subjects for his intolerance, and flying from the vengeance of several neighbouring princes, who had, according to the accounts of some historians, made common cause against him, in consequence of his treacherous conduct towards the King of Breffrey, went to England, and, as an injured prince, threw himself on the monarch's protection.

Henry, an ambitious and wise prince, having, for some time previously, considered the annexation of Ireland to his kingdom as an important consideration, and having, according to some, obtained a bull from Pope Adrian, several years even before this application, conferring on him the sovereignty of that country, considered the present application as occurring most fortunately for his views. With his usual caution, however, he was unwilling to embark personally in the enterprise, till he sounded the opinions of his subjects relative to the affair. With this view, then, he dismissed the applicant Dermod, with many promises, and gave him a letter of licence under his own hand, authorizing permission and consent to any of his subjects who might be willing to aid Dermod in the recovery of his lost kingdom.

The prince, it seems, made the very best use of this letter; as he found means to interest in his favour the celebrated Earl of Pembroke, surnamed Strong-Bow, at that time one of the most powerful and warlike barons of the kingdom. As a stipulated condition, for his granting Dermod the assistance he required, Pembroke insisted on the hand of his daughter Eva in marriage; and, of course, in the absence of a male heir, on right to succession of the throne of Leinster. To these Dermod having as readily assented, he departed for Ireland to await the promised assistance.

Previous to his leaving England, Pembroke having sent before him about 400 men, under Fitzstephen, Hervey of Mountmaurice, and

Maurice de Prendergast, and, subsequently, Maurice Fitzgerald and Raymond le Gros, with a few levies, he sailed, A.D. 1171, for Ireland with about 1500 men, and landed near Waterford without opposition. This city he took on the following day; and on the evening of his success, the marriage ceremony was performed by which he was united to Eva.

Henry, considering the success of his views with respect to Ireland as certain, and perhaps jealous of Pembroke's influence, which was what might have been expected from his great abilities, resolved to visit Ireland in person; and sailed from Milford, for that kingdom, in the month of October, A.D. 1172, with several barons, 400 knights, and 4000 men.

Of those who paid homage to Henry on his arrival, the Prince of Desmond was the first; to him succeeded the Princes of Limerick, Thomond, Decies, and Ossory. The last who made his submission to the power of the English monarch, was Roderic King of Connaught. It certainly seems surprising, that in the short space which intervened between the landing of Henry at Waterford and his arrival at Dublin, when the warlike habits of the Irish nation are considered, that he should have obtained the sovereignty of that kingdom, without fighting a single battle or losing a single man. It is true that the military talents of Pembroke and the superiority of the English force, which had previously proved decisive in every engagement, were of great use to Henry in the accomplishment of this project. It is, nevertheless, believed by some writers, and among the rest by Dr. Leland, whose opinion on the subject of Irish history deserves respect, that, in order to command the oaths of allegiance and submissoin from so many spirited and powerful princes, besides the effect which his great force was calculated to produce, promises and professions of no ordinary kind were made use of to facilitate his views. The subserviency of the native clergy to Henry's power on the occasion is notorious; as a concluding resolution of a synod held at Cashel, by order of that monarch, at which several chiefs and the heads of the church were present, declared, that the good order and tranquillity which then prevailed throughout the kingdom, were owing solely to the wise government and regulations which Henry had introduced.

It may not be here improper to remark, that from a perusal of the resolutions passed at this public meeting, a direct tender of the supreme government of Ireland is made to Henry, not only by the principal of

the clergy and other princes, but by the monarch Roderic himself; and a title was hereby given to the King of England for the sovereignty of Ireland, of a kind superior to any other, inasmuch as its delegation was general and spontaneous. As to any other right to the sovereignty of this kingdom, Henry will be found to possess none more legitimate or better founded than that of any other conqueror, with the exception of succession to the kingdom of Leinster, which he held in the person of his subject Pembroke, who made it, along with the hand of Eva, an article of stipulation previous to his granting to Dermod the assistance he desired.

A HIGHLAND BARD'S LAMENT,

FOR THE PROSCRIPTION OF THE NATIONAL DRESS AFTER THE REBELLION.

The famous Tartan which has braved
The conflict of unnumbered years,
And in the wind of freedom waved,
That o'er the mountain's crest careers,
No more must cheer our darkened sight,
No more must o'er the breast expand,
Must vanish from the wild and height;
Such is the stranger's dire command.

The lofty plume to which is given
The hues and glory of the sky,
Must from its airy path be driven;
And in the depth of darkness lie.
The broad unblenching highland blade,
Which our brave fathers proudly bore,
Must fall within neglect's black shade,
And glad the mountain eye no more.

Alas! where is the glory gone,
Which once along our mountains gleamed;
And on our vanished fathers shone,
Who ne'er of base dishonour dreamed;
Through whom the noblest feelings flowed,
Whose every thought was dauntless might;
Where are their eyeballs' lightnings broad,
The Saxon through the soul to smite.

And will our anguished hearts consent
To cast aside the tartans free;
And in the Saxon's garb be pent,
Token of abject slavery.
Will not our sunk hearts, when they feel
The pressure of his base array,
Back in the bosom wildly reel,
And wither hastily away.

We have consented! we have spurned
The tartan and the breezy plume,
And the bright steel of honour urned
In silence and in gravelike gloom;
Yet still our shrunken hearts are warm,
Still thro' our frames the pulses roll,
Still the wild thought, commanding charm
Of life, clings to the stricken soul.

No more let worth and honour breathe
Within our hearts, the prey of blight;
No more let freedom's hand unsheathe
The sword, upon our beamless sight.
Valour departed from the breast,
The mountain-spirit passed away,
When heavily around us pressed
The stranger's desolate array.

Tread not the mountain paths, O Gael,
Keep to the dull and level plain,
Let ne'er thy locks in ardour sail
Upon the free-born breeze again;
Lest its wild spirit, stern and pale,
Should on thee cast its piercing eye,
And with a wild soul-freezing wail,
Sweep thee in breathless horror by.

Tread not the mountain's paths, O Gael,
Lest the shrill, lonely, voice that lies
Within the dark mysterious vale,
Should from its secret depths arise,
And send throughout thy frenzied soul
The dark recital of thy shame,
And spectral visions o'er thee roll,
Of all thy former fame!

W. MAYNE.

THREE DAYS AND THREE NIGHTS ON BOARD A STEAMER.

On Tuesday, the 24th of February, 1835, we shipped ourselves at Greenwich on board the Lomond Castle Steamer, bound for Belfast. A considerably greater cargo than anticipated arrived upon the quay a short time before the hour appointed for sailing; and the consequence was we were detained several hours, at which we began to murmur. The entire number of cabin passengers were seven—first and most important were ourselves; next was a fat, thick, gaudy man, dressed in a blue coat, yellow buttons, white trousers, tartan waistcoat, and coloured neckerchief, and who, it appeared afterwards, was a Scotchman resident in Belfast, in the provision line, and had been over selling a cargo of Cara pork: he was a funny fellow, and afforded us some amusement during the time we were murmuring at the delay. Next him sat a scurvy-faced, lanky, lean, proud-looking subject, who appeared to have filled up Burns's idea of a *Hieland gentleman* by having nothing particular about his appearance saving *scabs* and *hunger;* he called out so impertinently to the steward, that he was instantly set down as a writer's clerk, broke loose from his desk and stool—he turned out afterwards to be a poor lieutenant, after a six weeks' leave of absence, returning to his regiment in Ireland, there to resume his old occupation of pig-driving. Next him sat a quiet, sedate, pale-faced-looking young man, who was a travelling clerk for a stationery house in Edinburgh, who, finding their goods likely to be truly *stationary* unless their clerk got unstationary, had sent him over to Ireland with his bundle of samples. Lying at full length on one of the sofas was a remarkably nice-looking young man, dressed in the top of the fashion, having his clothes put so nicely on that one almost thought they had been adjusted with a plumb-line and square, and whose ruffled shirt showed that he had studied the art of tying the cravat; his wrists were encircled with most beautiful wrist-collars, his hands delicately white, while he sported a large ring on the little finger of one of them, and spoke with a lisp, apparently almost afraid that his voice would destroy the tie of his cravat, or the posture of his surtout collar: who he was we were puzzled to find out. He had so much nicknackery about his appearance, and smelled so dreadfully of musk, that we would have set him down as the shopman to some metropolitan perfumery house, only his conversation and manners were truly polite, and made me regret that his dress had so much of the fop, as otherwise he had the appearance of a gentleman. Sitting reading at the table was a young man having a very white face, terrible brogue, and conversation smelling so rank of the shop, that there was no doubt who he was, and we all thought he might have spared himself the trouble of telling us he was a medical man—but we never would have done the profession the injustice to have called him doctor, unless he had shown us his diploma. Who the seventh passenger was we do not re-

collect, but certes we had a seventh. In order to pass the time, we got the table covered, that we might have dinner the moment the vessel was unmoored, and before we got into what we had every reason, from appearances, to suppose would be rough water.

Dinner was soon over, and we all did full justice to what the steward set before us. After dinner, each one was enjoying his glass of toddy amid the conversation, which was of a very general kind, and in which all joined. By degrees, however, it rested upon the harm or the good which Ireland was receiving from the church as established by law. The medical man was a bigoted Catholic, and maintained the injustice of obliging a Catholic population to support a protestant establishment; he of the nicely clad raiments said that, for his part, he would, as a general principle, allow every one to think for himself, and support what religion he thought best, yet he could not see any great hardship there was in obliging a people groaning under the rank bigotry, superstition, and intolerance of Popish error to support the pure doctrines of protestantism, as every one must admit who knew anything at all, that Protestantism was the only true faith. We, on the contrary, defended the rights of conscience on the broadest ground, and denied the right of any sect to say their's was the true faith. The soldier denied that the church of England could be called a sect; it was the religion that the king, the government, and the people, had sworn to accept, and therefore they who denied its tenets, ought to be at least obliged to support it—even though it should be at the point of the sword; while the provision-dealer called us all a parcel of bigoted fools for believing either in one sect or another, and openly avowed himself an atheist, and at the same time a believer in Bishop Berkely's theories: why he disbelieved the actuality of his own existenee he said he knew not—but such was the fact, and he cared nothing more about it.

It may easily be supposed that, with such an incongruous mixture of opinions, and especially over a glass of toddy, all harmony and real argument were soon lost, and what termination might have been made to the debate it is hard to prophesy, had every one been allowed to carry it on as he wished. Much snarling had been manifested on the part of the soldier and the dealer in provisions, and each party had during the discussion told the situation in which he stood in society; but the wind was now blowing hard above, and the sea was rough below, which caused the vessel to pitch so much that the lieutenant stretched himself upon the sofa, after declaring that it was foolish to enter into a discussion of this kind with a dealer in pigs. Having said this, he uttered a groan, but was roused from his sickness for a moment at his adversary throwing back the term pig-dealer with contempt, telling him that it was at least an honester, if not more honourable trade than that of a pig-driver, which he had doubtless been during the time he had served in Ireland. The answer to this unceremonious retaliation upon the man of fire was attempted, but alas, alas! the most honourable of men have sometimes to succumb to circumstances, and he was, notwithstanding he held a commission in his Majesty's service, obliged to content himself with again laying down his head, and uttering a series, not of oaths, but of groans, which were, we shrewdly guessed, not for the benighted condition of the pig-dealer's mind, but for the perturbed state of the pig-driver's

stomach. After the soldier had retired from the contest, the travelling clerk took up his argument, but instead of fighting for the Church of England, he fought for that of Scotland. The argument was, however, of a more moderate nature. The arguer of the fine garments soon also felt rather queerish, and declaring that such arguments were unfit for a marine company, as some gentleman was sure to have his feelings shocked, laid his head down upon the hair pillow, and began likewise to groan. He was soon followed by the defender of the Church of Scotland; and as the vessel was now pitching so dreadfully that there was little pleasure below, we lighted a cigar, wrapped ourselves up in our cloaks, and went upon deck, leaving the Papist and the unbelieving believer fiercely engaged in the war of opinion.

It was now about nine o'clock in the evening—the night was pitchy dark, and nothing was to be observed but the light-houses and the uncertain appearance of a mountainous coast on the starboard quarter, and which, the mate assured us, was the island of Arran. We are not given to sea-sickness, and never were afraid of the sea; we were therefore in a good mood to enjoy ourselves, and we certainly did so. The wind blew right a-head, and the little steamer laboured much. We had rarely seen a more superb sea, and as each wave broke over the vessel, we clutched firmly the bulwark near which we were sitting on a chest made fast to the deck, and as the water passed over, we felt a delight that can only be felt by some mischief-loving spirit,—nay, so much did the imagination assist us, that we almost fancied ourselves the demon of the storm, and as the little vessel rose over the wave, that but a moment before seemed ready to swallow us up, we felt a buoyancy of spirits, that it is rarely our lot to experience. After sitting for more than two hours watching the sea sporting in its grandeur, we were astonished to hear the Captain and Pilot in earnest conversation on the probability of her being able to weather the channel. We could observe the high peak of Ailsa indistinctly seen darkening the horizon at a little distance, and we rejoiced at the prospect of soon being in what we knew to be the roughest part of the Irish Channel; the Captain was not, however, apparently so much at his ease, as he was pacing the deck with hurried steps, and as he was not aware there was any one within hearing, the Pilot and he were talking earnestly what they thought. The Pilot was a bold fellow, and counselled keeping her on her course, as to turn and run was more dangerous, he said, in such darkness, than standing out to sea; the Captain, however, was of a different opinion—said the boat was not fit to live unless the gale went down. As it drew near midnight, we began to feel hungry and thirsty, so rising to descend for some refreshment, we asked the Captain if he had never been in this boat in a gale before. He said, he had never been in that steamer before, that this was his first voyage; that she was not fit for the ordinary gales of the channel, and if he got safe back again, he would never more attempt to cross the channel in her. During eight years that he had been in these channels, he had never met with such a night, had never been in a finer sea-boat, but at the same time, one that had not sufficient power for the work assigned to her.—It was with some difficulty that we managed to find our way down to the cabin, where we found the disputants all engaged in one argument, and that not of a pleasant kind—they were all sick,

and moaning in concord. We congratulated them on the present harmony of their opinions, and desiring the steward to bring forth some of his good cheer, were in the act of putting a glass of Guinness's good stout to our lips, when a tremendous sea struck the larboard quarter, and in a moment the two stern dead-lights were dashed in and the cabin covered with water; catching up one of the dead-lights in our arms, while the steward took the other, we stumbled over the wreck of men and luggage that now covered the floor, and succeeded in fixing them before another heavy sea struck the vessel's stern, and which, had the dead lights not been replaced, would have filled the cabin with water. After this was accomplished, we commenced lifting up carpet bags, portmanteaus, broken tables, stools, &c., and succeeded in restoring order to the cabin. The steamer was now riding more easily, and the passengers were sitting on the lower tier of sofas in a most piteous and dilapidated condition. The soldier said, that had he known we were to have had an Atheist on board, he would not have come with her—that he doubted not this was a judgment for the horrid blasphemies that had been uttered during dinner; the dealer in pigs denied that it was anything but the usual course of nature; the papist said, it was, he doubted not, for the purpose of hindering the soldier's return to oppress his poor countrymen; while the traveller's clerk and the perfumed gentleman begged of them to hold their tongues, the former remarking that the present was a time fitter for each man to spend at his devotions, than in impious and useless recriminations, the latter saying that, on his part at least, the going to sea at all was a tempting of Providence, as he had a wife and three little children, who he feared, after this night, would be left destitute upon the world, and vowing that, if it was his lot ever to set his foot on terra firma again, he would leave the sea to those that liked it. We got our plate and glass replenished, and leaving three of them groaning and the other three at their devotions, lighted another cigar, and went upon deck to ascertain why the vessel was now riding so smoothly; we had been in the dark some time, and in the darkness vainly attempted to solve the problem—the wind was apparently as high and the sea as rough as ever, yet the water broke more rarely over the vessel, and she rode more easily. We were unwilling to break the charm that appeared to us enhanced by silence in asking any question of the pilot, who was now alone on the quarter deck, until we had resolved in our mind every possible reason without being able to convince ourselves of the solvency of any of them, when, turning to the pilot, we were informed that, upon getting to Ailsa, the channel appeared so rough as to make it dangerous to continue longer to bear up against it, and that the helm had been put up and the vessel brought round—that we were now running for Lambash Bay—that the commotion in the cabin had been caused by two tremendous seas which had struck the vessel in the act of putting round, and had almost foundered her. We continued our course for some time; the captain came on deck and asked whether or not the light had been seen—but was answered that it had not; from all the calculations that could be made, it was now thought we must be in the vicinity of Penda, but as no light could be seen on account of the darkness, it was judged advisable not to attempt Lambash, but to run for the Cambraes. Accordingly, the pilot steered for the channel, and about three

in the morning we thought the Cambre light ought to have been visible. However, it was not to be seen: there was a dark dull uncertain atmosphere hung around the quarter of the vessel, which told pretty surely that we were in the firth, yet not so surely as to make it certain; and as the proving of it with the wind blowing so fresh from the south might bring instant destruction, it was judged advisable not to attempt the bay, but again to put about the helm, set the bow of the vessel to the wind, and beat down the channel a second time, in order to wait for daylight, as it appeared the only hope that we had of the vessel being able to hold out.

The wind still continued from the same point, and the little steamer gallantly held on her way. We descended to the cabin, but all was gloomy silence and darkness: physical fatigue had overcome mental fear, and the passengers were all, if not sleeping, at least quietly dozing in their beds; we lighted another cigar, buttoning our coat close to the neck and wrapping our cloak more firmly about our body, and again hied ourselves upon deck. The night was now so dark, that we could not see two feet in advance, and the vessel was steered alone by the compass in the binnacle, the light of which threw a death-like glare on the face of the man at the wheel. The funnel was vomiting forth flame like a volcano, but even this was insufficient to illuminate the vessel itself, as the spars, rigging, and paddle-boxes were perfectly invisible, and no point to be seen from the quarter-deck, but the red mouth of the glowing funnel.

No light or living thing was seen by our forlorn ship in that awful night. She went scudding along, as if she had been a thing not of this earth, and we joyed in the freedom that she then possessed from all harm, from all help, from all responsibility, and from all human ken. At last the Peak of Ailsa again appeared—the storm blew as hard as ever—what was to be done?—she durst not venture beyond it—the helm was again put up, and the vessel put round, and we for the second time attempted to enter Lambash Bay, but to have done more than attempt it would have been certain destruction; so for Cambraes we again made sail, but with no better effect; we could see no light—we saw a dark indistinct horizon, and we had a guess from the compass, and the distance we had run, where we were. So as it could not want more than an hour of sunrise, it was judged better to make in the direction of Rothsay Bay. We accordingly rounded the point of little Cambraes, and were just passing the point of Lomond as the sun began to appear through the spray, and about nine in the morning we cast anchor in the bay. A boat was soon alongside, and with the exception of the poor lieutenant, we all embarked in her for the shore—the poor fellow wished to keep himself select, and therefore remained on board in single blessedness—we, on the contrary, got into Mr. Porbindal's Inn, and there had a jolly good breakfast, not one of us eating less than nine whitings and six eggs, not to mention cups of coffee and bread. Breakfast being finished, we got upon the top of the chapel hill, and really the day looked most beautiful, and we saw with regret the signal made of hauling up the anchor; we accordingly repaired on board, but did not sail for nearly two hours, during which time we amused ourselves by playing at pitch and toss on the quarter deck, in which all joined but the poor lieutenant, who de-

clared such a method of amusement to be vulgar and out of place. We cared little for himself, and less for his opinion, and managed to amuse ourselves thus pretty well until mid-day, when the gale having apparently abated, we got up the anchor and again stood out to sea. During an hour or two the wind had fallen, and as the vessel had nothing to contend with but the swell, she was enabled to get on pretty well; but a little after ten, it again began to blow hard, and by four was a perfect hurricane. We had seen few of the steerage passengers during the day, and we proposed that a visit should be paid them—a call of ceremony merely. The stomach was pleaded as an excuse, and we were left alone to go with the captain, and see how they were faring. As we entered, down the narrow stairs, the steam that ascended was of so rank and noxious a nature that we had nearly stopped short in our intention. The steerage floor was covered with men, women, and children, stretched at full length, not in parallel lines, but "*higgledy piggledy*," for the greater part sick and groaning, and a few of them vomiting. The seats round about were covered with those who had been so fortunate as to procure the elevation, from which the roll of the vessel was occasionally pitching its possessor down upon his more humble bedfellow, while the table was covered by an old man lying on his back and snoring loudly, with his two hands clutching firmly the two sides, to prevent his abdication.

In one of the side rooms were three old women, drinking what they called tea out of an old black pot—they had but one cup between them—and it was in the form of a dirty, rusty-looking tin jug. Two or three men were sitting on the seat, resting their head and arm upon the table, and fast asleep. In the other room were a party of drunk bacchanalians carousing away over their porter, and singing so loudly that, had it not been for the storm, they might have been heard on the quarter-deck; while, looking further forward, we saw, amidst the indistinct gloom of the lamp which hung above, a pair of bright eyes—not sleeping, but wandering wildly around; it was a young mother suckling her infant child. What a scene for pity! Young, beautiful, poor-looking, and a mother, with a child at her breast, sitting in the carousing-room of an Irish steam-boat steerage, in one of the wildest nights that ever blew, with those around her who appeared more like fiends than men. We appealed to the carousers, if it would not do honour to an Irishman's heart to move to the other room, and rather disturb the old beldames at their tea than the young mother with her child, and the appeal had not to be repeated. She asked us, if we would not consider it too much, that she would feel thankful for a glass of porter; that she had come on-board the boat imagining that one day would suffice; that her little stock of provisions was exhausted; neither did she feel inclined to eat, but, for the sake of her babe, she would like a drink of porter. She said she had applied to the steward, but found his price beyond her means. The steward was hailed, and the porter produced. We joined her in the finishing of it, and were pleased to see what an effect it had in rendering what was purely a pretty and interesting face yet more beautiful and interesting. We asked her, what could induce her to place herself in such a situation. She said, that about five years before that time she had been married to a worker in one of the large bleaching-fields in the north of Ireland; that they

lived happy and contented for two years—so very comfortable, indeed, that they got discontented, and thought they would be better elsewhere; that three years ago they had gone over to Scotland, where her husband had not succeeded in getting constant employment, and that he had a few months ago gone back to his native place, leaving her in Scotland; that she had subsisted by her needle, and by washing linen, and managed to keep her family, consisting of two boys and a girl, besides the one at her breast, from starving; that her husband had sent for her, and that she was now on her way to meet him; that her whole stock of money had been four shillings and tenpence, three shillings of which she had reserved for her fare, and laid in a stock of provision and cordials for the voyage with the remainder. She said, if once back to her native place, that no power on earth would ever force her to leave it; that we saw her condition, but we could not imagine what she had suffered the night before, and was then suffering,—during the previous night, she had been in the steerage, sitting upon the floor with her children around her, sick, wearied, and ill-natured; that having no one to protect her, she had been much annoyed by her fellow-passengers, until she had threatened to break the skulls of some of them with an empty bottle she held in her hand; that when the morning came, and her fellow-passengers went on deck, she had gathered her children, and placed them below the table where she was sitting, and having taken up the slop pail, she believed she would have been sick was it not for the fear she had of her fellow-passengers, but that the sea in all its fury below, and the wind whistling above, was not so frightful as her present unprotected state. We sat for nearly an hour listening to her tale. We gave her another bottle of porter and a few shillings; and when we rose to come way, we left her, to appearance, the only waking eye in that crowded steerage. The old women were sleeping on the effects of the tea, and the Bacchanalians were snoring upon that of the poteen. The poor mother alone was waking, attending to her children, and thinking of their father, enjoying, doubtless, bright and beautiful dreams of the future amid the phantoms that hope would not fail to raise, notwithstanding the misery and wretchedness which was strewed around the parent.

After the sun had set, we found the fog increase so much as to prevent our attempting the channel in that state of the weather; and as Landach Bay lay before us, we entered, and came to anchor amid a great many lights—some of them, it is true, but dimly seen in the fog, but serving to tell that there were others there in the same condition. We rode very smoothly in the bay, notwithstanding the storm blowing outside, and dinner was soon on the table. After dinner we got on shore, and found a good many sailors, captains, &c. strolling about the few houses. A piper was sent for; we took possession of a house that had no lock upon the door, and in a little all thoughts of the sea and its dangers were gone. We were dancing like as many crickets, and the only thing we wanted to make us happy was a few more of the fairer sex, as the greater part of us had to make partners in the dance of those of our own sex. About ten o'clock at night, we repaired on board our own vessel: where the other dancers went to we cannot tell—we suppose on board their own vessels—we never saw any of them before nor

since, and would hardly know them even if we were to meet. Some of them, doubtless, found a watery grave, as several of the vessels that le that bay next day were never more heard of. The steward found an old pack of cards, and we sat down to play, first one game and then another, until two in the morning, when we agreed to give it up for the night. Upon then going on deck, we found that the weather had entirely changed: the moon was bright; the sky was clear, and studded with thousands of sparkling stars; the bay appeared one quiet sheet of glass, broken only by the dark hulls of the many wind-bound ships that sought a shelter in her bosom. We wrapped ourselves up in our cloaks, and lay down upon the deck on our backs, and, contemplating the scene above, contrasting the calmness of this night with the roughness of the former, fell fast asleep, and awakened not until aroused by the hoisting of the anchor at eight bells.

Upon getting out of the bay, we found the wind blowing still right a-head. We had also a considerable fall of snow, and the air became piercing cold. It appeared, as we laboured against the wind for the forenoon, that we were never destined to reach our port; we got wearied of the cold wind, and descending below stuffed up all the cabin windows, and, filling the stove full of coals, wrapped our cloaks around us, and had soon the satisfaction of making it comfortable. Dinner was now out of the question, as we had not wherewithal to make a dinner of; so, contenting ourselves with a lunch, we lay down and fell fast asleep; nor did we wake until three in the afternoon, when we found ourselves entering Belfast Loch. We then fully expected to land that night, but the fog closed around us, and we were at seven o'clock at night obliged again to cast anchor, although we knew we could not be more than four miles from Belfast. We endeavoured, by shouting, to get a boat to come off from the shore, but to no purpose. About ten o'clock at night, the fog cleared away, and we could distinctly see the lights on the quay. We then offered the sailors of the steamer a handsome fare to take us up. The captain said, they might take the boat if they liked. They said that nothing but necessity could tempt them to venture upon such a dangerous place as Belfast Loch at night in a small boat. We were obliged to content ourselves in our billet, and pass the evening the best way we could, by relating hair-breadth escapes and perils by sea and land, until the drowsy god arrived about ten in the morning, and clasped us in his arms. When we awoke, the sun was shining brightly, and we were moored at Belfast Quay in safety.

SON OF THE STRANGER.

Son of the stranger, whence and where,
With thine eyes of fierce despair?
Whither bent, and who art thou?—
The dog-star's gloom is on thy brow!

Camest thou from Moslem's soil,
Where liberty is bondsman's coil?
Where Freedom was, but is not now?—
The stamp of Fame is on thy brow!

Stranger, bringest thou from far
The blade whose flash was seen in war?
An arm that, nerv'd 'gainst tyrants' vow,
Own'st the bright manhood of thy brow?

Wilt thou stand by freedom's cause,
Despite the Muscovite's applause?
And wilt thou hail avenging war
With thy patriot heart—from far?

Thy Father Land! Whence camest thou?
Poland's glory plumes thy brow!
Doubly dear thy clime to me—
A curse on Calmuc tyranny!

Thy words are few—thou speakest not—
Has England Poland's throes forgot?
Will martial France—that victim state—
Not say to *thee*—"Arise! Awake!"

Alas for Freedom and her sons,
Whose glory midnights Wellington's:
Alas for bald-head tyranny—
The heartless pride of victory.

Where are your vagrant Cæsars now—
The chiefs of Greece, with laurelled brow?
All shrunk into a shameful pass—
Not thine—not thine—Leonidas!

No: thine should ever seem to be
The heaven below of victory.
Cambyses never tried his hand
In war upon old Parga's strand.

Had Picton lived, and lived to fight,
The "Emperor" had seen new light:
That spark of fire which Polish youth
Kindles in every breast of truth.

Had Brunswick's lord escaped the ball
That scorch'd his blood before his fall—
Throughout the isles the cry of "woe!"
Had rent the air—"weep, Waterloo!"

Brave Polander! thy country's mine—
Her soil, immortal. Fill with wine!—
Immortal shines her stolen gem
Alone which gilds his diadem.

Drink deeper still. Murder is rife,
When Russian serfs promote the strife;
And Catherine may well demand
The bloody knife, the gory hand.

And Paul, the wisest of those fools—
At best but kindred tyrants' tools—
May well deserve our brave disgust,
While his own dagger eats its rust.

But where walks he, miscalled the great,
Whose pride and power endured defeat?
Do the be-fabled, mad-brained shades
Preserve his spirit, or—Jack Cade's?

Osiris' darkness glooms that soil
Where riots still on human spoil
Earth's tyrant, man: those vampire kings
With whose "vain words" all Europe rings.

Fill up the chalice! Let it pass
As quickly as your bright cuirass
Into the cold Siberian breast
Of him—who owns vile slavery's crest.

Divine refresher! wine, bright wine!
Thou crown'st the spell of love divine;
On earth beneath, e'en tyranny
Dare not usurp—dear woman's plea.

Poland! for thee shall *we* despair?
Or shall we toast all patriots there?
The Eagle of the Sun is ours—
A righteous cause and heavenly powers.

SEMPER FIDELIS.

THE FIRST VIOLET.

BY THOMAS MILLER, BASKET-MAKER.

BUT ever and anon of griefs subdued,
There comes a token like a scorpion's sting,
Scarce seen, but with fresh bitterness imbued;
And slight withal may be the things which bring
Back on the heart the weight which it would fling
Aside for ever: it may be a sound—
A tone of music—summer's eve—or spring,
A flower—the wind—the ocean—which shall wound,
Striking the electric chain wherewith we are darkly bound.

CHILDE HAROLD.

OUR thoughts thread strange labyrinths, windings intricate, and mazes unknown even to the will. They are indeed the only free denizens that roam unchecked down the dark slopings which lead to the untrodden avenues of the past. They alone dare to climb the cloud clothed battlements, that look over the dim distance of the future: they see the mist, the dense gathering, the faint gold-bursting that announces sunshine, or the blackness that heralds the thunder-storm. Restless when the body sleeps, they wing away through the pale starlight of memory; they traverse dreary shores, wildernesses, desolate and wild places, peopled with the distorted shadows of wilder realities. When awake, like restive steeds, they start aside at objects that rear up on every hand, and bound away over immeasurable plains, sweeping earth, air, and sky, and even daring to heed the vapoury track over which Time has hurried.

We find monitors in every thing around us. The slow-pacing silvery cloud, as it glides, spirit-like, over the blue fields of heaven, brings before our eyes the white-robed idol of our youth, and we sigh to see it vanish like the object we adored. The murmuring river, sweeping along in liquid music between its willow-waving banks, rolls away like our cherished hopes, and is lost amid the forgetfulness of the ocean. Even music is heard with a sigh; though it awakens the echo of the eternal hills, it dies heavily upon the heart, like the sweet voices that have for ever faded away from our hearth. The dancing leaf falls on our footpath, and its green beauty is soon worn away, like the happiness of childhood. Flowers wither, and friends grow cold. The hope of spring too soon bursts into the reality of summer; then comes the staid autumn, solemnly demure, and her heavy eyes are fixed upon the darkness of winter. Still there are patches of sunlight in our paths—tiny glades, which no gloomy umbrage overhangs—spots in the unfathomable dreari-

ness of the forest, where we may sit down for a moment and smile, ere we resume our journey through the deep solitudes.

I was born at the foot of the green hills. The silence of woods, and the overhanging of antique boughs, were but a little distance from my home. The song of the cuckoo often rang above my roof-tree. Meadows, rainbow-coloured with flowers, spread out near my dwelling. The silver Trent wound along past my door. The crown-rose of the whole wreath has not to me charm enough to inspire a sonnet. But last spring, heavy with care, bowing beneath the cypress, which now binds the poet's brow in place of the laurel, I emerged from the dusty din of the metropolis, and wandered among those few green fields, which yet spread like solitary oases around its environs. Many a dreary day had glided by, bearing its leading links along, since I had seen a budding hawthorn. Oh! how sweetly came the fragrance of that morning air! The birds that sang around me felt not a greater thrill of delight than that which gushed silently from my heart; I gazed upon the clear sky, and the young green that carpeted the earth, and wondered how, amid so much beauty and brightness, sorrow dared to set her bleeding feet on such a lovely world.

Wandering along by an old hedge, stunted and ivied, (just such a hedge as the blackbird would select, in a more retired place, to build its firm nest,) I discovered a wild violet. By a mossy bank it grew; the dead leaves lay around it, solitary, and blue, and beautiful; not another companion near, it stood alone amidst the bursting of young leaves and the decay of the old ones. I sat down beside it. A little brook gurgled at my feet,—a low faint melody just audible, not the glad singing of the hill-brook, but a mournful murmur, a sound that well accorded with my solitary violet. Had there been a bed of those lovely flowers, I should have wished for the singing voice of a river, all silver and sunshine; but the brook had a low sound, and there was but one violet. I sat in silence, and gazed upon it; I wondered if the deep alleys in Somerbywood yet contained those sweet flowers. I thought of my old schoolmistress,—I saw her again seated on the sunny bank; I brought her a handful of the newly-gathered treasures,—she chaunted me the old ballad of "Queene Eleonare." The rest of my little schoolfellows were chasing each other round the old oak trees. The wood rose before me, the very fir where the stock-dove sat cooing, tapering and dark. Then the scene changed, and I was in an ancient chapel, amid windows, where saints and glories, and the flooding crimson of *gules*, gorgeous in the shields of azure and gold, threw a rich light upon the wicked Queen. And there a King "looked a grim look," upon the trembling Earl Marshal, and frowned forgiveness. Poor old Deborah, she has long been dead! no more shall the speed I made, when running thy errands, tempt those withered lips to chaunt another ballad. The violets now spring up, ungathered by thy trembling hand. "Ah!" thou didst say, "when I was a young lass, we used to gather violets, every spring, and put them amongst our clothes, and stick them in our hair, and make ourselves as smart as you please, when we went to meet our sweethearts." And then I looked at thee, and at thy skinny arms and wrinkled face, and the few silver hairs that escaped from under thy coal-skoop-like bonnet, and I wondered how fourscore years could sweep over thee, and not

wear away all traces of thy early love. No! Deborah, they could not, —thou hadst always a smile and a tear for the first violet.

A solitary flower, a sweet violet, how small a key, opens the door of memory! how, the veil rolled from the face of time, the gray, the forgotten years moved before me! I became a youth;—Park—house—fields —rose upon my sight; a lovely girl hung upon my arm—she bore a basket; now her face was hidden by the stem of a mighty tree, again her white kirtle faintly glanced between the thick underwood, as she flew from my side in search of violets; anon she emerged from behind the broom-covered bank, then stood like an angel of light between me and the sky. And then I closed the leaves on Comus, and we listened in the old wood for another voice,

"To smooth the raven down of darkness till it smil'd."

And trees started into enchanters, and spirits sung in the brook. We saw their long hair wave in the water-flags. Then we grew bold, and threaded "lanes and alleys green." Then I stole away, not far, just so far as to see her lovely figure hurrying to and fro, and calling upon my name; then she sat down in despair on the green moss, her white drapery—

"made sunshine in a shady place;"

and I thought of Una. A knot of wild lilies of the valley shot up beside her, like a milk-white lamb. Then I stole gently up to her, "How could you leave me;" I looked on her sweet face, on her gentle eyes, as they were uplifted in kind reproach, just reaching the margin of tears, and my heart reproached me, and I wondered how I could leave her for a moment; then I bound our violets in little bundles, and she soon forgave me: oh, I could have hidden myself behind the trees again, to be so sweetly forgiven! But she left me,—Death stole her,—how I have hated him ever since! And the dead leaves that were strewn around my lonely violet, seem neat emblems for a thing so lovely,—for then I thought of her. No, those bright leaves that glittered round the stalk of my little flower, were not so sunny as her silken locks; nay, the blue of her eye would shame the flower's radiance, and her lips—so exquisite! and to die so young! and with her heart filled with love! Oh! I would sooner that spring had withheld its flowers for ever! the sweetest violet that ever blowed withered when she died,—the woods will never bear such another!

A little flower had assumed the reins of my thoughts;—how feeble a charioteer can drive the fancy! Within one short hour I had visited the old forest of Sherwood. Robin Hood, in his garb of Lincoln green, followed by his many outlaws, had swept before me. The bugle had sounded through the glimmering glades, and rude drinking-horns were seen waved to and fro by powerful arms, keeping chorus to the loud "Derry Down" that rang beneath the greenwood tree.

The dark groves of Newstead had again risen before the Arcady of England, where the mighty-minded Byron had so often trod. Again I traversed those violet-scattered solitudes, again paced the long oaken galleries of that ancient abbey, lifted his skull-cup to my lips, rugged with the dregs of the blood-red wine, seeing the smooth lakes on whose surface he loved to ride, or within their sullen depths to plunge. The ruined window, with its eternal ivy; the old fountain, with its quaint

imagery, the solemn cloisters, the rusted armour, the satyrs partly covered with the green moss—his impressive portrait above the wide fireplace,—had all risen before me as distinctly as when I first saw them.

That simple violet brought the velvet valley of Sneinton before my mind's eye,—the rocky hermitage, the flowery banks, on which I loved to sit and angle in the sunrise of morning, or the gray twilight of eve. The finny-tribe had but few charms for me, unless it was to see them leap up and scatter the loosened silver spray of the river, like fairy-stars in the sunshine, then glide away beneath the clear water. The dreaming trees, the distant hills basking in their variegated beauty, the rustling of slender flags, the rising and falling of the water-lilies, the breeze sweeping across the long grass, the tall willows bending to their own shadows in the river, the slow clouds mirrored below—all these were sights and sounds that accorded well with my varying moods. Then those dead leaves so closely surrounding an object of beauty! Oh, how like past pleasures they seemed,—the dark night closing upon a sunny day, the grave surmounting a flower-bed, the bier placed in a ball-room, the funeral bell knelling homeward the wedding party, the slow muffled footsteps of death stealing noiselessly behind us!

What changes had taken place since I last saw a violet. Could I forget the dark room, the narrow window on which the sunbeams beat not, lest they should become prisoners. Hope had whispered me away from my green hills; ambition had allured me from my quiet woods; and they had all forsaken me—even Patience grew wearied with long watching, and bent over the pale paper her paler cheek. But memory went not away: she still recognised the blue sky and the bright sunshine, and sighed when she thought on such mornings. How fair the primroses grew in Clifton Grove; what a gushing of song there was then in the green woods; how the sunshine slept upon the river; how the happy breezes were ladened with the perfume of violets. Then rose the blossoming hawthorn, the hill-side white with daisies, the golden glow of king-cups, the gaudy beds of crocusses;—all these still existed. And even their light hearts and merry voices, were ringing through the haunts of the dove—Dryads fair as those which peopled the forests of poetry. Perchance they were singing the songs which I had woven in my happier days.

And could they think of me? wish me seated on the well-known bark, beneath the old oak. There was pleasure in the thought—the dingy couch, the torn dictionary, the neglected candle, that had burnt down unwatched in the moments of wandering thought; the expiring fire, with its dying embers; the low chilly feeling that follows a sleepless night; the pile of paper, showing confusedly its rows of scribbled lines; voices in the streets; the sun struggling through a murky atmosphere;—form gloomy contrasts to the little window in which the woodbine peeped. When free from care and refreshed with slumber, the lark awoke us with its song, when the woods emerged from their misty canopy, and the early breeze brushed the gentle dew from the leaves; when contentment smoothed our pillow, and the white wings of peace wafted us into slumber; when we heard not a mournful sound in the brook, and sorrow came not at the sight of the first violet.

A VISION.

Of vampires, goblins, ghosts that fright
Sweet timid girls, at dead of night,
And through their chambers for to walk
Forthwith their love-sick hearts to talk.

'Twas fairest Anne, around the fire —
Its light did faintly gleam—
Told this vision, dark and dire,
Of a vampire she had seen.
Anne to scan
Thus began:

One night I had a frightful dream,
And heard a piercing shriek
And saw a vampire's ghastly mien,
All withered, pale, and weak:

Its brow was of a sickly hue;
Its eyes with ulcers sore;
Upon its lips a clammy dew,
And clotted o'er with gore.

Methought it held a taper flame,
Which shewed its tainted skin;—
I saw its meagre livid frame,
And saw its ghastly grin.

At first it gave a dismal groan,
Mysterious to my ear,
And next it gave a lonely moan,
Which filled my breast with fear.

Thrice it gave a mournful cry,
And thrice a hideous scream;
And when it did approach me nigh,
It woke me from my dream.

'Twas midnight when I heard its yell,
And faintly could I trace
Its hollow voice—I knew the knell,
'Twas Oscar's pallid face.

Its eyeballs from their sockets wild
Stared at me, fierce and red ;—
I shuddered like an infant child,
And many a tear I shed.

It tried to clasp me in its arms,
My virgin blood to sip ;
My heart it overcame with qualms,—
I dashed away its lip.

And then it raised its livid crest,
And terribly did say,
" You never shall be at rest,
Fair Maid,—with me away.

" This gloomy hour, I come to tell
Your fearful heart betide ;
Away, away !—I break the spell,
I claim you as my bride."

" What ! claim me as your bride," lisp'd I,
" You ghastly ugly sprite !
My beauty tempt, and nature try,
At this mid hour of night !

" Vain monster, hence, be off and fly !
I sicken to be thine ;
With chastity I do defy
The threats you now divine.

" Nay ! honour, wisdom,—I'm too proud
To be betrothed to thee."
" 'Tis false," the demon roar'd aloud,
" Thou art betrothed to me."

" Oh fiend !" I said, " be calm, be still,
You never can claim me ;"—
" Yes, claim you always, 'gainst your will,
When you least expect me.

Upon your bridal morn I'll come,
My claim will never falter ;
My visage you can never shun ;
I'll claim you at the altar."

A light blue flame lit up the night,
The vampire vanish'd from my sight ;
Methought it had my blood to sip,
And left a taint upon my lip ;
And oh ! to wipe away its stain,
A madness seized my heated brain ;

A mist came o'er my startled eye,
I fainted, fell!—methought, I die!

Oh no!
A hectic flush ran o'er my cheek;
I sighed,—and next began to weep:—
I liv'd;—and now with friends to dwell;—
This vision of my brain to tell:
And breaking from my languid frame,
Methought I spoke—and thus
I spoke again.

Oh! when the dark nights come on,
And dreary hours beside,
How sad to hear the midnight tongue,
Whispering;—"Away, my bride!"

And in the gay and festive dance,
When mirth and joy abound,
To see its meagre form advance,
To fright me and confound.

And through my sleepless nights to hear
It breathing out to me,
That I by force must be its dear,
And never to be free.

And in my lonely hours at home
Inflict a cureless wound;—
My sisters they will hear it come,
A hollow, death-like sound.

It matters not—at ball or play,
Or 'mid the giddy throng,
My spirits never can be gay,
Shock'd by its fiend-like tongue.

Deep wrinkles to my brow 'twill bring,
And misery and care;
And leave behind a bitter sting,
To haunt me every where.

Where'er I go, by force or choice,
No earthly power can save
Me from the terror of its voice,—
'Twill haunt me to my grave.

B.

NOTES OF A TOWN TRAVELLER.

"Truth is strange,
Stranger than fiction."

LORD BYRON.

THE VICTIM.

I WAS sitting in a corner of the traveller's room, at a small inn on the road to Northampton, comfortably smoking my pipe, and carelessly listening to the conversation held by my fellow travellers, about five or six in number, when one of them, a very genteel-looking man, of the middle age, suddenly rose out of his seat, and after a few *hems* and *has* to gain the attention of the company, said, "Gentlemen"—

"Hear, hear," responded those around him.

"You've each told some wonderful tale to-night, gentlemen," continued he, "and I have listened to them with pleasure; because I believe them to be true, though I must confess some of the situations were, in my opinion, mighty marvellous."

"Oh, oh!"

"Now, gentlemen, what I am going to relate to you, is not an every-day occurrence, simply because it happened to me in the night."

"Morrison's pills!" whispered one.

"I was travelling from Devonshire to London, in the year 1794, in the month of December. On the first day's journey, I arrived, about nightfall, at a small inn, or rather public-house, the only habitation of the kind for ten miles round It being a dark winter's night and a heavy shower of rain coming on at the same time, I was glad enough, as you may suppose, to meet with this accommodation, bad as it seemed. After seeing my horse and gig put into safe and happy keeping, I entered the traveller's room, as they were pleased to call it, but which to me, having been accustomed to the delightful and roomy parlours in London, appeared nothing better than a common tap or pot room. A bright fire was burning in the grate, which in some degree compensated for the shabbiness of the room, but which sadly contrasted with the dark features of three men, who were sitting in the farther corner.

"I cannot say that I am an extraordinarily brave man, nor do I think I am actually a coward; but I must confess, the appearance of these men threw a damp upon my spirits and I almost began to wish I had gone on to the village, notwithstanding the rain.—I rang the bell.

"Waiter, bring me a glass of brandy and water and a pipe."

"'Yes, sir,' replied a grinning dirty-faced bumpkin, who I suppose on occasions served as waiter, ostler, and every thing.

"'Damned unfortunate!' exclaimed one of the men in an under-tone,

though sufficiently audible for me to hear him; 'no other way but through the window,'—and then they all fixed their eyes upon me.

"I shivered—cold sweat ran down my forehead—my knees knocked against each other, and I positively believe I could have fainted, and indeed perhaps I should have done so, had I not at the moment tossed off nearly the whole of the brandy and water.

"'Well,—it can't be helped,—must be so,—and damn me, if I care who knows it;' exclaimed the same man, as he, with the other two rose to leave the room.

"'Good night, sir,' they all gruffly exclaimed, as they passed me.

"'Good night, gentlemen,' said I, 'a wet walk home, I fear.'

"'Oh! we have not got far to go,' replied one. 'Where's my dog?—Bess, have you seen my dog?'—he continued, as he shut the door upon me, and addressed himself to some personage at the bar. I heard no more.—I was alone. I filled my pipe, and having desired the boy to replenish my glass, I turned my chair round, and seated myself in front of the fire.

"'Dog!'—'far to go!'—'window!'—I pondered in my mind. Ominous words!—oh, I'm marked!—I'm a victim!—going to be murdered—butchered in cold blood!—pleasant reflection. I sipped my brandy and water. What's to be done, thought I,—I've no fire-arms about me; never carried any!—I've no doubt but that one of them has already gone off with my horse and gig!—oh! what a miserable dog I am.

"I was about to rise in order to see if my predilections were in truth realized, when a gentle voice suddenly arrested my attention.

"'Would you like to have a pan of coals run through your bed, if you please, sir?'

"'Eh!'—I turned round, gentlemen.—As pretty a little flower as ever you would wish to set eyes on, stood before me. Rich tresses of the deepest jet flowed gracefully about her neck,—eyes, dark,—face, beautifully fair,—figure, splendid. I'm no poet,—but, positively, her *tout ensemble* beggared all description. This was the glance of a moment.

"Somehow or other, I have a great horror of a pan of coals; I don't know why, but so it is,—and I modestly replied, 'Thank you, my dear,—you are very kind, but when travelling, I never accustom myself to it, and therefore, my dear—'

"She had got her answer, and was leaving the room. To lose the society of so charming a creature in such a dull place, and so soon too, was more than my weak nerves, from the state they were then in, could support. I looked at my watch,—stammered out—'My dear!'—she returned.

"'My name is Betsy, if you please, sir,' she blushingly replied, which made her look ten times more beautiful.

"'Well, then, Betsy, my dear. You are a—very—pretty girl.'

"Gentlemen, you will recollect I had taken two glasses of strong brandy and water.

"'Did you please to want anything, sir?'

"'Yes, my dear;—I want a kiss from those sweet coral lips of your's.'

"'Do you?' exclaimed a stentorian voice, as the door opened, and in walked a tall powerful-looking fellow, whom I had not had the pleasure

of seeing before. 'What are you doing here, Bess—can't Lukin answer the bell? Come, trudge off, and go to bed. As for you, sir,' he continued, turning to me, and looking as fierce as a tiger, 'if you don't know how to behave in a body's house on the roadside, you'll find some one, perhaps, who will teach you, and that in a very short time.'

"I could almost fancy I saw the blade of the dagger glittering before me;—the ill-omened words rushed to my recollection;—new fuel seemed added to the flame.—'That in a very short time.'

"The appearance of the men, their coarse manners, the loneliness of the house—nay, every thing, tended to confirm my suspicions. The poor girl, too! some deluded victim, no doubt, brought from London. Romances, legends of old, in which I had read, in my boyhood, of bravos capturing princesses, and obliging helpless beauty to serve them as their cup-bearer, and in some instances to become their wife, in a moment rushed to my imagination. I shuddered at the thought. Could such a creature as Bessy be the wife of such a wretch?—There was a modesty, a purity in her manners, which plainly convinced me she was not his sister, and, by her features, no relation.

"Brought back, as it were, to a sense of honour, from the stern manner in which I had been addressed, I blamed myself for the inconsiderate manner I had acted towards her, and I now thought, had I pursued a different course when she first entered the room, I might have learned her history, perhaps saved her from a life of misery and shame, and myself from being murdered. It was now eleven o'clock—the door opened, and Lukin entered.

"'Your light, sir,' meaning my bed-candle. 'What time would your honour like to be called in the morning? Being such a quiet place, gentlemen who stops here generally sleeps *very long*.' I thought I could distinguish a smile of triumph on the fellow's lip.

"'Indeed!' I replied.

"He was leaving the room, but before he reached the door, suddenly turning round—

"'Oh! I beg pardon, sir,' he said, 'but master—that is, as how, master's son,—the old gentleman's up stairs, laid up with the gout—'

"'Oh! the person whom I saw just now was your master's son, eh?'

"'Yes, sir, Master Gregory. He desired I to say he hoped as how you wouldn't be very much offended with what he had said just now; he's had one or two friends here to-day, sir, and they've had a little brandy together.' The latter part of the sentence was said in a half-whisper, as an excuse for his master's abrupt address to me.

"'Well,' I replied.

"'He begged I to say, sir, that if you would have no objection, the old gentleman would take a bit of a lift with you in the morning.'

"'Oh! no objection in the least;' I quickly replied. My spirits began to revive. After all, they might be honest.

"'How far will he go?' I inquired.

"'As far as the church-yard, sir.' A sudden chill came over me.

"'He's going to try the change for the benefit of his health: his brother Nicholas—*Old Nick*, as I calls him, will be main glad to see him, I know; besides, it's *warmer* for the old gentleman a little way *below* there, and young master thinks as how he'll be better able to keep

up his *spirits* there than up here in this dull place, and as you was going that way too in the morning, he said, he thought he'd make bold to ask you.'

"I was standing with my back to the fire, holding the candlestick in my hand, as the fellow finished his tale, and glided out of the room. 'The rascal's been roasting me,' at length I exclaimed. 'He also is an accomplice. Alas!' I sighed as I left the room, 'no hope! no escape!'

"The lovely form of Bessy crossed me as I passed the bar. I would have apologised for my rude conduct, but that I saw the stern eye of Gregory fixed upon me. As it was, I simply and civilly wished her good night.

"'Good night, sir.'

"Oh! the tone of her voice—the manner—the look she gave me, struck to my very heart-strings. I shall never forget it. 'This way, if you please, sir,' said a voice. It was Gregory's, and he led me to an inner room, separated only from the bar by a partition. Now, thought I, as I threw myself into a chair, 'what's to be done?' I had not an implement of defence about me, nor was there even so much as a poker in the room. Suddenly the words, '*Through the window!*' flashed across my mind. I examined it;—not a fastening of any kind about it: and, to add to the misfortune, it was a casement window reaching down to the ground—no shutters, and, in one or two instances, paper substituted for glass.

"By the side of the window, in a sort of recess, was a door which led —Heaven knows where; but it struck me, if I could but contrive to force it open, it might eventually lead me into the stable, where, with a very little difficulty, I could——But no; it resisted all my efforts, and I was compelled to leave my task unfinished. I took off my coat,—laid it upon the chair,—looked under the bed. All was safe there. I was just about to undo my straps, when suddenly I heard a low moaning, like the groans of a person struggling to shake off the weight which oppressed him. The noise evidently proceeded from the bed. Gracious God! I saw the bed clothes move! It's all over with me, thought I; and there I stood, in the attitude of taking off my straps, expecting every moment to see the floor open and the bed gradually descend. A growl—a shake,—the very clothes were moved, or were dragged off the bed. My head whizzed round like a teetotum; my eyes grew dim, and I was about to call out murder, when out jumped—Oh! God!—

"'A man!' exclaimed the company.

"'A dog!' reiterated the speaker. 'A damned large Newfoundland dog.'"

The company gave a hearty laugh. Fresh glasses were called for, and in a few minutes the gentleman resumed his story:—

"I was not long, you may be sure, gentlemen, in opening the door and letting the beast out. It was the animal before mentioned, and which, as I afterwards learnt, was very fond of taking a nap in that particular room, and on that particular bed. It had very ingeniously crept under the counterpane, which prevented my perceiving it when I first entered the room." The company smiled.

"I now hoped, indeed, to enjoy a little rest. All my fears seemed satisfied. Once more, however, I took a survey round the room, and then, consigning myself to the care of Providence, threw myself fearlessly on the bed.

"I had reposed in the soft embraces of Somnus about two hours—it might have been less,—when I was suddenly awoke by the noise of a scratching at the door by the side of the window. I looked,—could see nothing. The clouds were driving rapidly through the sky, and the pale moon, breaking at intervals from behind them, threw a fitful and uncertain light upon the spot. As it gleamed upon the old-fashioned walls, my fevered mind could almost discern the figures which were marked upon the paper, dancing before, sometimes throwing up their hands as if in triumph at my capture, and at others beckoning me by various gestures and grimaces to follow them. Again I heard the noise,—it now proceeded from the window! I fell back, and lay for some time in a breathless suspense. How, gentlemen, how shall I describe to you my astonishment, my agony, when on again opening my eyes I heheld the figure of a man standing before the window? By his dress, and the light of the moon which shone directly upon him, I easily recognized him to be one of the three before spoken of. He was beckoning to the others. The window presently opened! In about a minute, the other two men appeared, carrying what seemed to me to be the body of a man. Oh! thought I, how easily now can I account for the use of that door. It is into that cell they convey the bodies of their murdered victims! Alas! how soon might I be one of the number! and I felt as if I could freely and without a murmur have given up every farthing about me, if gain was their purpose, so would they spare my life. My heart almost came up into my mouth; there was a choaking in my throat,—I could scarcely breathe. They entered the room. The first was furnished with a dark lantern, and led the way to the door.

"'Hush! softly! This way, my boys; the chap's sure to be asleep by this time.'

"He took from his pocket a key, unlocked the door, and they all three entered the place. 'Now,' thought I, 'now is the time,'—and I was about to spring out of the bed and lock the door upon them; when I perceived by the light of their lantern they had deposited their burden, and were returning. 'Lord have mercy upon me!' I inwardly prayed. They approached my bed,—my eyes involuntarily closed,—I saw no more, I heard no more. I was gone—fast—dead as a door-nail! How long I had remained in this happy trance, I know not; but when I again opened my eyes, how changed was the scene!

"It was a fine beautiful morning,—the sun was riding high and gilding with its brightest beams the prospect around. I was soon dressed and in the parlour. Breakfast was brought in by Lukin, who, with one of his usual grins, said, 'Master Gregory would be happy to speak with your honour, if as how your honour could spare him a moment.' I told him I was perfectly at leisure, and in a few moments the said Gregory appeared, bowing profoundly as he entered.

"'I beg pardon, sir,' he said, after satisfying himself no one besides ourselves was in the room,—'I beg pardon, but I hope you were not very much disturbed last night.'

"'Why, not very,' I replied, endeavouring to make the best of the matter, now that I had got safe through the night with my life, and even without the loss of a shilling. 'And yet,' I added, 'there was something rather strange'—

"'True, sir,' interrupted Gregory, 'we are honest enough with our travellers and customers, and try to serve them well, and I hope, sir, the brandy and water you tasted last night was to your liking.' I replied in the affirmative.

"'Well, sir,' he continued, 'that's the way we live; we do a little in the smuggling way, and if any one's robbed—it's only the king.'

"I expostulated with him on his want of judgment, in not having informed of this ere I went to bed; for, had I been provided with fire-arms, I should certainly have been inclined to have had *a pop* at one of them.

"'You see, sir,' he replied, 'it happened very unfortunately for me, for Black Sam and his two mates had got a long keg of whiskey, of the first sort, on shore yesterday, and had agreed with me in the afternoon about price; and you know, sir, it is necessary for the safety of all parties, that such an article should be off their hands as soon as possible, and if I didn't yield pretty quickly to their fancies, they would soon find a ready customer for their goods, and ten to one if they'd ever bring me another keg of whiskey or brandy. Now, you see, sir, that little cellar in your room is the only place in my house where I can stow any thing of the kind away,—for I don't even let my boy, Lukin, know of our little trade, for it's dangerous, as the old saying is, "to let too many cooks make the broth." I tried to persuade them to leave it somewhere till you were gone; but no, they were obliged to be off to another place to-day. However, sir, I hope you'll forget the circumstance, and pardon my boldness.'

"Saying which, he made a low bow and withdrew.

"Gentlemen, I could have brought forward many arguments against the impropriety of the affair,—but I was so satisfied with finding myself in propria persona again, that I freely forgave them all, and there was a frankness of manner about the fellow which pleased me vastly. He was certainly not that wretch I at first thought him to be. One only thought threw a momentary damp upon my joy. Where was Bessy? Her lovely image was still wandering in my mind. I had not seen her, and from motives of prudence, did not dare ask for her.

"'Chaise is ready, sir—' exclaimed a shrill little voice, and Lukin entered the apartment, bowing and scraping. 'Every thing's ready, your honour,—the wheels were main dirty,—but I've made 'em look as bright as a looking-glass, and the harness too, your honour.'

"I took the hint, and threw him a shilling for himself, with which he appeared delighted.

"'The old gentleman is not so well this morning, your honour,' he continued, as he was leaving the room, 'and Master Gregory thinks as how he'd better not attempt the journey. Mainly obliged at the same time, your honour."

"This last speech brought to my recollection the last night's *roasting*, and I was glad to see the back of him.

"'Here's a small keg of brandy, sir,' said the landlord, in a half

whisper, as I was stepping into my chaise, 'which the men left, with their compliments, for you, sir, as a small recompense for last night's business. They warrant it good. I think it will just go under the seat of your chaise,—and if you should, sir, at any time want a gallon or so for a friend or two, I hope you will not forget "The Hole in the Wall."'

"I thanked him—told him such a remuneration was quite unnecessary—promised the strictest secresy,—and drove off.

"Gentlemen, my yarn's spun, as the old sailor says;—many years have passed since then,—to me many happy years. The old man shortly after died, leaving Gregory and Bessy, who was his cousin, the whole of his property between them. Gregory was wise enough to know when he had enough, and retired, a respectable man, in the County of Kent. As for Bessy"—

"Ah! what became of Bessy?" ejaculated the company at once.

"She soon got married," was the reply.

"Married!—to whom, to whom?" again exclaimed the gentlemen.

The speaker cast his eyes round the room,—took up his pipe,—and then resuming his seat,—modestly replied, "To myself, gentlemen!"

"Huzza! Bravo! Bravo!—To the health of Bessy! Hip! Hip! Hurra!"

POLAND RESTORED.

A SONNET.

[*Inscribed to Jacob Jones, Esq., Barrister at Law, author of "Poland is not yet Lost." By a Member of the Commons House of Parliament.*]

Not, Bard sublime, alone!—a prophet true!
Thou shalt, anon—in euphonistic verse,
The joys restored of Poland's sons rehearse,
And wreaths of triumph o'er their path bestrew!
What! though auspicious gleams be dim and few,
Amid the blackness of appalling night,—
Though northern wintry storms their regions blight,—
And, in a death-like trance, their forms we view,—
Freedom and glory shall the silence break;
A patriot zeal lead on reviving day;
A genial Spring their winter chase away,
And to heroic deeds the brave shall wake!
Poland's dire fate invokes a glowing song,—
Strike, strike aloud the lyre! the thrilling tale prolong!

ROME AND HER CHURCH.

At a period like the present, when every part of this christianized empire may be said to be rife with "alarm," fearing as they do that the Papists, with their pontifical Monomaniac of Rome, may procure the religious ascendancy—for so long a period enjoyed by the Protestants of England under the sway of the princes of the house of Hanover,—we think we cannot show our regard for the National Church, which we venerate, the Protestantism which we revere, and the respect which we owe to the prejudice of the nation in favour of them more than by transferring to the pages of the "Monthly" the valuable contents of a discourse touching that important question, by the Rev. James Fordyce, D.D., the same having just been reprinted, with additions and corrections by the Rev. George Crookshank, A.B.*

The delusive and persecuting spirit of Popery seems to have counted on "better days," long ere the Bill for the emancipation of the Catholics passed the English parliament. Since that time, it is demonstrative that the Popish warfare has extended its baleful influence with untiring ardour and a pestilent secretness of purpose, which have aroused the timid to incessant watchfulness; the bold and competent, to openly and fearlessly expose the horrid trumpery of that ambitious, blood-thirsty church; to lay bare all and every "trick" which she so artfully and cunningly practises upon the ignorant and daily-tortured human victims who are found within her doleful pale. As a discourse, the one before us, to say the truth, is a most triumphant and scholarly essay; and one, too, which we beg our youthful clergy to make themselves acquainted with. The Rev. Editor, in his *introduction* to Dr. Fordyce's Essay, sensibly observes, that—

"The Editor having in his possession, among other original papers of Dr. James Fordyce, a copy of his Sermon upon 'the Delusive and Persecuting Spirit of Popery,' and, as it is one of the most powerful efforts of the author's pen, and sets forth, in the strongest and most forcible manner, the horrors so naturally to be dreaded from Catholic supremacy, and shows Papism in its true and natural colour, he attempts no apology to his readers for bringing it before them at the present season of just alarm.

"At an epoch like the present, when our church establishment, from the apathy of most of its members as to the question of Catholic claims, and from the unwearied and incessant attacks of its opponents, totters to its very foundation,—when *those very principles* which placed the reigning house of Hanover upon the throne of these realms are shaken,—when the very members of that constitution, *which, by law, is bound to support and maintain our temperate, but firm, ascendancy*, coalesce in lending the aid of their talents and their learning to under-

* Hatchard and Son, Piccadilly.

mine those pillars upon which rest the fairest and most beautiful of edifices—the Established Church of England,—when talent and genius, worth and understanding, condescend to become the advocates of superstition and idolatry, and strenuously labour to effect equality for those who were never known to rest content with it;—when things arrive at this alarming crisis, it behoves every honest man to stand forth, and endeavour, to the best of his ability, to avert from his country the horrors of monkish superstition and of papal idolatry.

"To all who would treat such fears and apprehensions as imaginary and ideal, the Editor recommends the calm perusal of the following Discourse: from it they will acquire sufficient information to guide them in forming an accurate opinion of the nature and temper of papal government, in temporal as well as in spiritual matters; and enable them to ascertain the objects which for centuries it has had in view, and the means and ways by which, without mercy or judgment, it has attempted to obtain them.

"The author, in this powerful and fearless exposure of the Romish church, its delusions, its impositions, and its unparalleled cruelties, has armed the Protestant advocate with weapons which no adversary can foil; while he has, at the same time, laid open the crimes, enormities, and atrocities, of every description, with which the self-styled infallible and impeccable church of Rome polluted itself for ages.

"While the subject of Catholic emancipation, as it is technically called, or of Catholic *claims*, as the Papists themselves *modestly* term it, is daily canvassed,—while it is even now under the consideration of the legislature, whether they will or will not concede to seven millions* of the people the same portion of liberty and equality which they possess; while, in short, the die is about to be cast, which will either leave us under the happy and mild government of a Protestant prince and Protestant legislature, or subject this favoured country and her sister island to scenes of anarchy and bloodshed,—let such as take a warm interest in advancing the Catholic claims, and in placing the Catholic subject on a par with the rest of the people,—let such read this Discourse coolly and deliberately, laying aside all previous impressions; and, when they have done so, let them speak and argue from at least theoretical conviction.

"Admit Catholics to a participation in the administration, *and no very distant era would behold our church-government transferred from Lambeth to the Vatican, and the diadem of England only as a jewel in the mitre of a Roman pontiff.*

"It is now upwards of seventy years since the Sermon now again brought before the public was first printed. Immediately on its publication, it was translated into two or three European languages, and such was the effect produced by its perusal abroad, that even foreign prelates did not disdain to answer it, with a view to preserve the character and maintain the dignity of their church, and to show and prove to all

* "I would ask Mr. B—gh—m, if he were to subtract from this seven millions of people all children, women, and labourers, how many would he have left who would be bettered by emancipation, and how many would he find who knew, until they were told, that they had been labouring under this grievous weight of oppression and bondage?"

Christendom how their faultless and unerring mother had been reviled and slandered by the heretical pen of a Scottish preacher!

"But no splendour of dignity, no elevation of rank, no power of authority, could suffice effectually to controvert facts, nor wash out the foul stain of human blood which crimsons every page in the history of that all-tolerant and all-merciful church—the Romish.

"We know what the Catholics *have been* when in power; we have no 'guarantee' from them of what they will be;—the doctrines of their religion inculcate feelings and sentiments which must ever keep them morally and politically at variance with us, and until we can with safety trust the wolf into the sheepfold, we may in vain hope to admit Catholics to a participation in our Protestant legislature."

The "text" chosen by our learned and reverend author is at once striking and prophetic; here it is:—

"*By thy sorceries were all nations deceived, and in her was found the blood of prophets, and of saints, and of all that were slain upon the earth.*"—Revelations, xviii. 23, 24.

He then proceeds with his discourse, in a manner every way calculated to impress the reader with the vast importance of his subject, and the magnitude of the responsibility which those who undertake to preach "the word as it is in Christ" take upon them, &c. But let us hear the learned divine himself:—

"These striking words exhibit the two principal features of a very extraordinary picture, which we find in this book of Revelation, representing a delusive and persecuting power that was to make its appearance in some after-period. By this destructive power, the best interpreters of Scripture have always understood the church of Rome, long ago established under the pretence of an authority purely divine, but still applied to purposes the most different imaginable: and, indeed, whoever shall compare the picture itself with the state of the world for many ages past, respecting religion, will, I doubt not, be obliged to own that it is as complete and characteristic a representation of Popery, in her most flourishing times, as could have been given, had that 'mother of abominations' actually existed when she was shadowed out to the prophetic mind of our apostle.

"The chapter from which we have taken our text contains a lively prediction of the ruins awaiting the church of Rome in some future time, as published by three angelic voices:—the first declares the certainty of that ruin; the second points to its extremity; and the third pronounces it to be irrecoverable, assigning the reasons of a retribution so awful, viz.—her spiritual witchcraft and her shocking cruelty, both very strongly expressed in the words before us: 'For by thy sorceries were all nations deceived; and in her was found the blood of prophets, and of saints, and of all that were slain upon the earth.'

"The last expressions require no paraphrase; they are dreadfully intelligible. The first are explained by the apostle Paul, where, painting the man of sin, who was to be revealed in colours which correspond wonderfully with those contained in the apostle John, he tells us that this son of perdition was to come with all deceivableness of unrighteousness in them that perish; an emphatical Hebrewism, which seems to intimate not only that the grand apostate in view should erect and maintain his kingdom by the most impious frauds, but that he should

destroy the souls of men by numberless ungodly acts of rendering them religious without religion, or deluding them into a fond opinion of their piety, whilst guilty of the greatest enormities; and then, by the most fatal kind of magic, making them dream of paradise on the verge of perdition. It is in the latter point of light that we propose to contemplate the sorceries of this wicked enchantress; after which we will look a little, and but a little (it is a spectacle of horror!), at scenes of blood, where she stalks along with infernal fury, drunk with her slaughter of the Almighty's servants, and boasting of her zeal for the Almighty's interests. From both, so mournful to religion and humanity, we will make such reflections as may appear proper and useful on this occasion.

"First, we are to contemplate the sorceries of the church of Rome, or those pleasing but pernicious delusions, by which she cheats her votaries into a persuasion of their safety, at the same time that she leaves them "in the gall of bitterness and the bond of iniquity;" nay, that she makes them sevenfold more the children of the devil than she found them: you will comprehend my meaning better, if we take things from the beginning, even as far back as the earliest notices we have of the history of the universe. Now we gather from the sacred records, that the Eternal, having formed innumerable hosts of glorious and happy spirits to be the first and highest subjects of his government, whole legions of them revolted, and became degenerate and miserable beings, whose sole employment and delight was to work mischief; and accordingly Satan, the head of the revolt, found means to draw into it the creature man, who had been lately called into existence, and placed in a state of innocence and joy, which the other could not behold without envy; thus he introduced on our earth a kingdom of his own, in opposition to the kingdom of Jehovah: but the Governor of the world, who 'loveth righteousness and hateth iniquity,' resolved to overthrow his insolent adversary; and, taking pity on the new race, of whose inexperience this malicious and artful spirit had taken advantage, he was graciously pleased to promise, that 'the seed of the woman shall bruise the head of the serpent;' he fulfils his promise. 'In the fulness of time he sends forth his son, made of a woman,' with proper authority and qualifications, to subdue the original apostate, reduce deluded men to their duty, and restore them to their primitive felicity. The Son of God was manifested to destroy the works of the devil. In prosecution of this noble plan, worthy of its infinitely wise and benevolent Author, our Redeemer no sooner appears on the public theatre, than he openly proclaims war with the powers of darkness, after having privately baffled the personal assaults of their prince. He raiseth an exalted standard of truth and goodness in the name and on the behalf of his Father; he calls on his unhappy brethren of mankind to return to their allegiance and follow him; he publishes a general indemnity, in the clearest terms, with the most merciful intentions and conditions, on the most earnest and honourable conditions; he actuates them to accept, and deems it no way beneath his dignity to propose, such a scheme of salvation as, if truly understood, and embraced cordially, cannot fail to recover men from ignorance and corruption; and, by illuminating their minds and purifying their hearts, to make them partakers of a divine nature and willing subjects of the great empire of light and love. Yes, my brethren, it is the glory of the Christian

system, that its precepts, prohibitions, doctrines, and examples, are all directly calculated for the restoration of human nature, as might be shown at large, were it necessary,—it is not necessary. Those with whom we are concerned in the present argument profess to agree with us, that the gospel is a doctrine according to godliness, and immediately adapted to promote it; but now we say, that they have so adulterated this doctrine, as to pervert it entirely from its genuine character and original use, 'making void the commandments of God, by the traditions of men;' we say that, in place of the mystery of godliness, they have framed and adopted a mystery of iniquity—an astonishing compound of wicked opinions and observances, suited to keep men in ignorance and corruption, and, by nameless illusions, to conceal from them their danger. In a word, we say, that the system of Popery is a direct apostacy from the religion of Christ, and the practice of popery a direct revolt from the kingdom of Christ; and all this under the impudent pretext of alone retaining that religion, and alone defending that kingdom.

"It is thus that we explain, at least in part, the prophecy with respect to the dragon's giving her power to the beast. We consider the church of Rome as the chief retainer, or prime-minister, if I may be allowed the phrase, to the prince of the dark kingdoms; employed and supported by him, and, in return, upholding and propagating his dominion over the children of disobedience, 'who are dazzled with a phantom of liberty, while in truth they are taken captive by him at his pleasure.' We should not be understood to mean by this, that all are slaves to Satan who are votaries of Rome: God forbid. It were a strange want of understanding not to allow a possibility of being pious or virtuous in that communion, corrupt as it undoubtedly is. It were equal want of candour not to acknowledge that it hath, in fact, produced many persons of unquestionable piety and virtue, and some who have soared to as noble heights in the spiritual life as ever were attained by uninspired mortality. This, I think, is certain, that a man may be mistaken greatly—mistaken in many things relating to his religious principles, and yet be perfectly sincere in his religious practice: the goodness of his affections, the strictness of his education, the influence of those truths which he retains, and the assistance of that grace which is never denied to the conscientious, may well be supposed sufficient to overbalance the ill effects even of tenets exceedingly erroneous. It is manifestly the judgment of an apostle, formed in consequence of an heavenly vision, vouchsafed him to overcome his prejudices on this subject, that there are persons 'who fear God, and work righteousness in every nation,' and, of course, under every form and aspect of religion. We Protestants condemn the church of Rome for her want of charity; let us never imitate her in the most anti-Christian of all dispositions: but still we cannot help thinking, that the native tendency of her religious system is to make men irreligious under a specious mask of zeal, by leading them to pursue an imaginary righteousness, to the neglect of a real one; this we affirm in general, and we endeavour to prove it from the whole composition and genius of Popery. At present, we can only give a sample of our proofs, with respect to some particulars; from which, however, it will not be difficult to judge the

rest. Christianity, we all know, aims immediately at the heart; that is, sets itself to regulate and reform the inward man in the first instance: as its morality points chiefly to internal purity, being all refined, yet solid: so its ritual leads directly to internal devotion, being alike simple and expressive. It pronounces the highest beatitude to 'the pure in heart, and promises the divine acceptance to those only who worship God in spirit and in truth.' It prescribes no pompous ceremonies; it prohibits all ostentations; in short, it calls off the attention of its disciples from whatever is merely mechanical or formal in religion, to whatever is vital and substantial. Now Popery does just the reverse: it introduces an endless train of senseless, yet showy observances, the parade of which wholly engrosses the popular imagination, and leaves neither leisure nor disposition for minding any thing more rational or moral. So many sacraments, fasts, and festivals, however superfluous and burdensome; such indefatigable saying, and hearing of prayers, *though in an unknown tongue;* such continual crossing and counting of beads, though perfectly childish; such eternal grimaces and bowings to images, though rank idolatry: all this, and much more of the same kind, mixed up with infinite solemnity, so intoxicates the unguarded populace, that they fancy themselves wonderfully devout and holy for being out of measure superstitious! Their designing or deluded priests fail not, in the mean time, to forward the flattering idea by many of their writings and discourses, as well as by the utmost insinuation of private address, till they have inflamed the vulgar mind into the most passionate admiration of a plausible exterior, totally distinct from true religion, and in effect exclusive of it.

"To prevent their followers from discovering the truth in an hour of sober reflection, they take care to keep them in profound ignorance, and to inculcate upon them a fundamental maxim, that such ignorance is the mother of devotion. To make all sure, they hide from them the Scriptures, which were given for the purpose of making men good and wise to salvation; those Scriptures, which all are concerned to know, those very Scriptures which Christ himself commands all to search. Christ's pretended vicar, as it has been frequently remarked, forbids all to search, excepting the clergy; so that, if any layman, desirous of being ascertained concerning his Maker's will, presumes to look into his Maker's word, without permission from the bishop or inquisitor, or without the advice of the minister or confessor, or even, after this, without a licence in form, he cannot receive absolution for his sins, and for this grievous sin among the rest, unless he first surrender up his Bible to the ordinary. Having thus shut out the broad daylight of Heaven, and set up, in lieu of it, the miserable taper of human authority, the baneful magician of Rome hath the fairest opportunity of working his spells, and calling up what spectres of superstition he pleases, in order to awe and impose on the wandering multitude. I think I see him, with all his implements of deceit about him — pretended relics, real images, fictitious saints, false legends, and forged traditions,—playing innumerable tricks with the souls of men, and bewitching them into all manner of idolatrous and vicious practices; exactly agreeable to that strong description of him already referred to, where the apostle Paul, speaking in the anticipated style of prophecy, hath these remarkable words:—'Whose coming is

after the working of Satan, with all power and signs and lying wonders, and with all deceivableness of unrighteousness in them that perish.' Is this, then, Eternal God! the man who professes to call himself, like Thee, infallible, the sovereign judge of truth, and the unerring guide of Christians! Unhappy souls, that are under the guidance of such a man,—a man, too, who hath been declared subject to no law, but, by the plenitude of his power, entitled to make right wrong and wrong right; to make virtue vice and vice virtue; to dispense with all laws, human and divine; and to do all things above law, without law, and against law. With what peculiar propriety does the apostle, the most masterly of all writers, term his impudent deceiver,—that wicked one, or lawless person, as the original word signifies, and still more emphatically,—the man of sin, the son of perdition.

"Such he hath always been in his public character; in his private one, he hath often, God knows, been very little better:—very little better, did I say? Were there ever more execrable monsters than some of the popes have been; whose names are infamous to this day for perfidy, for cruelty, for voluptuousness, for infidelity, for blasphemy, for every brutal, every diabolical excess, that can outrage Heaven or shock humanity? I appeal to the testimony of their own historians—I appeal to the confession of the keenest advocates of Popery; and could those monsters—stupendous impiety! unparalleled effrontery!—yes, those very monsters could call themselves the representatives of Jesus Christ,—of that adorable character 'God manifested in the flesh,' who, whilst he preached to mankind the divine life, was himself a perfect model of it, the brightness of his father's glory, and the express image of his person! I leave you to imagine what effects are likely to be produced on the manners of a religious society, from having such reverend profligates at the head of it; especially considering their extraordinary influence and vast domination: indeed, their example alone, in such circumstances, must be infinitely dangerous. Nor is the matter at all mended by the example of many of their saints, whose principal recommendation to the honour of saintship appears, from history, to have been often flagitiousness, or singular frenzy; so that they were complimented with a distinguished place in Heaven, who were unworthy or unfit to live on earth: and those canonized wretches are held up as patterns of imitation,—nay, as objects of adoration, as well as the first favourites and privy counsellors of the Almighty, and powerful intercessors with him, for their mortal brethren! Now, I submit it to the meanest understanding, what sort of impression it must necessarily make on ignorance or enthusiastic minds, to be taught, that persons may be, and actually are, exalted to the highest imaginable dignity in the other world, for committing the greatest imaginable villany in this; and, withal, to be worked up by all the machinery of superstition to the most sacred veneration for such odious characters. After what hath been said, we need wonder the less, though we must wonder, at the abominable artifices the Roman Church hath devised, to assure men of Heaven, without a single grain of holiness, provided they will pay her sufficiently for their admission. Our master, who came from thence, declares, that none can enter there but by the strait gate and the narrow way of real regeneration, efficacious faith, and persevering obedience:

his apostles preach the self-same doctrine; it is the ground-work of his whole religion: and to engage men effectually to deny all ungodliness and worldly lusts, and to live soberly, righteously, and godly, looking for the blessed hope, is the very superstructure intended to be raised on it by the grace of the gospel. Now, the Roman Church overturns this glorious fabric of evangelic virtue at once, by sapping the foundation of it;—I mean, by persuading men that such virtue is not necessary to their salvation, but may be supplied and superseded by a variety of other methods, much more agreeable to their inclinations,—in short, perfectly consistent with all their vices. And here there opens such a scene, such a gulf of delusion and perdition,—pilgrimages, penances, purgatory, prayers for the dead, prayers to the saints, auricular confession, extreme unction, masses without number, an inexhaustible bank of merit; and, above all the rest, indulgences, pardons, and dispensations, as many and as large as can be desired by men, *or purchased for money!*

"Indeed, these last may be considered as a main pillar of that amazing structure of wickedness which Popery hath erected on the ruins of Christianity. It has been positively affirmed, nor did I ever hear it denied, that there is fixed, in a public office at Rome, a rate for sins, according to the nature and degree of each, where the most heinous and horrible are not excepted, even the breach of oaths the most solemn and important, the murder of a parent, and the debauchery of a sister. Quake, O earth! tremble, ye heavens! and all ye stars withdraw your shining! the infamy stops not here. It is notorious, that the pope, for a larger sum, grants indulgences for many generations, sometimes for thousands of years together. Need I mention, after this, the open traffic in pardons and dispensations that was carried on in Germany by those—what shall I call them?—those spiritual pedlars, or hawkers, the strolling friars, whose unheard-of abuses in retailing them gave rise to the blessed reformation. And what, my brethren, is the natural language of the Popish doctrine and practice in this particular? Are you strongly inclined to any sin whatever, you need be under no restraint; go to the priest, and he will give you an indulgence: have you actually been guilty of any sin whatever,—make yourself easy, go to the priest, and he will give you absolution. Never fear, man, you may perpetrate the blackest crimes, and be absolved for payment; or even without it, on performing some trifling ceremony of unsanctified devotion. Now, in making men believe that they may thus indulge in any wickedness, or every wickedness, with safety, for the next world as well as the present, is such a masterpiece of infernal policy for destroying human souls by multitudes—is so enormous a delusion of hell, that I can find no size of words to clothe the bulk of it. "Let it go naked, then, that men may see it the better."

What reasonable and thinking churchman shall read this part of the learned and reverend divine's essay, and not be found ready, exclaim—"Well done, thou good and faithful servant—enter *thou* into the joy of thy Lord?"—Let us proceed, however. Thus far have we transferred our learned and reverend author's essay: and we are free to confess with unpretending interest and concern. And now, looking at the space we have occupied of our journal, we would deem it advisable to conclude our text review; but, really and sincerely, the subject is one of such

interest, and so irresistible, that we can scarcely prevail upon ourselves to stop short; and, therefore, we determine to give this essay—so admirable and so well propounded—entire. The learned doctor continues:—

"Thus have we considered some of the chief ingredients of that enchanting 'cup full of abominations,' with which the mighty sorceress of Rome deceives her unhappy adherents, and which accounts, indeed, but too well for that spiritual blindness and peculiar profligacy, which ran, like a wide and deep contagion, through popish countries. Yet all this is but a part of her wickedness; for, while she makes the inhabitants of the earth drunk 'with the wine of her fornication, she herself is drunk with the blood of the saints, and with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus;' or, as it is expressed in our text—'In her was found the blood of prophets and of saints, and of all that were slain on the earth;' which was the second point we proposed to view very briefly. Now, it is certain that this sanguinary prostitute, not contented with ruining the souls of those who are seduced by her, has often thirsted to murder the bodies of those who are not. I speak to facts, and say that, armed with bulls in one hand, and faggots in the other, provided with frightful apparatus of axes, racks, and gibbets, and accompanied with an hideous train of holy executioners, she has frequently gone forth to make war with the saints and to wear them out; pretending, all the while, that she went forth in the name and cause of the Prince of Peace and Saviour of men, in the name and cause of Him who, as we observed before, descended from the bosom, and appeared on the behalf of the God of Peace and the Parent of mankind, to defend and enlarge the kingdom of righteousness and peace. Satan, the adversary of God and man, having, as was already hinted, laid the foundation of an opposite kingdom, subversive to those best interests, he labours to support and extend it, not only in person, but by his agents on earth and in hell;—of all his agents on earth, we contend that the dreadful power we are describing is the most assiduous and the most successful. We contend that, in managing this work, she sustains, like her master, a double character,—that of deceiver and murderess. The first, if I am not mistaken, we have fairly proved; for the second, we appeal to all history, and here we are encompassed with a cloud of witnesses. Mysterious Heaven! what a spectacle do I behold!—Methink I see the souls of those that have been slain by that sanctified destroyer for the testimony of Jesus, and slain under the pretence of zeal for his amiable name; I see them rising up in millions, and hear them crying out with a voice that shakes the pillars of heaven,—"How long, oh Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell upon the earth," and on that blood-thirsty city? Let impartial history recount, if she can recount, the number of God's creatures that have been murdered in God's name by that blood-thirsty impostor. Let history tell of the carnage committed in the many holy wars—the holy wars undertaken for the extirpation of the infidels!

"Let her tell of the cruel proceedings against the Protestants in Hungary, in France, in Flanders, in Germany, in Bohemia, in the Palatinate, and many other parts. Let her tell of the fires in Smithfield, particularly in the reign of Mary, of England; of the Armada, in Spain, in the reign of Elizabeth; of the Gunpowder Plot, in the reign of

James I., a conspiracy truly worthy of hell and Rome! Let her relate the massacre of Paris, on St. Bartholomew's Day, in which about thirty thousand Protestants were butchered in cold blood.*

"Let her relate the massacre of Ireland, in the reign of Charles I., in which above one hundred and fifty thousand Protestants—I say above one hundred and fifty thousand Protestants—were barbarously murdered in the space of two months, chiefly by the Popish priests. Let the same faithful hand paint the slaughter of about forty millions—I say forty times ten hundred thousand—poor Americans, on pretence of their resisting the attempts made for their conversion, as well as on accounts purely political.

"And let her pencil draw, if it can find adequate colours, the horrors of that infernal slaughterhouse, the Inquisition, where all that the imagination of demons can invent, or the malignity of demons inflict, to insult and torture, and, if possible, to damn the miserable victim, is practised in terrible perfection. Let history proceed to rehearse; but nature sickens at the story,—religion turns away her ear with abhorhence, and groans for her suffering and bleeding children! Let us hasten to a more comfortable theme. Let us speak as we promised to do, in the third place, of that glorious deliverance wrought for these nations from the delusion and persecution of Popery, which your piety, my reverend fathers and brethren, hath taken care to preserve the particular remembrance of, within your immediate circle, by appointing discourses relative to it to be preached before you from time to time. The appointment with which you have honoured me, on this head, I now obey with pleasure. I rejoice with you, and all the friends of religion and liberty, in the noble triumph obtained by both, at the blessed periods of the reformation and the revolution. I rejoice with the whole kingdom of light, in the victories then gained by the combined powers of Christianity and public zeal. Adored be that all-inspiring and all-supporting providence, which raised up and carried, with a spirit truly wonderful, those religious and civil heroes who made so illustrious a stand for the interests of truth and of mankind!

"Would your time permit, with what delight could we enter into the detail, and point out to your admiring view that honourable band of first reformers, who, throwing off their mental fetters, broke from the dungeons of Popish superstition, led forth the everlasting gospel, long defaced and imprisoned there, displayed her in her ancient honours, and raised her banner before the nations; proclaiming, as 'the Captain of Salvation' himself had formerly done,—proclaiming, in his name, 'liberty to the captives, the opening of the prison to them that were bound,—proclaiming the acceptable year of the Lord.' Immediately after, we might show you multitudes who had been sleeping in their chains, and dreaming they were free, awakening at the animating call, wondering at the enchantment that held them so long, bursting their

* "It is worthy our observation, that no sooner did the news of this day's dreadful work arrive at Rome, than the *Pope* went in procession to the church of St. Lewis, and there returned public and solemn thanks for it to the merciful Parent and Saviour of men. And the same shocking scene was represented in a splendid picture, with this inscription, 'THE TRIUMPH OF THE CHURCH!'"

bonds asunder, marching out into open day—the open day of evangelic light,—and all exulting in 'the glorious liberty of the Son of God.'

"By the way, when we talk with such high approbation of those excellent persons who first set on foot this wondrous work, we do not pretend once to insinuate, that they were guilty of nothing weak, or of nothing wrong in their manner of conducting it. Great failings, it hath been observed, are nearly allied to great virtues. When the spirits of men are sharpened by debate, and stimulated by opposition, it is certain that even the wisest and best will betray uncommon keenness, and be hurried into miscarriages, which, in a calmer hour and milder mood, they would condemn exceedingly. The danger is exceedingly increased by a particular kind of warm and daring enthusiasm, which fires and rouses them, when engaged in any difficult or important struggle; and which, whilst it comes in aid of the cooler principles of piety, and the feebler dictates of reason, is insufficient alone to carry them through, and is apt withal at times to abuse them. And where is the man who can answer for himself, that, in a similar conjuncture, he could be sure of escaping the snare? But to return:

"I might even proceed to represent to you that distinguished deliverer of immortal name, who, when the fiend of Popery, and his kindred devil, tyranny, were fast regaining their sway in these islands, from whence they had been happily expelled, came with the most distinguished and heroic zeal, and drove them back again to Rome, their native abode, and chosen seat of empire.

"And, lastly, I might remind you, how, after a new attempt to recover their dominion, they were baffled by the accession of a family to the British throne, whom Heaven long continue, that hath been always noted for its inviolable attachment to the joint cause of reformation and liberty,—for its invincible abhorrence of all usurpation over the consciences and rights of mankind, and for a set of princes equally adorned with bravery, integrity, and true humanity.

"To whom, my beloved brethren and honoured fathers,—to whom shall we ascribe all these marvellous events, and the unspeakable felicity which, as men, as Christians, and as Britons, we enjoy in consequence of them? I ask, once more, to whom? You reply with rapture, the rapture of undissembled gratitude, to the All-Wise, the All-Mighty, and the All-Merciful. True, indeed, 'if it had not been the Lord who was on our side,' may we of Israel say,—'if it had not been the Lord who was on our side, when men rose up against us, they had swallowed us up quick, when their wrath was kindled against us. Blessed be the Lord, who hath not given us a prey to their teeth! Our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowler; the snare is broken, and we are escaped. Our help is in the name of the Lord, who made heaven and earth.' Let us indulge the transports which these reflections and these acknowledgments are fitted to inspire; but yet there is something occurs to damp our joy, though not to diminish our praise. Shall I mention it?—I am sorry to mention it. You may guess, I mean our neglect was misimprovement of our mercies. Such deliverances—such privileges!—Yet such insensibility—such abuse! I appeal to you, are we not really the most favoured people on earth, and the most ungrateful? As to the particulars of our ingrati-

tude, they are,—but I will spare myself the painful task of specifying them, and will wind up what has already been said with a short illustration and improvement of the whole.

"For this, suppose that a sensible and serious stranger, from some remote region of the world,—an intelligent and virtuous heathen, for example,—no idolater, but a natural religionist, whose soul was open to truth, and endowed with goodness,—just such another man as Cornelius seems to have been before he became a Christian;—suppose, I say, that this man, led by the love of observation and inquiry, was to visit the European countries, and, after acquiring the necessary languages, was to traverse, first of all, the land of Popery, and to view the aspect which that religion wears, and the effects which it produces: what do you imagine would be his astonishment and disgust, when he found the priests requiring and commanding the people, under the pain of exquisite tortures in this world, and of consummate misery in the next, to believe the most monstrous absurdities and contradictions; to swallow the grossest lies and blasphemy; and to revere, to imitate, to worship, as saints and gods, some of the worst and vilest of mankind; as well as to practise, without end, the merest foppery and futility, in place of real religion and morality;—nay, directly undermining the foundations of all religion and morality, by encouraging men to sin with the assurance of a pardon, whenever they may please to purchase one: in a word, inculcating, in the name of the Thrice Holy, such tenets and such practices as are almost beyond the very refuse of Paganism, and denouncing, in the same infinitely venerable name, death and damnation against all who will not fall down and worship the image which they have set up! How would this amazement and horror be heightened, when, looking into history, he understood what dismal fields of blood, and hellish engines of torment, this church did boast of, as the noblest proofs of her piety and zeal? How would our honest heathen burn with indignation at such a church, and with what impatience would he break away from such a land of abomination? Suppose him now to bend his course to Great Britain, to observe, in general, the plain, good-natured, manly face of the religion taught and professed in it, and, upon inquiry, to be particularly instructed, by any of its most rational and worthy teachers, concerning the divine original, the heavenly nature, and the excellent tendency of that religion. Suppose him next to consider the political state of the country, to contemplate its freedom, its wealth, its independence; and to be informed how all these do naturally grow out of the frame of its government, as a government of laws—of laws enacted by the people and maintained by the prince—by a prince who is at this very time a father of his people. After this, let him look once more into history, and there read by what strangely merciful interpositions of Heaven this religion and this government have been restored and secured, when both have been in danger of being extinguished. Oh! my brethren, what emotions of delight and admiration may we conceive would fill the breast of our sensible and virtuous stranger, on this complete survey? But how would these be mingled with sentiments of the sincerest regret and displeasure, when, after all, he came to look more attentively into the character and manners of this greatly favoured nation, and to discover the corruption that runs through all ranks, ap-

pears amongst them in every shape, and sadly obscures those good qualities and commendable actions which their religion and liberty inspire! And now, at last, suppose him, whilst full of these different reflections and feelings, to address a mixed and numerous auditory, consisting, like this, of clergy and people,—may we not figure to ourselves, that he would express himself in some such manner as the following?—'Thrice happy Britons, if you had understanding to know and virtue to improve your happiness!—Your religion appears in itself divine: why would you disgrace it by practices unworthy of it? Would you display its excellency to strangers, let it be seen in excellent lives. You have departed from the tenets, depart from the spirit of Popery. Let your devotion be solid and humble, your charity large and active. Let temperance and integrity be your undivided companions, and the disinterested love of truth your inseparable guide. Honour and defend your king and your laws, both of them the best on the face of the earth. For shame, Britons, do not show yourselves undeserving of both, by acting or speaking against them; guard solicitously against every encroachment, against every attempt of Rome,—she is your natural foe. Think on the days that are passed, and adore that propitious providence which hath delivered you from a thousand dangers, and blessed you in a thousand ways. You are surely the most privileged of all people; expect to be the most accursed, if you are not the most grateful and worthy. For you, who are the priests of Jesus, see that you preach his religion, *and his religion only*. When you preach, think of Him, not of 'yourselves.' Remember, real Christianity is not an engine of power, a banner of popularity, or a badge of party. It is religious virtue.—It is universal love. That virtue, that love, do you inculcate, breathe, and practise; beware of giving ground to say, that the patrons of delusion and tyranny show more ability, more assiduity, and greater zeal in promoting the worst of causes, than you do in promoting the best. To make the pious and peaceful honest and loyal, by the united force of your prayers, your instructions, and your example,—be this your sovereign pursuit, and this your sovereign praise.'"

We hope our readers may be as well satisfied with this excellent legacy of Dr. Fordyce as ourselves. It should be read and re-read by every devout and pious clergyman, whether priest or deacon, by our Protestant militant bishops, and by all good churchmen.

One word more in conclusion:—Let us not be misunderstood in what we have said concerning this walking pestilence of Catholicity as a *system of spoliation—of human and religious degradation*, and the "Catholic Religion," apart from that horrid and victimising system. We by no means wish to impugn the whole body of Catholics—far from it—we believe there are *hundreds* of good and pious catholics to be found among the multitude. We take leave also to remark, that we hold that there is as much difference between the Catholics of Ireland and the Catholics of the Continent, as there exists between the Protestant religion of England, and the Catholic religion of Ireland. But the time is at hand when Ireland shall be rendered peaceful, prosperous, and happy, by means, firstly, of a code of poor laws—and, secondly, by *educating* her five millions of starving, poor, and destitute peasantry, whose unhappy and fearful ignorance is a lamentable plea for the improper influence of

the priests, and furnishes, as we opine, an excuse for their desperate and inhuman barbarities—shall we add—murders?

It is more than probable, we shall be accused, by the hirelings of the *hired Press*, of having "imposed" our sentiments in the shape of a text review upon our subscribers. We do hope, however, that they, one and all, will be alive to the real state of the case,—perfectly cognizant of what we desiderate. Let them remember the "language" employed by the Roman poet, and say whether or not it has no been *acted* upon by every succeeding generation—

> "———— Nullus amor populis, nec fœdera sunto,
> Exoriare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor
> Qui face Dardanios ferroque sequare colonos,
> Nunc, olim, quocunque dabunt se tempore vires.
> Littora littoribus contraria, fluctibus uandas,
> Imprecor, arma armis: pugent ipsique nepotes."

For our own parts, we are as indifferent to the abuse and moral depravity of these gin-drinking *bravos*, who stab every man of downright honesty and plain sense in the dark, to gratify some base and disgusting desire—as we are anxious to deserve the unbought and wholesome eulogiums of those who, by their determined firmness of character, support and embellish the intellectual dignity of the heaven-directed press:—

> "That which most likens us unto the gods,
> Is to be cautious and to speak the "truth"—
> This is the blessing I bequeath you, friend!
> The blessing of good precepts you may hoard,
> For after-guidance through the maze of life.
> What are we? what is man? is he not formed
> A being—not ignoble, nor confin'd,
> As to a congregation of his kind,
> To be spectator of the wondrous whole:
> And, in the mighty amphitheatre,
> To agonize, ambitious for renown?
> Nature, unto this end implants in us
> Invincible desires of what is great,
> And nearest to the essence of the gods.
> Not the whole world, and all that are therein,
> Can fill the inquisitive, capacious mind
> Of man, that overleaps the bounds of space,
> And claims its kindred with eternal good,
> The beautiful and the magnificent,
> Proclaiming we are born for things above."

Touching Rome herself, not one word need be set down—not a line need be written. Of what she has been guilty, her abominable and damnatory crimes—her unholy and unhallowed intercourses—her countless abominations, may not be spoken of, except to amplify her eternal infamy, and seal the last signet of her ungodly desolation and impious ruins; and that our children, and our children's children, should be made to understand rightly all those things pertaining to her fanatical and blood-spilling history—

> "———— Whence, unaccustomed drops!
> Whence come ye o'er the firmness of my soul?"

There is another and most important fact connected with this all-engrossing subject, which does not seem to have made any great impression on the "minds" of thinking and literate people. It is this. The *distinction* always to be made between an EDUCATED and UNEDUCATED Catholic. We aver, from our own personal knowledge; long, and we may fearlessly add, tried experience—that an educated Catholic is invariably found a good, if not exemplary practical Christian and humanist; it is only the ignorant poor, and uneducated Catholic, therefore, on whom the priest—if he be other than good, pious, benevolent, and charitable, *can* by possibility "work wonders." The EDUCATED are not wont to succumb to his pastoral humours; they are—beyond the latent tyranny of the "cowl." There is, manifestly, all this difference and distinction between the uneducated and lettered Protestant: notwithstanding the dogmas your Exeter Hall publicans and sinners may bellow forth to the contrary.

To those who have seen "the hand-writing on the wall," in England, we need not say they have nothing to fear;—rather let them look to the "education" of the people. The religion of the uncorrupted human heart is very wide apart from *all* the pretended religions of the earth, especially that denominated Catholic. Ignorance and guilt are ever found alike equally eager to seize that which may—by the roguery and wretched pandering of the magistrates (magister docet)—or, more plainly, the self-degraded and hypocritical priests—be rendered serviceable to their personal safety, and thus secure their longer continuance in this mortality. But for a good man to contemplate upon these things, and not feel vitally disgusted, it were impossible.

"Sustain'd in conscious virtue, and athirst
With longings of celestial ecstasies,
And 'franchises' of disembodied bliss,
These men do no indignity to me—
They hold me not—my last undying part
Soon shall walk the empyreal realms of space,
With sages and philosophers of old—
Majestic Homer, and the bards of Greece,
The eagle-pinioned spirits of past days;
With Plato, who held converse with the skies—
And Socrates, *who show'd us how to die.*
Worthies, the master spirits of their age,
With minds of giant mould, whose nerve of soul
Could look in the face of thunderbolts of heaven—
Beautified companions of my joys—
And *see*, with them, the First Great Cause of all."

SEMPER FIDELIS.

THE DRAMA IN FRANCE.

A series of articles has lately appeared in the Constitutional, criticising somewhat severely the present state of the English drama and its supporters; and the writer, after some vaunting comparisons, comes to the abrupt conclusion, that in England "the drama is dead and the opera unborn." Though we are free to confess that the drama is not in the most prosperous condition, we are certain there is still talent more than sufficient for respectably filling the higher branches, and that too in a manner not to be surpassed at the present time in Paris.

The "Theatre Français" must of course be considered as the stronghold of the legitimate drama in France; and we naturally look to it, (particularly when we consider the privileges of the Director) as possessing the best company the country can produce; and the performances consisting always of tragedy and comedy, there is no reason why every character should not be adequately filled. The company at present contains, amongst others of less note, the names of Ligier, Monrose, Sanson, Volnys, Manelle, Mars, Mesdames d'Orval, Menjaud, and Volnys. Now, amongst these, is there more than one name of extraordinary talent? Mlle. Mars is of course, at the present day, without a rival, either in France or elsewhere, but it is not very often that the Rue Richelieu is honoured by her performances, as she is a little fastidious in the choice of character, so that the burthen may be said to rest upon the others. That these may be all persons of talent, no one will deny, but after the sweeping censure against our own actors by the French critic, we did expect to find something more than mediocrity in a theatre exclusively devoted to the drama. M. Ligier is the Hamlet and Othello of the company, and if in his own country fault is occasionally found with him, for a want of originality in the conception of his characters, we have no right to impugn the judgment, but at the same time, considerable applause was bestowed upon his performance of the Duke of Gloucester, in "Les Enfants D'Edonard,"—and until some one springs into notice, he is likely to continue the leading business in Tragedy.

Monrose is the Figaro of Beaumarchais' Comedy, and is a lively actor, though not a very young man, since he has a son on the same boards. Sanson is the original representative of Bertrand, in Scribe's play of "Bertrand and Raton," known in this country as "The Minister and the Mercer." Volnys and his wife have but lately joined the company, their reputation being gained at the minor theatres. Mad. Volnys, who is better known as Leontine Fay, began her career as a child, and until she was more than sixteen years of age, stirred the provinces as the "Prodigy only ten years old." Madame Dorval is an actress of much merit, and, we think, not yet sufficiently appreciated; her performance in "La Fiancée de Lammermoor," at the Porte St. Martin, gave promise of future excellence. Madame Menjaud is a great favourite, and increased the number of her admirers by the character she sustained in "Les Enfants d'Edonard."

Comparisons are at all times invidious, but in the present instance, it has been provoked, because we are certain, that little as the drama is now esteemed in this country, there is still talent in one of our national theatres to cast a tragedy or comedy stronger than at the "Theatre Français," devoted as it is solely to the higher walks of the drama.

The old plays are rarely attractive at Paris, excepting Ma'mselle Mars performs, and she rarely fails of attracting an audience; but when novelty is the order of the day, the Director has no reason to find fault with his speculation. The performance of "Bertrand et Raton," "Les Enfants d'Edonard," "Le Tyran," and recently "Don Juan d'Autriche," have given him no cause to complain that the public will not patronise sterling dramas; and credit is certainly due to the Director for the manner in which the pieces are produced; they are not considered as dead weights for "off nights" and brought forward with every disadvantage to the author, by vexatious alterations and readings by the actors, of which he is wholly innocent, but are produced only after very frequent rehearsals, and then with the minor parts well cast, so that there should be no want of harmony to prevent its playing smoothly. Great praise, too, must be given for the beauty and fidelity of the costumes, which, in many instances, are magnificent; the principal performers being obliged to find their own dresses.

The last production, "Don Juan d'Autriche," has been very successful, and deservedly so, although the last act is very weak and defective; but this is by no means an uncommon fault with the French Dramatists, who generally make the conclusion of their pieces so unsatisfactory, that you are hardly aware when it is finished.

At the Porte St. Martin a new dramatic school seems to have sprung into existence, and we are rather at a loss to assign it a title. A few years since the French were most fastidious with regard to the nature of their performances for the stage; and any author who presumed to diverge from the beaten track was certain of the fate that awaited his production. The taking away life on the stage, in what shape soever, was against every acknowledged rule of propriety, and these little matters, out of regard for the delicate feelings of the audience, were arranged behind the scenes, the actor's word being considered sufficient that it had been done; and great was the surprise, not to say indignation, of the spectators when the English company were playing at the "Salle Favart," to find Othello ruthlessly slaying the unhappy Desdemona. But now the opposite extreme is all the rage, and what a few years ago would the same audience have thought of such pieces as "Dix Ans de la Vie d'une Femme," "La Tour de Nesle," "Antony," "L'Armurier de Brientz," "Lucrece Borgia," &c. &c. The first of these is by Scribe, and has at least the merit that a good moral may be drawn from it—though the incidents and situations are revolting in a very high degree; and in one scene in particular, where the paramour of the unhappy woman compels her to write a letter after his dictation, the audience even of the present day generally express their disapprobation, and consider it a little too much. The principal performers at this theatre are Boccage, Lemaitre, Lockwy, and Mlle. George, so well known as the rival of Duchêsnois; these actors are considered in France as belonging exclusively to the "new school." Boccage is indisputably a man of superior

talents and his favourite characters of "Antony," and "Buridan," in the "Tour de Nesle," would be faultless, could we reconcile ourselves to the dramas. Lemaitre is known in this country by his excellent performances in "L'Auberger des Adrets," and the sequel of which he is the author. Lockroy is a rising actor, and more than respectable in the character of Aackmanoff in "Catherine II." of which he is partly the author: Mlle. George is almost without a rival at the present day in tragedy, and though much praise has been bestowed upon her performances in "Perinet Leclerc," "Bergami," and "La Tour de Nesle," we must confess we regret to see her in such pieces. As the director of the Porte St. Martin has found this new class of dramas so much to his profit, it is most probable they will continue to multiply.

The great strength, however, of the French must be considered to rest on their vaudevilles, and it cannot be denied that in these light and elegant productions they are unrivalled; the actors seem exactly fitted to their parts, and move in them with an ease and grace that seems like nature itself. The greater proportion of these pieces are intended as moving pictures of the manners of the day, and any little incident that attracts momentary attention is seized upon with avidity, and before the recollection of the circumstance has passed away, it is attracting crowds to the theatre which is lucky enough to be the first in the field—what a host of talent is comprised in the names of Odry, Verner, Bouffe, Arnal, Perlet, Bernard L'eon; Mesdes. Albert, Vertpré, Jenny, Cola, Allan, Despreaux, and Dejaset—it is here we find what we are unfortunately almost without, in England, comic actors, for a proper distinction is drawn in Paris between the actor and buffoon, and the authors are careful which of the two they intrust with their characters.

This seems the favourite field with the authors, and one in which the talents of Messrs. Scribe and his coadjutor Melesville are seen to the greatest advantage, and to which the Chevalier de Rock transfers his admirable novels with all their original freshness. M. Ancelot is particularly successful in this line of composition, and the care with which he finishes his productions is deserving of every praise.

It is a fortunate thing for us in England that the writers of vaudevilles in France, generally construct their works upon such very slight materials, and that their success depends greatly upon the actors; who rarely fail to embody the author's conception most faithfully—since it saves us from being more beholden at the present day than we are for pieces at our miscalled national theatres. The English adapters consider that, because a vaudeville has been popular at Paris, of course it must be so in London, but that is by no means a just criterion. What is "L'Ambassadeur," or "Le Savant," without Perlet—"Fortuné," in "Le Bossu a la Mode," without Vernet,—or "La Femme de L'Avouè," without Jenny Vertpre? The managers of some of our theatres can tell us to their cost. A vaudeville requires very little plot, but much care is bestowed in the delineation of the characters, and which by the time they have assumed an English garb, have altogether ceased to be what the author intended them, and the adapter has nothing to rely on save the plot, and the consequence is a most vapid piece, discreditable to the theatre that produces it and the translator who has bungled it. B.

ADVICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

LITERATURE, which at one time was confined to royal and monastic retreats, has now become so widely diffused, that it may fairly lay claim to the rank and title of a learned profession. The extensive range of reading which it embraces, the seductive investigations of natural philosophy, and the splendid but abstruse science of metaphysics, give it additional claims to precedence over some of those which are called, *par excellence*, learned. It is, indeed, a gratifying fact, that genius and literary industry now find a ready mart. There are few who pretend to literature that may not now, with little more than ordinary care, rise, by the aid of that magic engine, the "gray-goose quill," from indigence to comparative independence. Genius of every cast has an almost boundless field in the increasing number of periodicals, where merit is rarely neglected.

Few, however, have commenced a literary career unassailed by difficulties of one kind or another, most, if not all, of which may be fairly ascribed to causes apparently trifling; and as I cannot better describe them than by giving some brief account of how I fared when I started with quill in hand, I shall here, for the assistance of young men, who with few friends to direct them in their first appeals to the tender mercies of editors, and with no other knowledge of the world than what they may have picked up from books, state some of the obstacles which strewed my road, "thick as leaves in Valambrosa."

I was, unfortunately, by the death of both my parents, thrown at a very early age upon my own resources. During the lifetime of my father, I had often heard that, with prudence and perseverance, a man of tolerable quickness might secure, by the exercise of his pen, in London, a comfortable mode of living. The mill-horse work of professional life had always for me the greatest horror; and it may easily be supposed, that, freed as I now was from any obligation of filial duty, I should not willingly devote myself to the drudgery of office. My mind thus unshackled by the routine habits of any fixed calling, I plunged heedlessly into the precarious field of periodical literature, and full of the dreamy anticipations of youth, I started for the metropolis.

It is almost impossible to convey to the mind of a Londoner, surrounded as he is, from his cradle up, with friends and connexions of one kind or another, an idea of the feelings which London, with its living panorama of faces, leaves on the mind of a friendless, moneyless adventurer. It is a wilderness of living beings without one feeling in common. Though I was perfectly conscious that I had not one to whom, even as a directing friend, I might appeal in this world of place, yet, when I moved through its gay and fashionable crowds, a feeling of despondency came over me. I had often heard of the old saw, of a great city being a great wilderness; I now for the first time felt its

painful reality. For days and weeks, with a curiosity incident to youth, I sauntered about, led on by the beauty and variety of its streets, squares, and public buildings. In the crowd of fashionable equipages, through which as a street spectator I moved during the day, I forgot the misery of my own condition: but at evening, when returning from those scenes, the loneliness of my situation was most appalling. The living panorama of faces which was constantly before my eyes during the day, afforded ample facilities for disposing of all the useless time which I had on my hands, and which, with the exception of the intervals usually set apart for dress and meals, composed the entire day. As night closed in upon me, my thoughts, which were abroad all day, now centered upon myself, and I fancied that I alone was the special object of Divine wrath, and whilst all others were laughing over the occurrences of the day, or forgetting them in the tumult of dissipation, I was doomed to my own painful reflections in my little back room—I forget how many pair of stairs up—in the vicinity of that *terra incognita* north of the New Road. I had often all but come to the silly resolution of ending this state of things, even with a "bare bodkin"—a resolution which, I fear, nineteen-twentieths of the young men who embark upon the dangerous sea of a London speculating life, without some friendly direction, often think of. Thanks to the kindness of a good-natured old man, with whom I lodged, I was left as little to my own reflections as the pressing calls of a large family would admit. It did not require much ingenuity to discover, that the occupier of a small back bedroom was not overburdened with cash. From an impression of this kind, this good old man repeatedly pressed on me many little attentions. He allowed me the use of his little stock of books, which, though not very *recherché*, still had some curiosities among them. There was a collection of stray magazines here, which first fixed my attention. The ephemeral nature of monthly periodicals, with perhaps an innate conviction that there was nothing in me which could fairly lay claim to greater longevity, directed all my efforts to this particular department.

Though I had yet figured in no other character than as an occasional contributor to a weekly newspaper, I had the vanity, like all young contributors, to suppose that I could infuse a degree of point and humour into any subject. My first essay was a love tale. I brought to its composition such qualities as I thought must succeed. I was young, which of itself is alone sufficient to people the imagination with all manner of fairies and fancies, and somewhat also of the disposition of the sentimental tourist, that a man who had not a sort of affection for the whole sex, could never love one as he ought; so you may judge, that there was no parsimony of praise or perfumery. My periods were long, straggling collections of rambling, romantic expressions, stuck full of poetic effusions, which had about them manifest traces of having more than once served the office of some extravagant German romance-maker. In all the interviews which I effected between my lovers, I endeavoured as much as possible to make them deviate from the common ordinary mode which simple, unaffected nature invariably pursues. Nature, in my tale, had little to do; to adhere to her unerring rules would argue a poverty of genius, which I was desirous to avoid. It may be easily imagined, that my tale was returned, with a note expres-

sive of regret that the tale would not suit The —— Magazine. The reader, if he has ever had returned upon him a paper upon which he has appended a tolerable portion of his literary reputation, may be able to form some idea of my indignation against that Vandalish act. Here was a love tale, which had about it the evident traces of *more* labour, both mental and physical, than ever love-tale before bore, and yet it was rejected. I put it aside, and set about another, of a more sombre cast—more in unison with the temperament of the editor, who I learned to be a thinking Scotchman. The fate of this differed little from the former: it was returned with a hint that the paper was rather too long, but that, in other respects, there were some good points about it. I read the tale over and over twenty times, and could not for the life of me discover even a word that seemed out of place; so chary are we of our paper bantlings. I tried to cut it down, but found it impossible: —*brevis esse laboro, obscurus fio.* "No," I exclaimed, "I will not spoil it; some other editor may discover its merits." So I put it aside.

In this way I went on for several months; when one day I mentioned to a friend of mine, who had considerable experience in those matters, how difficult it was to hit the peculiar vein of writing which suited the magazines. He seemed inclined to think otherwise, and said, that the very nature of the subjects would incline to the same impression. I then said that I had been plaguing editors for months back with laboured contributions, but had had all returned upon me—to be sure, with some such salvo as this: that the subject was too old, the matter too voluminous, and such-like hints. "I should like," said my friend, "if you have any of those papers by you, to see some of them." The love tale, which I considered a *chef-d'œuvre*, was the first which I showed him. As I handed it down from an old press which stood in a corner of the room, my friend exclaimed, with a loud laugh, as I untied a piece of red tape from what looked more like one of those chancery briefs in the case of Atwood and Smale, than a modest contribution to a magazine, "Well may you fairly say you have been plaguing editors with papers, if this be a fair specimen. Who, in the name of all that is good or reasonable, could expect an unfortunate editor to sit down and read a voluminous quarto like this, with its additamenta of blots, bad writing, and dirty paper. You are, I see," says he, "entirely unacquainted with some of the important items in this great affair, as you call it, of writing for the periodicals. They are apparently trifling; but take the assurance of one who has had some little experience, both as contributor and editor, that they are indispensable to success in these wordy matters. In the first place, you must know, that the nature of magazines is such as to exist only by variety, and cannot consequently afford space for your quarto contributions, except at the sacrifice of excluding more amusing matter. Papers that have any chance of insertion should not exceed three or four pages; they should be written in a clean, fair hand, without blot or stain. I cannot give you any idea of the favourable impressions which a contribution in a neat, gentlemanly manner, leaves on the mind of an editor. They are generally men of extensive reading, and are not strangers to fine writing, be it ever so good; they will hardly take the trouble to read over a slovenly paper. A communication in a form such as I here advise, has this great ad-

vantage—it is, at any rate, a presumption that it is the work of a gentleman, which will at once imply a cultivated state of mind. The fag of an editor differs, perhaps, only in kind from that of a 'brewer's dray-horse.' Tired and exhausted with an endless perusal of papers in which he has little interest, you may easily imagine that the shortest, neatest, and most legible paper will be sure to obtain the first reading, and, unless it be bad indeed, a place in the next number. To these little secondary matters, I think I may fairly ascribe any success which I have had: and, as human nature is about the same now as when I laboured on literary ground, and as editors' tables still groan under all manner of writing, believe me, that the most promising in appearance will be sure to command the editor's attention first. Bear this well in mind in all future efforts, and I am greatly mistaken if you do not find your account in it."

After my friend had left me, I began a paper which I was determined should not exceed four pages. I wrote it out on ruled paper, and inclosed it, when finished, in a handsome envelope. The "paper"—it was a reminiscence—had, I know, some merit, but, I think, not superior to some which I had unceremoniously returned on me—and it appeared in the next number. I have since written much, and have had few indeed refused; which, I think, is owing as much to those little elegancies of finish as to their intrinsic merit. To great geniuses, perhaps, these trifles are unnecessary; but few indeed, unless they are Bacons, can altogether reject them.

ANONYMOUS.

TO THE MOON.

ART thou pale for weariness
  Of climbing heaven, and
  Looking down on earth?
Wandering companionless
  Among the stars, that have
  A different birth?
And ever changing, like a
  Joyless eye,
That finds no object worth
  Its constancy?

Æ.

THE MEANS OF IMPROVING THE PEOPLE.

CONSERVATIVE POSTULATE.

Do they need improvement? No, say the Tories, they are very well as they are. Good machines, very good machines, to work for *us*—but not for *themselves*. Fire is a good servant, but a bad master—so are the people. That is, the common herd, the canaille are dregs,—the scum, the froth, the rakings and scrapings of the road we walk upon; put them in *red*, they are good tools for tyrants to cast away, to whip at the halbert, to shoot and be shot at, for tenpence a day. Put them in *blue*, they will regulate the swinish cloffer clow—the poor devils that do good by *stealth*, and blush to find it *fame*. They will make war upon apple-carts of a Sunday, and upon cobblers upon Saint Monday,—will smash iron-hoops, stop peg in the ring, upset the waiter, and safely lodge those who mingle—

> "Black spirits and white, red spirits and gray,
> With their dull bits of bodies made up of cold clay.
> Put them in black, or like magpies dress them;
> They'll preach and they'll pray all night, heaven bless them."

But the people themselves—*have they minds?* That was a mistake in providence—the gift of language is an inconvenience. Why were they not without mouths? it would have saved the making of tongues and stomachs, and much valuable time now employed in eating and drinking, might have been spent in hard work. Could we have arranged the universe, we would have managed better, and have reduced the science of government to a fraction. It is a pity the people have *souls*, it gives us a deal of trouble: *they* never take any care of them, *we* have to do it; besides, *they break* all the laws *that we make*, and are always finding fault with every thing. Improve them—yes, this would be the way to improve them and to make them happy. Take away their souls—eight millions a year would be saved, now paid for expounding the scriptures, and two millions spent in printing them: take away their *mouths*—seventy-five millions of meals (for the creatures will eat three times a-day,) would be saved, and goodness knows how many pots of beer and glasses of gin. Take away their *minds*, they would not always *be trying to think*—which they never can do *correctly*—nor bothering themselves about things that are too high for them. What do they want to *think* for? Do they ever do any good by thinking? And what does the elaboration of their thoughts amount to, after all,—why, *Public opinion*, a dangerous, mischievous, awkward, saucy, impertinent, impudent, prolific, awful supernumerary—THINK, nonsense! are WE not paid for thinking. Then, what need of education, or mechanics' institutes, or young men's societies, or mutual instruction parties, or aught besides to make them. The people are very well of themselves, and would have no more propensity for thinking, than *bacon* curiously cured by the Westphalia

process. But Lord Brougham and Dr. Birkbeck, by reflecting themselves in the many-mirrored multitude, multiply themselves most odiously. Mechanics' institutes! and what are they? Ginglemerations of intelligence; in which, by a process of mental chemistry, the popular intellect is purged of its dross, and the understanding is emancipated from its darkness—and who wants this?—Not a Tory. This is at least *no torious*.

THE PROOF LIBERAL.

Mechanics' institutes, without being ostensibly political, may be termed the Conservative associations of the middle classes. They contain, within themselves, the seeds of future improvement, and not only the seeds, but the germs of perpetual reproduction; originally framed by men of the most comprehensive minds and the soundest judgment, they have gone on "into the bowels of the land without impediment," and have called into action, from the most obscure depths, spirits who have materially aided in changing the moral and political atmosphere that surrounds them; and adapted in degree to their common wants, their common sympathies, and their common nature. From mechanics' institutes, not only have *individuals* arisen, but what is of more importance to mankind, as having that eternity of undying truth about them, which will extend and multiply itself while mind shall last, are *the principles which have been evolved by their transactions*. Dead and dormant flesh has been called by the voice of a Birkbeck, a Brougham, or a Stacy, to the resurrection of life, to the enjoyment of a new and more delightful existence. The gross husk of the animal nature has been stripped off, and the pure mind has begun to mount, as on eagles' wings, towards that sun of knowledge, whose focus is truth, and there it has not failed to catch a glimpse of its own likeness. Mechanics' institutes ought to be looked upon, by the people, as fortresses of their intellectual power—as the rock of their mental strength. Here, without the deceit of politics, or without being made the tools of party, the people may firmly entrench themselves, and stand at bay against their oppressors, armed with a panoply of living light, which, like the fabled shield of Minerva, would paralize all who dared to molest. Science and Philosophy become in them co-operators in the great work of human improvement, and in the intellectual emancipation of man, and adjuncts in the sacred cause of civil and religious liberty all over the world.

But other societies, modifications of the great leading ones, the mechanics' institutes, are striking their brachia into the ramifications of society. There are the *Mutual Instruction Societies*—associations of young men, who meet together not only to imbibe truth and receive opinions, but to subject all knowledge to rigorous examination, and the test of *public discussion* and investigation. Here the mind is not only a passive recipient of knowledge, but an active disseminator of its own acquired stores, for the benefit of others. No fallacious theory can withstand the grasp of their rigorous and impartial analysis; and no quack systems can be foisted upon the amount of vigorous intelligence which the Mutual Instruction Societies comprise. Every man in England, who loves his country better than himself, who values freedom of speech and opinion—who would have that portion of society, of

which he is an *integer*, raised into numeral value, by the advance of its component parts, should fail to become a member of a Mechanics' Institute, or of a Mutual Instruction Society. Unfortunately, there are some who, from education and associations early imbibed, are afraid of drinking of the castalian waters of Parnassus, or of diving into the arcanum of nature; under the idea that religion would suffer, or that the peculiar notions of their sect may be disturbed. But woe to that religion, which truth can unhinge—and woe to that individual, who thinks that he is not the inheritor of knowledge—which is the peculiar gift of God to man. But there is a "movement" even among the religionists of the day. They dare no longer say that knowledge is inimical to faith; they are at last forced to throw aside the paltry fear, and seem eager to look abroad upon nature, her powers, and her phenomena—and upon those applications of men's powers, to that knowledge which forms *pure science*, as the mighty *lever* which must at last move the world, when the minds of men will deign to be the fulcrum. And there are *The Young men's Societies*, which are composed of ardent young men, who range themselves besids religion, and would make science and philosophy her handmaids. They will go on, and with the other means we here mention, tend to the improvement of the people. In their service they have an organ than which there is none more valuable or able. The *Educational Magazine*, which comprises, in a word, the highest philosophcial talent with the most perfect practice, in not only school instruction, but in the instruction of men, and the dissemination of those great and glorious principles, which have brought mankind out of savage barbarism and feudal slavery; and which shall yet bear him onwards and upwards, till the abuses and error, which surround, shall fade away like mists at the coming of the sun.

The people, then, must improve themselves—they must not wait for acts of parliament, or trust to penal or retributive legislation. They have *the means* in their own hands; they have talent, energies, if roused, more dreadful than the *Conservative fire* of ten thousand Birmingham associatians. We, therefore, advise them to unite in intelligence, and lay hold of the truth in legislature, in science, in art, in nature; and thus led to trust to *themselves*, the *Truth shall make them Free.*

W. M.

THE CENTRAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

Of all the unions which have yet been established for national purposes—whether in defence of our liberties, our rights, or our interests—not one has yet presented an aspect more formidable, or better calculated, if ably and judiciously conducted, to work out some great good for the suffering millions, than the Central Agricultural Society of Great Britain and Ireland.

The objects being to collect the scattered forces of the Laned Interest into one powerful body—to give efficiency to the Local Agricultural Association, by correspondence with the central board in London, partly represented by deputies from the former, and by the united influence of the whole to obtain, for the first time, a full, free, and unrestricted inquiry, in both Houses of Parliament, into all the causes of agricultural distress, whether it be the currency, or tithes, the want of poor laws for Ireland, or an equalization of the poor-rates in England, or any other local burden.

In connection with these objects, the "Agriculturist's Journal,"—(see advertisement)—has been established, under the patronage of the central society, but at the sole risk and responsibility of the two honorary secretaries; not only that it may serve as an organ for communicating weekly, to every district of the country, the proceedings of the society, but also, by a total abstinence from party politics, and an independence of the conflicting struggles of Whigs, Tories, Conservatives, or Radicals, it may, by its neutrality, cause the agriculturists to be respected by *all* parties; making the farmers that which in reality they are, too influential to be neglected, too numerous to be bribed, too intelligent to be cajoled, and too importunate to have any longer a deaf ear turned to their prayers for redress.

With these views and principles, the Central Society has gained rapidly in public estimation. It has only been established a few weeks; *fifty* Local Agricultural Associations in different parts of the kingdom, have already declared their adhesion; many others are now forming for the purpose of joining; and more than *four hundred* Noblemen, Baronets, Members of Parliament, Land-owners, and Fund-owners, Potestants and Catholics, Whigs, Tories, and Radicals, comprising, in fact, every shade and hue of politics. Religion and interest are here found cordially associated, and sitting at the same board, determined not to be again humbugged by *false* principles of legislation, for the accumulation and *not* the diffusion of wealth, by ignorance or blindness, but to *reveal* what ought never to have been *concealed* by honest men,—namely, the *real* cause of that intolerable Agricultural distress, which cannot be much longer endured without endangering the monarchy itself, and involving the whole empire in one terrible convulsion!

With a view to avert this dreadful calamity, and to discover not only the *real* cause of such insupportable evils, but some adequate remedy for them, hitherto so repeatedly *denied* by Parliament, sub-committees have

been formed on each of the alleged grievances, and reports will be made by the more competent and experienced authorities, on each and all of the suspected causes; and that cure will be unanimously adopted by the whole Agricultural Classes of the United Kingdom, which may, after due deliberation, be pronounced by the General Committee and Deputies assembled, to be the principal cause of a condition so alarming and full of peril to the whole kingdom.

We most cordially lend our aid to this valuable institution, with a lively anxiety for its prosperity and immediate usefulness.

Ed. O. M. M.

BALLAD.—FROM THE SPANISH.

When from France we went together,
One and all, our faith we plighted,
That, whoever fell in battle,
We would bear him home to rest.
But now, when the victorious Spaniards
Press us close in hot pursuit,
Amid the rain, and stir, and turmoil,
We have lost ONE PATRIOT here.

Seven times they cast the lots,
For who should venture back to seek him
To the good old man, his father,
Seven times the lot was given.
Thrice the lot fell fairly to him,
Four times it was foully dealt:
And yet, though it had not been dealt him:
He could not have stay'd behind.

Back the old man turn'd his bridle,
None to bear him company,
And in anger and in anguish,
Ere he went, did he reproach them.—
"Home to France! ye recreant Frenchmen!
Ye who love your lives with shame!
Only for the sake of Beltram,
Cowards, came I here with you—
And not the faith which I have plighted,
Nor the lots so falsely dealt me.

"Send me back to seek my son,
Love and vengeance are enough;
Since my son for love of honour,
Did not call to mind his father.
Back I go to St. Sebastian,
Back I go—remembering him.

"But if oaths and plighted homage,
Frenchmen! are of force with you,
Think not that by my destruction
Ye from danger shall escape!
Cast again the lots, I tell you,
See who next must seek for me,
'Tis not for the dead I hasten,—
'Tis for vengeance and for death."

H.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

A Hard Case.—An American paper has the following brief, complaining paragraph:—

"One of our subscribers has stopped his paper, because we refused to insert an obituary, two columns in length, of a child of his which died at the age of two months. We should have had no objection to publish a short obituary of the infant—but what would our other readers have said to two mortal columns?"

It was, doubtless, a most unreasonable thing, to request the insertion of so voluminous an obituary of a child, which only reached the innocent age of a couple of months, and the fact of the father stopping his paper, because it was refused—only shows what queer customers our Yankee brethren of the press have to deal with. We are sorry, however, after all, that our friend of the broad sheet, on the other side of the Atlantic, did not, as a matter of curiosity, publish this two-column obituary; and we beg to give the father of the infantile deceased due notice, should this meet his eye, that the pages of *The Monthly Magazine* will be at once thrown open to him. Let him, by all means, send the obituary to us as soon as possible; and, even supposing it should occupy half our space, it shall grace the next following number of the *Monthly*. What we are curious to know is, where, or how, this exemplary parent possessed himself of materials respecting this infant—out of which he could spin two newspaper columns. We had thought the first two months of infancy were not particularly prolific of epochs or vicissitudes, out of which an obituary might be manufactured. It is pretty clear, one would think, that at that tender age, babies free from the vices of after life, could not have been overstocked with the positive virtues. What then, in the name of wonder, could this Yankee parent have had to say about his "little cherub," that would have filled two columns. It may have been a "dear babe," as all babes are; and it may have been devotedly attached to "nurse" and to "pap;" but then this is so commonplace an affair in the annals of babyship, that we cannot conceive on what ground this affectionate father thought them worthy of particular mention, in the case of his child. We wish we had not seen the above paragraph: it has inspired in us a cosuming curiosity to see these two columns of infantine biography. The best biography ever written of any philosopher, statesman, or warrior, would not have half the same charms to our minds

The Anti-Musical Mr. Laing.—Mr. Laing, the poor man's friend, of Hatton Garden office, ordered three poor "foreign fellows," to be sent, the other day, to the House of Correction for one month. And for what crime, do our readers think? Some very serious one, no doubt? For the crime of discoursing, the previous evenings, most sweet music in the streets. We had always supposed the Hatton-Garden worthy could have no relish for harmony; otherwise it would have

softened his disposition, however severe naturally, to a greater extent than we have yet seen any indications of; but we were not before aware that he carried his anti-musical dislikes so very far as it now appears he does. It is fortunate for Orpheus that he did not live in these days, and within the magisterial jurisdiction of Mr. Laing. Whatever effect his melody might have had on the stones of the field, it would have had a most awkward effect, for the musician, on Mr. Laing. The music, which, in this case, called forth so fearful a burst of this gentleman's magisterial ire, is said to have been exquisitely beautiful, and such as might have softened and subdued the most unfeeling soul—always, of course, excepting Mr. Laing's—in Christendom it has happily been decided at head quarters, that to treat the lieges to a little music in the streets, is no offence cognizable by law, however annoying it may be to the tympanum of the Hatton-Garden Solon. The three poor fellows have consequently been set at liberty. For this consummation, they and the public are indebted to the benevolent and spirited exertions of Mr. Barber Beaumont, who brought the case under the consideration of the Home Secretary. If Mr. Laing could not endure the charming music of these foreigners, we wonder how he would relish the Scotch bagpipes? We know that Donald, on one occasion, when travelling in Spain, was attacked by a wolf; which, after eating the dinner to which he had sat down by the road-side, threatened to masticate himself—and that he only escaped the animal's devouring jaws, by causing his bagpipes to emit some of their most discordant and snorting sounds, which made the wolf immediately take to its heels. We should not be surprised, now that to play the musician in the street is declared to be no offence against the law, if some kilted Highlandman should occasionally station himself opposite Mr. Laing's house, and serenade him, with his bagpipes, for some two or three hours at a time. This, to a person like Mr. Laing, would be much more intolerable, than was the House of Correction to the three unfortunate foreigners alluded to.

Compliment to the Electors of Westminster.—"Old Glory," as Cobbett used to call him, has addressed another epistle to the electors of Westminster, in reply to Mr. O'Connell's "last" from Derrynane Abbey. A more wishy-washy, milk-and-water affair never emanated from the quill of any goose. In sheer stupidity it outdoes all that even Sir Francis himself has done of late. The epistolian, however, if he does nothing else to the purpose, takes care to give the electors of Westminster a rather broad hint as to the measure of respect in which he holds them, and the gratitude he feels towards them for their past services to him. If Mr. O'Connell escapes, they do not. Indeed, it may be more than suspected that, though the professed object of the letter was to chastise the member for Ireland, the real one was to express, by means of ironical language, the most sovereign contempt for his representatives. He commences his epistle thus:—"Gentlemen,—A frost having interrupted the sports of the field, I take up my pen to perform a work of supererogation in noticing the last drowsy, feeble, Alexandrian epistle from Derrynane," &c. We are sure the electors of Westminster cannot fail duly to appreciate the high compliment thus paid them by implication: Sir Francis here very candidly admits that he infinitely prefers the sports of the field to his duties as representative of Westminster, and that he

disdained to bestow even a thought on his constituents, so long as there was any chance of unkennelling a fox, with any probability of pursuing him to the death. When the hoary-headed lover of the sports of the field next appears on the hustings of Westminster, we hope the electors will, without ceremony, take care to insure to themselves the sport of hunting him off the hustings, and thus put it into his power, as far as they are concerned, of enjoying the pleasures of the chase till doomsday. But let us do justice to Sir Francis: he deserves credit for his straightforwardness. There are other representatives who hold their constituents equally cheap, but they either lack the honesty or courage to say so. Sir Francis says that, could the people of Ireland open their eyes, they would say to O'Connell, in reference to the tribute, as the frogs said in the fable—"Though this be sport to you, it is death to us." Does not this look very like certain personages' representative. Might not the foxes, with a still greater—nay, with a literal propriety, address the same language to Sir Francis himself, when prosecuting the "sports of the field."

Episcopal Lords.—Whatever it may prove when time shall be no more, it must be a very comfortable thing to be one of the "dignitaries of the church," as they are called, in the present life. It is true, they all promise, on taking holy orders, to renounce the "pomps and vanities of this wicked world," but how far they adhere to the solemn engagement, we leave to themselves to say. The following short paragraph, which appeared in the daily papers a few days since, speaks volumes on the subject:—"The Archbishop of Canterbury and family have arrived at the Palace, Lambeth, for the season."

We wonder if the Apostle Paul, or the Apostle Peter, or any other of the twelve, had palaces to reside in; and if so, whether their transit from one such place of residence to another, was heralded in the same way as that of their successors of the present day. When the Apostles arrived at any particular place, during their sojourn on earth, it was for a "season" of a very different kind from that indicated in the above brief paragraph. Their "seasons" were seasons of cold, hunger, thirst, nakedness, reproaches, and persecutions of every kind. They knew nothing of the "seasons" of routs, balls, levees, operas, card-playing, &c Neither did they know what it was, like their self-styled successors of the present day, to roll about in their carriages, preaching, or "charging" their diocese rather, once in three or four years. If we would be unconverted until it is done by the dignitaries of the church, we have no sanguine hopes of living to see, even should we reach the age of Methuselah, that desirable consummation. How abundant the cause which the church of England has to pray that she may be saved from her friends! Hume, Gibbon, Paine, and all the Roman Catholics and Dissenters to boot, never inflicted on her half the injury which her own "dignitaries" have done.

The Siamese Twins.—These interesting personages are now, it appears, in Paris. One of the Journals compliments them on being much attached to each other. So they undoubtedly are; but like many an attachment beween husband and wife, it is one which they cannot help. Whether, if they had it in their power to part with each other when they pleased, they would betray so much fondness for one another's company, is a question which it is not for us to answer. They act wisely, however, in existing circumstances, to make themselves as agreeable together as

possible. It would prove a much more "untoward circumstance" in their case than in that of any "united pair," were they addicted to quarrelling, as neither could, by any exercise of his ingenuity, escape even for one little moment from the vituperation of the other. Husband and wife, when they quarrel, can betake themselves to separate apartments; and by that means, enjoy a temporary exemption, at least, from the reproaches and criminations of each other. Not so with the Siamese Twins: whatever the one chooses to say, the other is compelled to hear.

Working Colliers.—We could almost wish, that fate had destined us to be "working colliers." In that case we should have had some hopes of eventually attaining to wealth, if not to fame. As poor magazine editors, we have not the most slender prospect of either. The individual referred to in the following paragraph, may bless his stars, that he was made a working collier, instead of the editor of a journal. Had he filled the latter situation, he could, most certainly, never have had the good luck which is in reserve for him; for no one ever yet heard of "an editor" establishing his claim to property of "immense annual value;" nor of septennial value either. But let the paragraph alluded to, tell its own story:—

"A working collier, hitherto in very distressed circumstances, has recently established his claim as heir to property of immense annual value, near Ashby, in Liecestershire."

This is the eleventh or twelfth "working collier," who, if the papers may be credited, have had similar good fortune within the last six months. In all the other instances, if we remember rightly, there was a peerage, or some great title, associated with the "immense property." We are surprised to miss this pleasant-sounding appendage in the present instance. Probably, it may be the next thing to which this "working collier" may establish his claim. What lucky rascals these underground gentry are! It is right, however, to add, that however clearly they establish their claims to immense property, distinguished titles, &c., in the columns of public journals, they do not do it in one case out of a thousand in a court of law. It is the latter consideration alone, that prevents us from throwing ourselves into a "coal mine" at once.

Important Discovery.—Men may laugh and ridicule as they choose, but intellect is on the march at the present moment. Important discoveries are daily—nay, hourly being made in the arts and sciences. The most remarkable discovery which has been made of late, is thus recorded in the "Morning Herald" of Saturday the 22d, with all the solemnity which distinguishes the announcements of that journal:—

"A newly invented instrument called the *Axyrite*, has just been announced, with which, to the great dismay of the Barbers, persons may shave themselves without the use of either razor, soap, or water."

It is quite natural that the announcement of the discovery of the *Axyrite* should spread dismay among the barbers, just as the expected loss of office, when in power, spread dismay among the Tories. But on the Benthamite principle of the greatest happiness to the greatest numbers—that is to say, when we ourselves chance to be among the latter—we rejoice with ineffable joy at the ingenious invention. The barbers, fortunately, have one course open to them, which, we doubt

not, they will forthwith take: namely, to apply to the legislature for compensation. If their occupation, like that of Othello, be gone, what matters it to them, in point of fact, whether it be by an act of the legislature, or by the ingenuity of some of their fellow subjects. Their right to compensation is, in either case, as undoubted as that of the Town Clerks of the corporations. We understand, that the Duke of Cumberland and Colonel Sibthorpe intend henceforth to shave by means of the Axyrite; as their only objections to the process before had their origin in an unconquerable aversion to the application of soap or water to the lower parts of their physiognomies. It is also said, that, as a mark of their admiration of the great genius of the inventor, they mean to use all their influence with their Tory friends to procure a government pension of 500*l.* a year for him, when they return to office. The ingenious inventor of the Axyrite, who is a zealous Conservative, also holds out hopes, we understand, of being able to discover, in three or four weeks, a similar instrument by which he will not only be able to eject Lord Melbourne and his mendacious colleagues from office, but by which he can secure to the Tories the reins of government till the crack of doom. The name of the latter instrument has not yet transpired.

Miraculous Escape.—A morning paper, in describing an explosion which took place a few days since in a house in the New Cattle Market at Islington, states, "that two persons were blown through the roof, but happily escaped uninjured." Lucky dogs that they were! The escape was certainly a miraculous one, but that is no reason why the truth of the "penny-a-liner's" statement should be doubted. This class of *literati* are in the habit of seeing and hearing of hair-breadth escapes, and other marvellous occurrences, which never meet the eye or ear of any body else. We have no doubt that Baron Munchausen was a "penny-a-liner," for no one not a member of the fraternity could ever have undergone such wonderful vicissitudes, or witnessed such marvellous incidents, as those with which his celebrated pages teem. There exists no more rational ground for doubting that these two individuals alluded to were blown through the roof of the house by the explosion, and escaped uninjured, than there is for questioning the veracity of the venerable Baron's statement, when he states that on one occasion, when he had ascended a tree, it was torn up by the roots in a storm, and after being whirled for many hours in the air, and travelling a distance of three hundred miles, returned to the same spot, and struck its roots again in the earth, he remaining all the while quite comfortably ensconced amidst its ample foliage. We have, we repeat, no more right to doubt the truth of the first statement than we have to question the veracity of the second. We might have added, that the story of the two men being fired through the roof, just as if discharged from the barrel of a gun, without receiving the slightest injury, further perhaps than a momentary fright, is every whit as true as that other adventure, narrated by the aforesaid Baron,—namely, that when on one occasion making a long voyage, some huge fish swallowed the ship, a three-decker, with her largest mast one hundred feet high, and that the unfortunate ship, with all on board, remained in the belly of the said fish three months, when the "finny animal," on being suddenly seized with sickness, one morning, discharged himself of a commodity which must have been very

burdensome to her stomach, especially if tender. We may ourselves mention a rather marvellous occurrence which took place in the county of Elgin, in 1829, and which, as being 200 miles from the metropolis, has escaped the penny-a-liners:—the memorable flood of that year, amongst other ravages it committed on the property on the banks of the Spey, swept off, in the middle of the night, a little house, with nothing but "a but and a ben," tenanted by an aged weaver. The water, somehow or other, never entered the house, though it carried it away; and the weaver, who had been up all night in order to finish a web he had on hand, continued most industriously to ply the shuttle during the time he and his house were being carried forty miles down the river, when the water gently deposited the house and its inmate on an eminence it chanced to overflow to the depth of five feet, and left it there perfectly uninjured. In passing Craigellachie Bridge, the son of the shuttler chanced to look out at the window, and observing a great number of people standing on the bridge, gazing at the flood, he took off his hat, and making a gentle nod, saluted them with—"It's rather a dewy morning, friends!" the spectators assented, and the industrious weaver resumed his shuttle. It was only when he went out after taking breakfast—by which time the waters had subsided—that he discovered that a change had taken place in the locality of his humble abode.

LITERATURE AND ART.

The Supplement to "Bent's Literary Advertiser," for 1835, just issued, contains lists of the New Books and Engravings published in London, during the past year, with their sizes and prices. The number of books is about 1400, exclusive of New Editions, Pamphlets, or Periodicals, being 130 more than in 1834. The number of Engravings is 100 (including 47 Portraits), 15 of which are engraved in the line manner, 75 in Mezzotinto, and 10 in Aquatinta, Chalk, &c. This publication is so well known—its reputation so well grounded, that praise from us would be superfluous. It constitutes, perhaps, the only really genuine and well-authenticated daily and hourly Reference Book, to which the London and Country Bookseller may refer with confidence and security: moreover, it is well established as the "Text Book" of the literary commonwealth of England, if not of France, America, and Europe. It is but bare justice to the present Editor and Proprietor to state, that under his able management, the *arrangement* of "Bent's Advertiser" has been considerably improved.

The Paris Advertiser and Journal of English and Foreign Literature, George W. M. Reynolds, British and Foreign Library, Paris:—We have received the first number of this enlarged and much improved weekly emanation from the teeming press of Paris, or La Belle France; and feel bound to state our cordial approval—admiration, indeed—of the metamorphosis it has so suddenly undergone. We congratulate both the Editor and Proprietor of the "Journal of English and Foreign Literature," on their new undertaking, which, we think, merits extensive patronage.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

Reminiscences of a Literary Life. By the Rev. T. Frognall Dibdin, D.D. In two handsome volumes, royal 8vo., with a finely done portrait of the author, together with numerous engravings on wood and copper —all of them of a superior order. John Major, 71, Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, pp. 982.

At length—but not until the patience of the literati had been, in a slight degree, discomposed, in consequence of the delay—this astute and scholarly performance has made its appearance in the arena of modern classicality; and although we are not prepared to aver that it is,

"Above all Greek, above all Roman fame,"

yet we incline to the belief that it will be acknowledged—by all "honourable minds" and impartial critics—to constitute a work of no ordinary character, eminently calculated to adorn the "library table" of Lady Blessington, our benevolent, accomplished and exalted literary patroness; as it is worthy of a place *near* the portfolio of Lord Holland, and our first-class schoolmen.

These, and such as these, are the masters, as we also opine, that teach without scolding, and chastise without stripes; and, despite the "clamorous prattle" of designing reviewers, we most cheerfully rank ourselves amongst those who think highly of Dr. Dibdin's "Reminiscences of a Literary Life;" and as we really think, so we express, in respectful, but by no means eloquent language, our unbiassed opinion. We shall, in all probability, return to this refreshing work in our next Number. We have to express our qualified regret, that Dr. Dibdin's, like many other respectable publishers, did not forward our copy *before* the 16th of the month. We hope this may be attended to in future—by all our friends—and by publishers especially.

We had nearly forgotten to remark upon Dr. Dibdin's dedication. "To Sir Francis Freeling, Bart., &c., this work is respectfully incribed by his affectionate friend and faithful servant, the author." These handsome and illustrated volumes are admirably printed.

The Tourist's Guide through the Swiss and Italian Cantons. By Wm. Beattie, M.D., &c., illustrated in a series of views taken expressly for this work, by W. H. Bartlett, Esq. Parts 18 and 19. G. Virtue, Ivy Lane.

Much as we approved of some of the former parts of this highly interesting work, we cannot help expressing our still more favourable opinion of the two parts now before us. The one (part 18) contains, independently of the excellent letter-press, four beautifully engraved views—namely, Mount Caroin, Bern, Breig, with the ascent of the Simplon; together with a view of a street in Sion Valais. The other (part 19), contains a scene in the Valley of St. Nicholas; Magadino, Lago, Mazzione; the Pays de Vaud; and the defile of Gottenon. We are right glad to see a work so replete with highly finished landscape engravings—the best in this way we have yet seen—proceed with such increasing excellence. It speaks volumes for the taste of the present age.

Friendship's Offering for 1836. Smith, Elder, and Co.

THIS splendidly-bound volume contains many excellent articles, both in prose and verse. The illustrations are also of the highest order. Mr. Harrison has paid a feeling tribute to the memory of the able Editor who preceded him. His name is already familiar to the reading world. His own admirable article in the present volume, entitled "The Man that could never say No," alone bespeaks his competence for the present undertaking. When we mention the names of W. Jerdan, Barry Cornwall, L. E. L., the author of the Gipsy, the Hon. Mrs. Norton, T. K. Harvey, Douglas Jerrold, "Chartley," "Truckleborough Hall," and many others which have become household words in our literature, we have said enough, to confirm its high rank, which is sooner increased than diminished. There are also four poems by Thomas Miller, basket-maker. *The Literary Gazette*, *Athenæum*, *Court Journal*, *Courier*, *Globe*, and many other able papers, have already pronounced their favourable opinion of his merits, and we shall proceed to extract the following poem, without offering any further remarks than saying, that we coincide in their judgment.

THE EVENING HYMN.

How many days, with mute adieu,
Have gone down yon untrodden sky!
And still it looks as clear and blue,
As when it first was hung on high.
The rolling sun, the frowning cloud
That drew the lightning in its rear,
The thunder, tramping deep and loud,
Have left no foot-mark there.

The village bells, with silver chime,
Come softened by the distant shore;
Though I have heard them many a time,
They never rung so sweet before.
A silence rests upon the hill,
A listening awe pervades the air;
The very flowers are shut, and still,
And bowed as if in prayer.

And in this hushed and breathless close,
O'er earth, and air, and sky, and sea,
That still low voice in silence goes,
Which speaks alone, great God! of Thee.
The whispering leaves, the far-off brook,
The linnet's warble fainter grown,
The hive-bound bee, the lonely rook,—
All these their Maker own.

Now shine the starry hosts of light,
Gazing on earth with golden eyes;
Bright guardians of the blue-browned night;
What are ye in your native skies?
I know not! neither can I know,
Nor on what leader ye attend,
Nor whence ye came, nor whither go,
Nor what your aim or end.

I know they must be holy things,
That from a roof so sacred shine,
Where sounds the beat of angel-wings,
And footsteps echo all Divine.

Their mysteries I never sought,
Nor hearkened to what Science tells.
For, oh! in childhood I was taught
That God amidst them dwells.

The darkening woods, the fading trees,
The grasshopper's last feeble sound,
The flowers just wakened by the breeze,
All leave the stillness more profound.
The twilight takes a deeper shade,
The dusky pathways blacker grow,
And silence reigns in glen and glade,—
All, all is mute below.

And other eves as sweet as this
Will close upon as calm a day,
And, sinking down the deep abyss,
Will, like the last, be swept away;
Until eternity is gained,
That boundless sea without a shore,
That without time for ever reigned,
And will when time's no more.

Now Nature sinks in soft repose,
A living semblance of the grave;
The dew steals noiseless on the rose,
The boughs have almost ceased to wave;
The silent sky, the sleeping earth,
Tree, mountain, stream, the humble sod,
All tell from whom they had their birth,
And cry, "Behold a God!"

The Book of Christmas. By T. K. Hervey. With Illustrations by R. Seymour. Spooner.

We had thought that with Hone, who furnished the reading world with some interesting and amusing essays on the carol-customs of old Christmas, all hope of a further and still more graphic delineation of those ancient and pleasant revelries of our Saxon forefathers had passed away for aye. It is true that the great American literaturist, Washington Irving, in his fascinating "Sketch Book," most happily contrived to dovetail some of those scenes and sketches, which led us from time present back to the "merry Christmas" time of other days, with no less delight than laughter-loving amusement Nevertheless, it needs no confirmation, nor, indeed, does it require a Bible oath to be taken, to more plainly show that, to T. K. Hervey, the poet of fancy and of feeling, was it left to consummate the task which had only been begun by the before-mentioned sons of genius and of fame.

This clever and trenchant annual, then, has made its first appearance on the metropolitan stage of the world, under auspices of no ordinary kind. Although T. K. Hervey must be considered—in the exalted sense of the phrase—its author-editor, yet we are bound to state, that this accomplished gentleman and scholar has been assisted throughout his labours consequent on this astute undertaking by Mr. Crofton Croker, of whose taste and literary acquirements we do not feel called upon to speak:—suffice it, the association of Mr. Croker's name with that of the editor's, we think, ought to have its due weight with our generous and enlightened republic of letters.

The "Book of Christmas" is divided into two parts: the first treats of this festive season of the year—feelings of the season—the signs and tokens of the season, and so on. The second part sets forth the different "Days"—Christmas Day—Christmas Eve—St. Stephen's Day, with many other saints' days—the eve and the day of the new year—Twelfth Day, and so on:—the fun and frolic—the festive and other feeling—the vernacular poetry of the season—all, all these, with many more, conspire to make this time-and-care-destroying merry Christmas Book what, in fine, it ought to be—every English family's fire-side companion. We have no room for extract; and, if we had, deem it unfair to transfer to our pages in part, or in "shreds and patches," what will be best read in the "Book of Christmas" itself. The work is well appointed in every respect—the illustrations are really—*genuine*—and no mistake. The "Book of Christmas" will, no doubt, be added to the list of our annuals, with literary exultation, by the generous patrons of literature and art. A word in "season," and to sensible people—how good it is!

The Comic Annual, by Thomas Hood, Esq. A. H. Bailey and Co. Cornhill.

Come what may—after this annual remembrancer of every-day comicalities—we give this latter emanation from the piquant pen of Thomas Hood, Esq.—yea, and every inch a gentleman—a cordial welcome to this our sacred and ever noiseless studio, in good sooth, in the very best season, the

"Witching time of night,"

and therefore—all the better, and still more welcome. Hail to thee, Sir Thomas Hood! grand master of indispensable comicalities; surveyor-general of fun and frolic; potent arbiter of all literary pasquinades, whether done in prose or verse; rigmarole verbiage; or double-distilled doggerel rhymes—all hail to thee, "great captain of the age." Humph! To be serious. Once more—from a crest overlooking Kaltenerberger in the Eifel, our exquisite Punster makes his *annual* bow. To be sure, as he says in his "Preface," he is more than two thousand feet above the level of the sea, on a teutonic mountain, in the midst of a palpable fog, to which it is accustomed eight days out of seven,—but neither difference nor distance make any difference to us Germans in our salutes:—*we* can bow round a corner, or down a crooked lane. To see us bow retrospectively sometimes, would remind you of that polite author, who submitting to a classical authority, said, with an appropriate bend, "I bow to the Ancients." "We all *smoke* in Germany," and "Country Quarters," are clever "papers," and laughably illustrated. On the whole, the "Comic Annual," for 1836, is, to all intents and purposes, as the lawyers say, an improvement upon its amusing predecessors.

The Roman Catholic Church of Scotland, its Establishment, Subversion, and Present State. By John Parker Lawson, M.A., Author of "The Life and Times of Archbishop Laud," &c. pp. 320. Edinburgh Printing and Publishing Company. London: Smith, Elder, and Co., &c. &c.

This is the first work of intrinsic value and equal merit which the Edinburgh Printing and Publishing Company have sent forth for the enlightenment of those who stand in need of the historical facts connected with the old Catholic supremacy and domination in Scotland, prior to the Reformation. This volume is not a mere history of the Reformation in Scotland, or its causes, which are well known to almost every reader, but is what its title imports, the last years of the Roman Catholic Establishment—its political and ecclesiastical position at that eventful period—the first attacks made upon it—its struggles for existence—its final subversion—the destruction of its edifices—the alienation of its temporalities—and its *present* state, after the lapse of three centuries.

Zealously attached to the Protestant church, and especially to that branch of it of which he is a member, the author has nevertheless avoided (sensibly-wisely)

controversy, his object having been to write neither as the partizan of one party nor as the vituperater of another; and he is not without hope that this volume may induce some writer, competent to the task—and one it will be of no ordinary difficulty and labour—to undertake a similar work on the subversion of the Roman Catholic hierarchy in England.

This exciting work itself, to which we must refer our readers, is one of considerable interest, and is well written and printed.

The Cabinet of Modern Art, and Literary Souvenir, for 1836. Edited by Alaric Alexander Watts, Esq. Whittaker and Co., Ave Maria Lane.

We had just time enough to briefly notice this splendid production—both of art and literature—in our January number. Nor do we now feel disposed to dwell for any length of time, and with a view to draw further attention, upon its superior merits. As a literaturist, Mr. Watts stands higher than many of his ungenerous cotemporaries and author-editors. But let that pass. (We have good reason to know what it is to compete with those "reptiles," who call themselves literary men; and who are in fact the very monomaniacs of the press itself, despite its heaven-directed blessings.) The Literary Souvenir, for 1836, is confessedly superior to any of its predecessors, however good, as it is above capricious praise—whether we turn to the highly-finished embellishments, which render it not only valuable but beautiful; or whether we recur, as we have done, again and again, to the bright and elegant imaginings of the cultivated mind, which are so sensibly blended and illustrated, so as to constitute "The Cabinet of Modern Art and Literary Souvenir." The binding of this brilliant bijou of Belle Lettres is of the most finished and classic description. In short, this "parent volume" of *all* the annuals is splendidly appointed, and cannot fail of meriting the unqualified approbation of every patron of genius, and of every lover of literature and art. We might have said more: we could not write less.

The Christian Keepsake and Missionary Annual, for 1836. Edited by the Rev. William Ellis. Fisher, Son, and Co., London and Paris. —(*Second Notice.*)

It is delightful to follow the Reverend Editor of this interesting work through the pleasant paths which he has so discerningly laid out on the pleasure-grounds of his own mental estate, entitled "mind:" the which, too, he has had the good taste to embellish and illumine with some of the choicest, indeed, brightest, of intellectual loveliness. That the Reverend Editor is a man of genius and true piety, we think, will not be doubted. That he is sufficiently unpretending we take upon ourselves to demonstrate. In his sensible and unambitious "preface" we are told, that in consequence of the encouragement publicly bestowed on the volume for 1835, greater exertions have been made to render the present publication increasingly welcome to the Christian reader of intelligence and taste. We are glad to see the pages of the "Christian Keepsake" devoted to the interests of piety and benevolence at home, and the records of the progress of Christianity abroad: the latter furnished by Missionaries who have dwelt among the people to whom these notices refer, or individuals whom professional or scientific pursuits have led to the countries they describe. With a trifling addition to the price, the number of the plates has been extended to seventeen, and the size so enlarged as to exceed, in this respect, the most costly and attractive of its contemporaries. The engravings, in point of execution, will be found equal to those of the preceding volumes, while the additional number of admirable portraits of individuals, eminent in the walks of Christian philanthrophy, will greatly enhance their worth. It would be doing a manifest injustice to give "extracts" from the "Christian Keepsake;" and, therefore, we most respectfully refer our readers to the work itself, which is handsomely appointed.

Sunday. A Poem.

We have to apologise to this talented mechanic for not having noticed his poems earlier. There is a rough freshness in his pictures, especially the first production, an aptness at seizing the most prominent features of his characters, a kind of sturdiness, a Cobbettism not easily overthrown; but his later production is more finished—practice has done much for his versification, it will yet do more. His character of the street-preacher is very graphic; his picture of the church-going citizens severely correct; his portrait of the street-keeper admirable. We shall feel a pleasure in reading more of his poems.

Reading and Writing, or an Improved Spelling-Book. By Donald Walker. T. Hurst, St. Paul's Church Yard.

Twenty-five years ago, Joseph Lancaster demonstrated that children might be taught to read and write together; and Dr. Bell, who followed fast in his wake, and then went before, carried the demonstration to every part of the kingdom. To show how slow the public is ever to appreciate even demonstrable truth, we may advert to the fact that, even now, but very few private schools imitate the practice of those public ones for teaching the lower classes, who often receive a better education than those immediately above them. Mr. Walker's book has a tendency to give the higher classes the advantage which they have most certainly lost by their inaction and inattention to improvement and education. We do not know a better book either for the *teacher* or the pupil, and this is saying much for the work, but no more than is justly its due.

Sketches of Natural History. By Mary Howitt. Effingham Wilson,

When we saw the name of Howitt on the title-page of this book, we thought that if it contained only half as many lies as the History of Priestcraft was stuffed with, it would be a very saleable book. Howit's text is, that ninety-nine hundredths of mankind are fools, and he would be their oracle—and we only wonder that a mind so sweetly attuned to nature could have been linked to a heart of granite It would be a great malady for Mr. Howit to write for children; but while his much, *very much better* half writes as she has done here, she will perform an essential service to the rising generation. The book is beautiful, both in the poetry of nature and of paintng, and we cannot too strongly recommend it.

Cherville's First Step to French. Effingham Wilson.

This little work is an applicative of Mr. De Porquet's system of teaching French with a grammar. De Porquet's system we have always admired, because it is in unison with nature, and because it proceeds upon the principle of practical utility. The parallel between the pronunciation, etymology, accidence, and idioms of the parts of speech, is on a new plan, and adds to the value of the work.

The Story without an End. By Sarah Austin. Effingham Wilson.

Mrs. Austin has performed a most important service to education by her publication on the "Prussian System," a work which is of the utmost importance to this country at the present time. It is delightful at all times to see a great mind descend, and one of the finest moral pictures that this world ever saw, was that of Charles the Twelfth acting the pony to his little child. We can only say of this work, that we should like to be a child again to read it, and feel the force of its beautiful sentiments.

A Brief Memoir of Sir Wm. Blizzard, Knt., F.R.S., & L. & E. Surgeon and Vice-President of the London Hospital; read before the Huntonian Society, Oct. 7, 1835. With additional Particulars of his Writings. By JOHN COOKE, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, &c Longman and Co.

THIS very sensible essay is from the pen of a gentleman of good taste and feeling, is well written, and contains some interesting matter well worthy the attention both of the learned, scientific, and professional literaturist.

The Scripture Cabinet. Allan Bell and Co., Warwick Square.

A CONCISE summary of the principal events in Biblical History, neatly illustrated by Lisars. We strongly recommend this book to teachers, and all who are charged with the important task of educating young persons.

Tales for Boys, and Tales for Girls. W. Darton, Holborn Hill.

TWO pretty little volumes, well worthy the attention of the parent, as a present of sterling worth, combining the useful with the interesting.

The Mother's Assistant. Derby: Thomas Richardson.

THIS useful little juvenile instructor contains sixteen hundred and eighty words of one syllable, *classed according to sound.* Nothing could be conceived better adapted to the purpose for which it is intended, and we recommend its use to those who are on the first step of the ladder of knowledge, or guiding others up that "steep (but necessary) ascent, so hard to climb."

A Popular Manual of the Art of Preserving Health, embracing the Subject of Diet, Air, Exercise, Gymnastics, General and Physical Education, Occupations, Bathing, Clothing, Ventilation, &c., designed for the Use of all Ranks and Professions in Society. By W. J. B. DAVIS, Surgeon. Whittaker and Co.

THIS is an elaborate and masterly undertaking on the part of the author, evidently an acute and able essayist, who has laboured pretty successfully to demonstrate that there is no longer a shadow of reason for doubting that the preservation of health, and the material prolongation of life, are largely within the mediate, if not immediate, control of well-directed intelligence. We congratulate Mr. Davis, and have only to express our regret that we cannot draw largely from his excellent work, by way of extract.

The Landscape Gardener; comprising the History and Principles of Tasteful Horticulture. By J. DENNIS, B.C.L. Ridgway and Sons, Piccadilly.

THIS refreshing volume is dedicated to Sir Richard Colt Hoare, as a practical amateur and liberal patron of taste, &c., &c., and, as we opine, will prove altogether worthy of such a protectorate; for, whether we revert to the various essays devoted to the subject of landscape gardening, taste for horticulture, Italian landscapes, or the Dutch and Roman styles; or whether we linger over the very effective illustrations with which this charming work abounds, — such as the "View from the West Walk,"—we are alike pleasingly interested and entertained. This work will be sure to go through many editions.

The Florist Cultivator, or Plain Directions for the Management of the principal Shrubs, &c., &c. By Thomas Willats, Esq., Amateur Cultivator. James Ridgway and Sons.

Here we have another interesting and skilful essay, and from the same enterprising publishers. The subject matter of this scientific work is at once deeply interesting. Of all rational amusements, the cultivation of plants is the most so: it promotes health, invigorates the animal spirits, and, if persons are of a contemplative turn of mind, there is nothing so elevating to our ideas of beauty as the subject of flowers; for whilst we are employed in viewing the admirable productions of nature, it ought at all times to lead us to the God of the universe, who formed them all. There is no work so well calculated to encourage useful reflections upon the subject of flowers as the late Rev. Jas. Hervey's "Meditations in the Flower Garden." We venture to predict, for the accomplished author of this work, both fame and profit. Indeed, it may be deemed, and we think with a better show of classification,—The Florist's Complete Text Book.

The Engineer's and Mechanic's Encyclopedia; comprising Practical Illustrations of Machinery, &c. Parts 2 and 3. By Luke Hebert, Civil Engineer. Thos. Kelly, Paternoster-row.

We are right glad to hear of the success of this meritorious and useful work. If the succeeding are equal to the numbers already before the public, we cannot for a moment hesitate to speak in high terms of praise of the work as a whole. We shall notice this utilitarian work with more than ordinary interest from time to time.

The Walls-End Miner; or, a brief Memoir of the Life of William Christer: including an Account of the Catastrophe of June 18, 1835. By James Everett, Author of "Edwin," "The Village Blacksmith," &c. Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

"To persons remote from the scene where the subject of this volume spent his days, and also unacquainted with its local history, it would be almost necessary for us to state, that 'Walls-End' is situated on the North Side of the Tyne, in the county of Northumberland, immediately on the main road leading from Newcastle to Shields, and is about four miles, being an equal distance, from each place. The name is derived from the famous Wall built by the Emperor Severus, A.D. 207," &c. Thus much we have extracted from the unpretending preface which accompanies the work before us. Of the merits of this interesting and instructive volume, we must be understood to speak candidly — we are disposed to do justice — they are of an order which cannot fail to elicit commendation. The memoir of an orphan, from beginning to end, is well written — the characters introduced fairly sustained — and the interest kept up throughout. Had we space for extract, we should certainly give one or two. We had nearly forgotten to remark upon the excellent letter-press of this work, which affords another proof of the progress of the "art of printing" in the provinces as well as in London; indeed, the printing of this book is quite equal to the average execution of letter-press in town.

Winkles's English Cathedrals. No. 13. Royal 4to. Charles Tilt, Fleet Street.

Containing three finely executed engravings (on steel), illustrative of the Cathedral Church of Wells; together with the usual quantity of descriptive letter-press. We think this popular work improves in each department as it progressee.

Winkles's Continental Cathedrals. No. I. Royal 4to. Charles Tilt, Fleet Street.

THIS is a new and very superior publication, comprising four finely engraved (on steel) illustrations of the Cathedral Church of Amiens, together with descriptive letter-press. The drawings were made by R. Garland, architect; the description by Thomas Moule, author of an Essay on Roman Villas. This is a work of undoubted merit and utility.

Stanfield's Coast Scenery. Plate 7. Smith, Elder, and Co.

THIS charming work continues to attract universal attention. The present number contains four beautiful plates, illustrative of Broadstairs, Dover Pier, Boulogne, and Boulogne Old Pier, with the usual quantity of descriptive matter.

The Architectural Magazine. No. 23. January, 1836. Longman and Co.

THIS number is quite equal to those which have preceded it. We have been much pleased with the "paper" *On the Design of the New Houses of Parliament*, by Candidus.

Arboretum Britannicum, &c. Longman and Co.

THE January number of this meritorious work presents an unusual quantity of matter, accompanied by an increased mass of illustration, both of which are well deserving praise.

A few Remarks on the Present Laws of Marriage, Adultery, and Seduction in England, to Lord Brougham and Vaux, Member of the Institute of France. By P. ANICHINI, a Briton by Act of the Reformed Parliament. Second Edition, with considerable Additions. Effingham Wilson, Royal Exchange.

THIS is a very able essay, by a distinguished and sensible writer. The author says, in his eloquent dedication to Ebenezer Elliott, Esq.—"You have exposed, in the idiom of sublime poetry, the iniquity of the corn laws: I have denounced, in the humble simplicity of prose, the infamy of the laws of marriage and adul ery."

As we have no space for extracts, it only remains for us to observe, which we are enabled to do with perfect satisfaction to ourselves, that our author has accomplished his task with infinite credit. We most cordially direct the immediate attention of our readers to this *overgrown* pamphlet—nevertheless, a pamphlet is a pamphlet still, notwithstanding it consists of six sheets of well-printed letter-press.

The Divarication of the New Testament into Doctrinal History. By THOMAS WIRGMAN, Esq., Author of "The Principles of Transcendental Philosophy," "Kant," "Logic," "Metaphysics," "Moral Philosophy," and Philosophy in the "Encyclopædia Londinensis." London: Wurtz and Co. pp. 604.

THE author of this volume is a lion whom the great directors of the religious world have been afraid to beard. *The Evangelical Magazine* confessed it could not comprehend him; *The Baptist Missionary Register*, that it could not understand him; *The Quarterly* said that to attempt to prove the doctrine of the Trinity, the professed object of the book, was arch heresy; and the great organ of Church of Englandism, in its sulphur suit, *The British Magazine*, shouted with all its might, "The Church in danger," while the "little dogs, Toby, Blanch, and

Sweetheart," all barked at him, from *Fraser's Threepenny* to the Farthing Rushlight of Costermongers' Hall. The author, however, like the great men who have been in advance of their age some centuries, bore all things patiently: he printed, he published, he chalked the walls, he billed the Bibles, — DIVARICATION stared us in the face at every angle, and every body wanted to know what the Divarication could be. There was a mystical union of red, white, and blue — there were rays of sunshine, glory, and cloudiness; soul and body; angles and triangles; and a variety of symbols, which appeared calculated to perplex reason through all its calculations. Yet one fact stood clear — one that was understood — one that found an answer from every bosom, — and that was, PRICE ONE GUINEA (that did not own a ninny,) at the bottom of the title-page—so people read no further.

But what is the DIVARICATION — this Jesus Natura — this mental Salamander — this moral sea serpent,— seen, and not seen — conceived, but not imagined? What is its author — is he a man or an orang-outang? Does he not want to take a very reverend personage by the horns, and swear Lucifer his true liege man, on the cross of a Welsh hook? Yea, verily, he is a man who would take a beam of the sun for his shoe-tie — knock down the great wall of China — measure the spectre of the Bodken for a pair of unmentionables—and sup sulphur posset out of the crater of Mount Vesuvius. There are few things to be ill done when it is well done, from a beefsteak to a mistake, that Thomas Wirgman cannot do. But what is the DIVARICATION? To this we will come presently; but first, for the author of it, — the "shunned," the "forsaken," the "rejected," the "beset," the "belaboured," the "abused," who writes upon his banner, "I am in *controversy with all the world* — but yet, not so, for I have found the *truth*, and therefore controversy is for fools—

EUREKA."

We had imagined the author of the Divarication to be one of those "unearthly horrors" who walk about with *green* spectacles, *sallow green* complexion, and in a *brown* stud, tipped with the BLUES and *deficet* of the *yellows*. But how were we surprised when we saw a "full and proper man," with a rosy cheek and brilliant eye, hopping over sixty years with as much alacrity as a flea would over a counterpane, and chirping as merrily as a brown cricket in a hay-field. "Philosophy, not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose," but full of fun and frolic as a Christmas pantomime, though not so full of tricks. The DIVARICATION — that book of books, which made the hairs of the Bishop of London's wig uncurl themselves and push his hat off, standing up therefrom like skewers in a side of bacon;—that tome of tomes, that volume of volumes, which concentrates within itself all that exists, and on which is written, as was on the temple of the Egyptian Isis—

"I am whatever is,
I am whatever was,
I am whatever shall be,
And the veil that covers my features
No mortal hand has ever raised."

That *sword* of the mind, which, unable to unravel the web of human existence, and the mysterious connection of body and soul, would seek to *cut it*— not as the Duke of Wellington is said to have cut the "Dog Billy," but as the sword of Alexander cut the gordian knot — with an asseveration to make a deseveration, and which, by cutting one in the middle, can turn three into one. Without, however, wishing to perform so formidable a task, we may be permitted to make some observations on the work before us. The subject of mental philosophy, involving as it does metaphysical inquiry, has hitherto baffled the most splendid minds of former as of modern times Dr. Reid, with his common sense, put all common sense to the blush; and Dugald Stewart, that elegant and splendid writer, from his immense erudition, has given us the *literature* of many important questions, but nothing that can be called the philosophy of the human mind. That acute reasoner, Dr. Thomas Brown, whom Scotchmen think the *ne plus ultra* of meta-

physical research, threw the philosophy of Reid into the shade as a thing of naught; and now comes Mr. Wirgman, and if there is any truth in sound reasoning, in mathematical logic, he as completely finishes the school of the "Brownies" as he would any other hobgoblins of the land of flood and field.

The philosophy of Mr. Wirgman is that of Immanuel Kant, the great German metaphysician, weeded from all its incongruities and impurities. The object is to prove the whole of the Christian doctrine to be divine by the strict method of analysis and deduction; and we may say that the author has brought into his work a degree of mental strength rarely to be found in works of the present day. To the most logical reasoning he has added all the graces of diction, and has thus rendered what would otherwise have been "dry reading" interesting and even entertaining. If the desire of proving, upon a mathematical principle, religion to be true, is a great and good one, no less great and good is the other object which Mr. Wirgman professes,—namely, that of destroying for ever all sectarian differences. These designs, prosecuted with an ardour, an indefatigability, and a perseverance, not surpassed by any of the great minds of former ages or the present, are likely, if not now, yet ultimately, to be realized. "He who shall separate motive from action, truth from fiction, religion from hypocrisy, virtue from its shadow, reason from sense, principle from instinct, our essential from our animal nature," says the pious Hooper, "will deserve a monument more lasting than the Pyramids of Egypt." To enable us to ascertain how much chance there is of this great wish being accomplished, we shall, without further comment, refer at once to the "Divarication."

Valpy's Elements of Greek Grammar. Longman and Co. Whittaker and Co.

Αρχὴ ἥμισυ παντός. The beginning is the half of the whole, and what is well begun is truly done. This may be applied to the Grammar before us with much fitness. Mr. Valpy's series of school and college classics is excellent, and his courage in introducing the English Greek Grammar is to be commended by every friend to improvement. Of all the ancient languages, Greek is at once the most nervous and comprehensive, and stands no comparison with the Latin. The only language, indeed, that approaches it is the English, and we do not see why an inferior language should be used to explain and illustrate one so infinitely superior. The English, then, we hold to be the most fitting for this work, as it more nearly approaches the language to be acquired; and we look upon Valpy's Greek English Grammar to be far more serviceable to the young pupil than those which would render the abstract difficulties of a grammar more perplexing by a Latin context.

Exercises for Ladies, calculated to preserve and improve *Beauty*, and to prevent and correct Personal Defects, founded on Physiological Principles. With Thirty-three Outline Plates. T. Hurst, St. Paul's Church-yard.

The principles of physiology were never better applied than in this work, as they are made the means to an end, and that end is one of the highest importance to females. The exercises here introduced have not only the objects stated by the author, but, perhaps, a still higher one: namely, the preservation of the general health of the subject, as the rules apply in such a manner as to insure the exercise of all the muscles of the human body. They comprehend every variety of posture—riding, standing, walking, lying in bed even, and give general directions as to their appropriation and guidance. Nothing evinces better the quick sagacity of the excellent Dr. Birkbeck, than his ready recommendation of such a work. After his opinion, it would be vain to blame and useless to praise it. We therefore content ourselves with this very brief notice, which we trust will be sufficient to place the work in the hands of our female friends, who will understand that *beauty* depends on *health*, and health on *exercise*.

Land and Sea Tales. By the Old Sailor, Author of "Tough Yarns," &c. 2 vols. pp. 408. Effingham Wilson, Royal Exchange.

Our old friend and popular literaturist has produced another, and we had almost said, a more entertaining work, than either his "Greenwich Hospital" or "Tough Yarns;" but that were almost impossible. Nevertheless, we have the "rare Old Sailor" again on the quarter-deck of his own good ship—the "Smollett of England." There stands the "Old Fellow," in all his genuine, comical, racy, and vigorous glory. The gusto, the admirable humour of our author, have been commented upon by his Sovereign and superior officers with delight and gratification, at the Royal table, while his warm-hearted scenes and sketches have become familiar in every "mess-room" throughout the British navy. But let us turn to the work itself, and firstly to the preface. What has the brave Old Sailor to say for himself? Here we have the preface, short but witty, as it is:

"During my naval services, it fell to my lot more than once or twice to command a party of seamen on shore, for the purpose of co-operating with the army, and that, too, in situations which rendered it absolutely necessary to drill them into something like military evolutions. This, however, was a sad puzzler to poor Jack, and I remember hearing one of the forecastle men exclaim to a shipmate—'Well, I'm blow'd if this here long-shore work don't throw my edecation slap back! not but what I'm thinking I can handle the consarn of a musket and bay'net handsome enough; but them there *shove-along* (he meant *echelon*) movements beat me out and out!'

"Something of a similar feeling pervaded my mind when I commenced my 'Tales of the Land,'—the 'shove-along' movements on *terra firma*,—and that, too, out of sight of my natural element, rather bewildered me; but still I persevered, and now lay the results before my indulgent friends.

"Of the navy department I shall say nothing, as the patronage given to my 'Tough Yarns' emboldens me to hope for the same kind support in my present undertaking. I have written with an earnest desire to amuse, and ardently trust that my exertions to please will not prove a failure. The Old Sailor."

And now we think we have said enough to direct public attention to this charming work, entitled "Land and Sea Tales," by the naval humourist of the nineteenth century.

Antonio Foscanini. An Historical Drama. Edward Bull, 19, Holles Street.

This is a stirring piece of composition, well worthy the attention of our highest and best-informed theatrical people. The "scenes" of its story are fairly pourtrayed,—the cell where perished Antonio Foscarani—the palace, whence through a barred casement he cast himself into the Mension, of a Spanish ambassador to save —"a lady's honour:"—all these, with many more, are strikingly developed. We have no room left for extracts. We could wish it were otherwise. We will give a line or two—page 75:—

FOSCARANI.

"My brighter star predominates. As yet
They know not I have passed the Lido's bounds.
It was no part of their dark plot to leave
These golden instants to behold thee."

THERESE.

Hence!
What power can save thee if in Venice found?"

FOSCARANI.

Well are these moments worth the life they seek!
I am upon the threshold of my tomb,
And my last look would fasten upon thee,—
Then welcome death!—

THERESE.

Live, my Antonio, live!
Another and a better day may dawn,—
My own betrothed, we yet may meet again!

FOSCARANI.

Beyond the grave?

THERESE.

Time yet may wear away
Our sorrows, and each obstacle—You smile?
True! when I am old, and these dark tresses wave,
The snowy tell-tales of decay and years,
Thou wilt forget?—Yes, yes, I know thou wilt.
Not such is woman's love."

We hope the author will believe that we are interested in the success of his drama.

Study of English Poetry, or a choice Selection of the finest Pieces of the Poets of Great Britain, arranged in Chronogical order from the 12th Century to the present day; preceded by a Treatise on English Versification. By A. Spiers, Professor at the Royal School at Ponts-et-Chaussées, of the Royal College of Bourbon, &c. &c. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. pp. (with a copious Index included) 556. 12mo. boards.

Poetry, which has been the study and delight of mankind in all the by-gone ages of the world, and has ever been deemed one of the most delightful productions of the human intellect, is, as an ingenuous critic—Mr. Hazlitt—was wont to express it—(in his Lectures on the English Poets)—" the language of the imagination to the passions. It relates to what ever gives immediate pleasure to the mind," and so on.

This is a work admirably calculated for the use of *finishing-schools*, for both young ladies and young gentlemen.

Rome and its surrounding Scenery. Nos. 1, 2, and 3, in 4to. By Cooke.

A very inexpensive and interesting work. The object of the publisher is to illustrate the ruinous desolation—the remains of those magnificent fabrics which aforetime lifted their gothic summits heavenward:—together with the most picturesque scenery within a circumference of twenty miles of Rome. Each number contains three well-executed engravings, by some of the most talented artists.

Address to the People of Great Britain, explanatory of our Commercial Relations with the Empire of China, and of the Course of Policy by which it may be rendered an almost unbounded Field for British Commerce. By a Visitor of China. Smith, Elder, & Co., Cornhill, Booksellers to their Majesties.

We deem it proper to state that this attempt (a very well-written "paper," or address, by the way) to throw light on a subject which has been much misrepresented, and is but little understood by the public at large, is from the pen of a gentleman who visited China for purposes entirely unconnected with commerce, and who, with the advantage of personal observation, may reasonably be supposed to have formed a more impartial and dispassionate judgment, than could have been arrived at by one writing under the smart of the injuries which he so ably describes This address ought to be read generally by commercial men at home and abroad.

MR. CHARLES KNIGHT'S ALMANACKS FOR 1836.

Compiled under the Superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. They are as follow:

1. The British Almanack.
2. The Household Almanack.
3. The Working-man's Almanack.

Of the "British," with the Companion thereto, we can say that it is in all respects the most valuable and comprehensive treasury of knowledge worth having. It contains, together with the chief features of an almanack, a mass of matter at once attractive and highly useful, such as the natural phenomena of the year, chronology, geography, legislation, statistics, &c. &c. In fact, so much pains have been bestowed upon it, that it would be difficult to point out what else it might by possibility have been made to contain. We had nearly forgotten to state, that, independently of all these and many more, even the public buildings which had been completed during the year 1835, are exhibited in good style, to the number of five or six. On the whole, it is one of the best and most useful publications we have seen, as an every-day book.

Of the "Household Almanack," that it is full of *good things*—not puddings; no, nor mince-pies—but curious matter relative to domestic concerns; a very well-written history of wine; household statistics; all of which will be found interesting.

Of the "Working-man's Almanack," that it is a compilation of undoubted merit, abounding in information entirely *utilitarian*. Cheapness and utility are sure to command an immense sale for these "smart and vigorous" publications; and in thus doing what we deem short of justice to them, we feel with Mr. Knight—that, provided a "book" be really good and worth the money—it matters not from whom it come—from a society, or a bookselling house. We are among those, also, who wish the Society for the Diffusion of Knowledge every possible success, and that their enterprising and gallant literaturist, Mr. Knight, may long be spared to represent its best interests.

RIDGWAY'S PAMPHLETS.

Nos. 1 to 6 of the Portfolio. This is a work which, if we do not greatly err, must find its way to the library of every scholar and politician in the king's dominions. This periodical publication, we are informed, was undertaken solely with a view of giving a connected publicity to a mass of foreign state papers, most deeply affecting this country, as also the public relations and the political position of the various members of the community of nations. These important documents cannot fail to excite a great deal of political interest. They are composed by a writer of undoubted talent, and one whose experience on the vast theatre of political Europe, will render any sentence contained in them of intrinsic worth. The paper on the state and prospects of Germany we have read to our advantage. The commentary on the Czar's speech at Warsaw, displays considerable ability and a competent knowledge of "facts" connected with that monstrous outpouring of tyranny, which has had the effect of disgusting the whole of Europe—nay, even the rancorous wolves of snow-clad and terrible Siberia have responded to the call of catholic humanity—by their unusually loud and continued howling bark, which fact has been reported to the Goth by Scythian and Vandal tongues.

Parliamentary Talk, or the Objections to the late Irish Church Bill considered, in a Letter to a Friend Abroad. By a Disciple of Selden. Second Edition.

This is an effort, on the part of the writer, to *show cause* why "any surplus which should remain after fully providing for the spiritual instruction of Protestants of the Established Church, should be applied locally to the general education

of his Majesty's subjects, without any distinction of religion." We long to refer our readers to the publication itself.

Create! A Letter to the King, on behalf of the Lords.

THE first pages of this pamphlet are devoted to the main object of the writer—as it appears to us—namely, to show the impossibility of maintaining a ministry composed of reforming anti-reformers. We leave *his* readers to judge for themselves.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

Cruse's Psalms, adapted for Four Voices: applicable also for Two or One. With a condensed Instrumental Arrangement; being a continuation of Psalms of the Church, &c. &c. &c. Imperial 4to. Dedicated to Her Majesty Adelaide Queen of England, whose Piety and Practice of the Christian Virtues do equal honour to Herself, her Country, and Religion. D'Almain & Co., Soho Square.

"To the distinguished patronage of Her Most Gracious Majesty, must be attributed the success of the first volume of the Psalms of the Church, rather than the humble merits of the work itself." So says the author of this admirable work, in his sensible and unpretending preface. We shall not institute an inquiry into the fact, but proceed to speak of the second volume, which is now before us.

If unwearied industry and a zealous devotion to the task, together with mental talents of no common kind, could be sufficient for the purpose, then might be safely indulged an honest anticipation that the second volume will be in every way worthy of the first.

A striking novelty will be found in the peculiar characteristic effects of the serious melodies of various nations; and much merit will be discovered in the original contributions, written expressly for this work, and for which the editor expresses himself indebted to many gentlemen of talent and celebrity.

The words in this attractive volume are chiefly selected from the New Version of the Psalms, and the Notes on the Text being continued and completed, in a few cases only have the original words been written for some of the compositions.

In the literary portion of this work will be found the opinions of many writers, which are rendered valuable by the editor's comments upon them.

In the introduction will be found "Remarks on Congregational Singing," and "On the Duties of an Organist," which were originally promised to form part of a Book of Chants.

Since Music is not yet considered in this country, as it is in Germany, to form an essential part of general education: it is very probable that a large portion of those who compose a "church congregation," may be still unacquainted with even its first principles.

Music, however, is obviously a written language, and is capable of affording intellectual pleasure as a literary pursuit. Were we for the first time to look into a book written in any other language, we should perceive only strange unmeaning characters, and should be astonished to observe, and that person better acquainted with them than ourselves, moved to "smiles and tears," by their perusal.

The mere exercise of the voice requires no systematic study of the science, but just so much musical perception as to understand the progress of a simple melody.

How delightfully might psalmody be performed if every one would contribute all the assistance in his power!

Singing is particularly recommended by Mr. Bradford as an exercise not only delightful to nature, but also very useful to preserve the health. It charms the spirits, opens the pipes, and it strengthens all the parts of the breast. We most cordially recommend this second volume of Mr. Cruse's Psalms to the musical world.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.—" There is a tide in the affairs of men." So there is in the affairs of theatres. Shakspeare must, in the course of his somewhat extensive histrionic experience, have had abundant proof of this. Mr. Bunn, we are sure, will bear his willing testimony to the fact. That tide has set in in the case of Drury Lane Theatre, and Mr. Bunn seems to have taken it at its fountain. Matters are getting on just now swimmingly at this house. The present extraordinary prosperity of Drury dates its origin from the bringing out of *The Siege of Rochelle*. That opera was followed by another, *The Jewess*, no less attractive. And before the theatre-going public had time to get cloyed with the richness of these, Mr. Bunn, with admirable tact, introduces a little pleasing variety under the title of *The Bronze Horse*. The house, consequently, continues to " draw;" and will, we doubt not, do so for some time to come, by which time Mr. Bunn will unquestionably have something new to administer to the public palate. *The Bronze Horse*, which is the only new piece brought out at Drury Lane Theatre since our last appeared, being chiefly intended as a spectacle, there is no room for dramatic criticism, in the sense in which that phrase is usually understood. It is got up with great splendour, and is sure to continue its attractions for some time.

COVENT GARDEN.—The fortunes of this theatre have taken a sudden turn, and, so far as present appearances may be depended on, it is destined to see more prosperous days. Miss Faucit, the daughter of Mrs. Faucit, the well-known actress, made her *debut* on the boards of this house early in the month. The character she assumed for her first introduction to the public was that of *Julia*, in Sheridan Knowles's play of *The Hunchback*. The event has proved that, whether she selected that character for herself, or it was recommended to her by some friend, the choice was a most judicious one. A more successful *debut* has not been made for many years: that of Fanny Kemble was the only parallel to it during the last quarter of a century. We are satisfied that Miss Faucit is destined to fill up a chasm which has so long existed, in the higher walks of female personation, of tragic characters. We are not ignorant of the fact, that many promising *debuts*, on the part of females as well as on that of our own sex, have been made within the last twenty years, which have soon after been followed by decided failures; but it strikes us that Miss Faucit, instead of being drilled, as we know the parties to whom we refer were, into the management of her voice and the character of her action, by some old stager, studies the part she has to perform for herself, and only embodies her own conceptions in the way which appears to her most effective. This is a point which will soon be set at rest; the young *debutante* will soon have to appear in other characters, and then the public will see whether or not we have exaggerated her histrionic

acquirements. Mr. Knowles sustained the character of the hero of his own piece for the first fortnight, when his provincial engagements calling him to the country, he was succeeded by Charles Kemble. The acting of the latter, even in a part which was Mr. Knowles's own creation, is decidedly superior to that of the former. *The Hunchback* continues to attract large houses; nor has the pantomime of *Guy Fawkes* lost its interest by nearly forty repetitions. The pantomime season, however, will be over by the time this reaches the hands of our readers: we have not heard what is to be the new afterpiece; but Mr. Osbaldiston, there can be no doubt, will be fully prepared with the necessary variety.

The Minor Theatres.—The Adelphi continues its prosperous career. Mr. Braham's, St. James's, has experienced a slight improvement in the dimensions of its audiences, though some of his pieces by no means deserve it. With tolerably good pieces, this theatre, owing to its situation, cannot fail to be successful for the next four or five months. The Queen's Theatre, even under the management of Mrs. Nisbett, is in a melancholy state; there are hardly any audiences, and even the few people that tenant the boxes, "go gratis." We hear, the fortunes of this theatre are irretrievable: at any rate, there is no hope for the unfortunate proprietor, until the season at the larger houses is over. The English Opera House is closed; and The Strand Theatre, after being opened for one short week, followed its example. The cause, it is said, was an order to that effect from the Lord Chamberlain. His Lordship might have saved himself the trouble. The conjoint absurdity of the pieces, and the stupidity of the acting, would most assuredly have done the work to his hand in a fortnight at farthest.

AVE MARIA.

Oh! divinest,
Oh! benignest,
Purest Virgin, pray o'er us;
Though we be not worth thy care,
Prove how strong is virtue's prayer,—
Holy woman, pray o'er us.

By thy kindness,
By our blindness,
Mary, mother, pray o'er us.
Thou, beneath whose maiden eye
Slept an infant Deity,
Ne'er canst vainly pray o'er us. Æ.

LITERARY ANNOUNCEMENTS.

FOR FEBRUARY, 1836.

Shortly will be published "The Anglo Polish-Harp," or Songs for Poland, to which will be added, Scenes from "Longinus," "Palmyra," and other Poems, by Jacob Jones, Esq., Barrister at Law, Author of "Thoughts on Prison Labour," and various other works.

The friends and patrons of Thomas Miller, the poet and basket-maker, author of "Songs of the Sea Nymphs," &c., intend publishing, by subscription, for his benefit, a new work, which he has just completed, under the title of "A Day in the Woods;" being a connected Series of Tales and Poems, of which a most favourable report is given by many distinguished literary characters who have perused the manuscript.

"Lays of the Heart," containing an Ode to the Memory of a Father, and other Poems, by J. S. C., will appear early in March.

The Daughter of the Author of "The Balance of Comfort," has a work in the press, under the title of "The Governess, or Politics in Private Life."

Cuthbert Clutterbuck, of Kannaquhair, F.S.A., has just completed his long-projected work, entitled "Edith of Glammis," in three vols. post 8vo.

A work "On the Physical and Intellectual Constitution of Man," will be published early next month, by Edward Meryon, Esq. F.R.C.S., &c. &c.

The Venerable Archdeacon Wix has now in the press "A Journal of his recent Missionary Labours in Newfoundland;" giving a general description of that interesting country, and of the manners, customs, and religious feelings of its inhabitants.

Donaldson's Examples of Modern Doorways in Italy and Sicily, being a continuation of the Examples of Ancient Doorways in Greece and Italy, 4to., 18 plates, and letter-press description.

In the Press. On the Causes and Objects of Local Disturbances in Ireland. By George Cornewall Lewis, Esq.

LITERARY OBITUARY.

Died, on the 31st, and "last day" of December, 1835, after a most painful and distressing consumption—not of the lungs—which had been borne with Conservative resignation, during the whole term of its comparative obscurity—

THE ALBION,

EVENING NEWSPAPER,

Aged 3 years and 9 months.

It is due to the "wet-nurse" who had the care of this splenetic Tory offshoot, to record, that every possible attention was paid to the comfort and cleanliness of the private department—especially the *sheets* on which it lingered with so much suffering to itself, and with no little pain to those who heard its "daily-evening" agonies. It is confidently reported, in the higher circles, that the *manes* are to be buried under the bronze statue of Achilles, in the Park.

EPITAPH.

Oft has it been our lot to mark
A proud, conceited, talking spark:
With eyes that hardly served, at most,
To guard his master 'gainst a—*Post.*

We are sorry to announce the sudden and unexpected demise of that excellent young hobby-horse, known by the name of

"LEIGH HUNT'S JOURNAL."

The loss of this mental volocipede will be felt by the literati, and by those of its friends and admirers who—despite the frowns of fortune—continued to be its readers and admirers up to the last moments of its ephemeral existence.

We understand, the deceased smiled its last smile amidst the encouraging hopes of intellectual—Knight; in the *morning*, however, it was found to be quite dead!

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

The sacred volume informs us, that "a house divided against itself cannot stand;" and, if we are to form an opinion of the present agitation of the question of agricultural distress by this self-evident truth, no good can result from the opposing opinions with which the discussions of the various meetings and associations are distractedly animated. Some suppose that an abrogation of the tax on malt would effect the object in view, and in all probability a trifling temporary relief would be thus brought about; others maintain, that Peel's bill for the alteration of the currency was the cause of the present depressed state of the agricultural interest, and that therefore a return to unlimited issues of paper would restore its previous prosperity; but, while we willingly admit the impolicy of Mr. Peel's enactment, which effected such havock amongst the manufacturers as well as in the rural districts, we are not prepared to admit that a profuse factitious currency would restore a system which produced inordinate rents,—which forced manufactures and commerce out of their natural channels, but which was nowise calculated for permanent benefit to the community. Perhaps the soundest view which has been taken of the case, under present circumstances, is that of Mr. Mackay, manager of the Moncrieffe estate, who has made an arrangement with the tenantry, by which the whole rental of the estate is converted into grain on fair and liberal principles; and the tenants are thus secured in the same quantity of the produce of their farms, being equal to the rents now payable by them, as was necessary to discharge their obligations on that head when they entered into their bargains. But as the disease is too deeply seated to admit of cure by ordinary cataplasm, so the remedies previously enumerated, though they might assuage the inflammation or delusively cicatrize the sore, in as much as they could not reach the source of the evil, they would not be able to operate as a permanent and effectual cure.

For several weeks back, the price of grain has experienced a trifling advance, owing to the markets being less abundantly supplied than they were previously to the close of the year. To leave rent out of the question, farmers would have to provide for the liquidation of various annual or semi-annual accounts due at Christmas, and would therefore feel themselves under the necessity of bringing their produce to market for the purpose in question; hence the little increase in the price of agricultural produce noticed above, which we have no doubt will experience a retroaction before the end of the present month.

AVERAGE PRICES OF GRAIN.

	s.	*d.*		*s.*	*d.*	
Wheat	5	3	to	5	6	per bushel.
Barley	3	9	to	4	0	ditto.
Oats	2	9	to	3	0	ditto.
Beans	4	6	to	5	0	ditto.

Every other kind of grain, as well as hay, selling at prices equally low. The dairyman has no reason to complain; for, amidst the general depression of the markets, which has unfortunately continued for a ruinous period, Cheese and Butter have uniformly averaged good prices. The same remark will apply to Butchers' Meat.

THE EDITOR'S LATEST MOMENTS.

It is quite impossible for us to insure a notice of any new publication that is not sent in before the 18th day of each month in succession. The quantity of books sent for this purpose, even after the 24th of January, will account for their not being reviewed in this number of the "Old Monthly." Our friends and subscribers will perceive that we have no less a number of crowded pages than sixteen, devoted to the notice of books of sterling merit, in our present number. We have yet —we are free to confess it—a great arrear of book criticism to bring up, at least forty volumes, which shall be done speedily.

Our Glasgow correspondent is sincerely thanked by the editors of the "Old Monthly."—As early in March as he may think proper.—By sea.

We advise Junius Brutus to call on the Lord Chancellor, de facto.

"Pope Leo's Last Words, by an African Chief," may be rendered eminently useful in another quarter of the world; we must decline the honour of publishing them.

Mr. Middleton's paper is accepted, and at his own terms.

At the suggestion of an eminent bookseller—whom we are happy to rank amongst our friends—we have erected new premises in our advertising department, exclusively for the "advertisements" of booksellers, authors, and literary men.

A "paper," of considerable interest, from the pen of T. Miller, Basket-maker, will be found in the present number of the "Old Monthly." It is no less gratifying to us than it will be pleasant to all those literaturists who have known Mr. Miller, from the first step he gained on his ascent to the better walks of literature, to know that he has been kindly—nay, splendidly patronised. We say splendidly patronised, because, if such names as the Countess of Blessington, Mrs. Bulwer, Miss Landon, on the one hand: the Editor of the Literary Gazette (W. Jerdan, Esq.), the elder and younger Dilk, of the Athenæum, Mr. Lockhart, of the Quarterly, Mr. Bulwer, Mr. Harrison, the accomplished author-editor of "Friendship's Offering," on the other, do not tend to add splendour to their unaffected and benevolent patronage of a man of genius—although a basket-maker—we are at a loss to understand what "splendid patronage," would import. It is with feelings of no ordinary kind we speak of Mr. Miller;—for the present, however, let silence speak our respect.

" OLD BOGY."

WHAT is there among things material or immaterial, animate or inanimate, real or unreal, whose antiquity can be compared with that ancient ideal creation of a terrified fancy, the venerable Bogy, or, in vulgar parlance, " Old Bogy ?" In comparison to the age of this evergreen and universal terrorist, that of the flesh-and-blood Methuselah becomes absolute juvenility—mere boyhood; in short, our hero's origin may be dated from the creation of man, or perhaps, more strictly speaking, the fall of man. We say hero, in our personification, believing that the masculine gender has always been assigned to this very extraordinary ideality. Whatever doubts may be entertained as to the precise period of his birth, there can be none with regard to the woful extent of his influence and power; inasmuch as the latter has been experienced by all, in a greater or less degree, through every stage of this " fleeting life." But it is in our infantine days that we more especially entertain the most profound awe of his terrific attributes,—his immediate province being the nursery-room, where his presence is frequently invoked by the voice of exhausted patience to curb the tiresome freaks of a little, unruly urchin. And where is the heart that has not palpitated on the mere mention of " Old Bogy's coming !" during the tender period of infancy and childhood ? Most surely, no where : for the dread of his imaginary advent has been felt by every son and daughter of our great progenitors.

But it is necessary to state, that the term " Bogy" is of a generic kind, comprehending all those terrific immaterialities known by the cognomens of " Ugly Ben," " Old Gooseberry," &c. Moreover, there have been at various epochs of the world's history tangible objects to which his evil spirit has transmigrated—animated representatives of his sublime highness—at least, according to the imaginations of weak-minded persons, old and young. For instance, the popes have for ages been considered, by a vast number, to possess the scaring qualifications of Bogyism.

But with regard to the people of this country, no being of human form ever embodied its startling peculiarities so faithfully in their estimation as " Le Grand Empereur." What unspeakable terror did the

magic words "Buonaparte's coming" convey to the English ears, some five-and-twenty years ago! How electric was the effect produced by this awful announcement on all his Britannic Majesty's liege subjects! In an instant, every horrible association was connected with the imaginary arrival of that great military genius. The tremulous accents of prophetic old-ladyism declared, that no sooner would he plant his foot on Albion's lovely isle than the work of immediate destruction would ensue, by all falling sacrifice to general conflagration, general ravishment, general annihilation, and various other demoniacal agents! For years did this gloomy phantom of a distempered imagination haunt the waking as well as sleeping hours of John Bull's numerous family, a great portion of which, animated with feelings of noble patriotism, organized themselves into a band of volunteers —or, as some would have it, "wolunteers"—for the purpose of resisting the visit of the emperor. They doubtless thought, to adopt the words of Lord Hastings, that—

> "On this foundation would they build their fame,
> And emulate the Greek and Roman name!"

But the great dispenser of human events mercifully interposed, and prevented that dread collision which sickens humanity to behold, and left those who were disposed to

> "Think England's peace bought cheaply with their blood,
> And die with pleasure for their country's good,"

in the full enjoyment of their heroic aspirations, without permitting their heroism to be put to an awkward and inconvenient test. Thus were the prospective services of these embryo heroes thrown aside by the decree of fate. They were not destined to repel, at the point of the bayonet, a Buonapartean invasion; and though this was made apparent by the subsequent reverses which the great military chieftain experienced, yet it was impossible for the English people to abandon the notion of his awful visitation among them, so long as he belonged to the ranks of the living. Therefore, notwithstanding his ultimate capture and confinement, together with the well-ascertained security which the island of St. Helena afforded against his escape, they tended but in a trifling degree to diminish the dread which had been so long entertained of his voyage across the Channel; nor was it till the "grim monster laid his cold hand upon him," and his mighty spirit fled from

its "earthy tenement," that such venerable fears were entirely removed. Thus it may be said, to parodize the words of Shakspeare,—

"This was the noblest *Bogy* of them all!"

Though the demise of this celebrated Corsican deprived our hero of his most considerable representative, it was not probable, from his ubiquity, that he would be any great length of time in selecting another lieutenant to carry on the interminable siege of mental terrorism. In saying this, we mean another animated agent, whose actious should supply the public mind with a liberal quantity of uneasiness. As it has just been intimated, so it turned out: in the space of a few years, the nervous multitude were furnished with a successor, possessing the necessary awe-inspiring tendency of character; and though the palm of terrifying superiority has been awarded to the Emperor, it is perhaps questionable, whether, from the vast popularity his successor has now attained, the decision for the present should not be withdrawn. At any rate, the latter may fairly challenge competition with his illustrious predecessor.

Gentle reader, startle not—the living organ of terrorism shall not be introduced abruptly; but, if thou be a Tory, "and something more," screw thy courage to the "sticking place," for thou art about to endure the infliction of an introduction that will doubtless give thee much mental purgatory. After this considerate preliminary announcement, we take the liberty of ushering in, with all due humility, "the Liberator of Ireland—the redresser of Ireland's wrongs—the field-marshal of repeal—the receiver-general of *rint*—the vulgarly termed big beggarman—the chief of hereditary bondsmen—the head of the tail," &c. &c. in the person of that remarkably *disinterested* unit, Daniel O'Connell, Esq. M. P. On the mere mention of the name, what an innumerable quantity of "death's-heads and "cross-bones," catholic threats and anti-protestant addresses, patriots' curses and dirty pence, are conjured up by the morbid fancy of Conservative prejudice and Orange bigotry! Indeed, the name O'Connell is no sooner uttered than it is associated, by the imaginary faculties of hundreds, with the appalling figure of a political vampire. Such being the case, one would reasonably suppose that Nature had bestowed on the great agitator a visage indicative of the loathsome character attributed to him. But, on the contrary, she has endeavoured, in this instance, to upset the old maxim, that "the face is the index of the mind;" for, on viewing the

broad, jocular, and good-humoured countenance of the former, it is impossible to believe its possessor to be the great locomotive repository of modern Bogyism. However, his good looks avail him not;—he is, and has been, the most distinguished representative of the terrible for the last seven or eight years.

Having thus introduced the chief, let us next bring forward some of the minor contributors of national terrorism. Among these Mr. Attwood and the Birmingham Union carried on a sort of rivalry for a considerable time; and to speak fairly, without disparagement to others, it must be admitted that their pretensions were very considerable, and also well calculated to make the desired impression on the minds of the timid. Indeed, it was natural to suppose, from their great numbers—their huge threats—their mighty manifestoes—their declared determination to effect England's regeneration, as well as their unquestionable devotion to their chief, that revolution would inevitably result from circumstances so formidable in appearances. Besides all this, they were constantly boasting of physical force, and asserting their competency to annihilate not only the household troops, but the whole British army! Brummagem tinkers, tailors, and door-knocker makers, versus the horse-guards!—What a choice piece of sublimity would the march of this magnificent corps have appeared, if they had pursued their route to the metropolis, as was threatened, under the direction of their bank-note commander,—the hero, not of Marengo or Waterloo, but of Paper currency!—Most probably, their enterprise would have met with a repulse that would have induced their gallant marshal to have exclaimed, like Bombastes Furioso,

"Begone my brave army, and don't kick up a row!—"

Happily, however, things were not brought to so dangerous a crisis—thanks to the wisdom and moderation of all parties! But though the affair was thus peaceably settled, it had been instrumental in exciting the most fearful apprehensions with regard to the safety of the state. Under such circumstances, then, it may be said to have effected the purpose of Bogy for the time being. So much for the Birmingham Union.

The next instrument of terror of which we shall speak, and one contemporaneous with the preceding, is the execrable stack-destroying Swing! or in other words, from the peculiar nature of his occupation, the great agricultural Bogy. This rural incendiary was, doubtless, the most mischievous and diabolical character which had been for many years assumed in the masquerade of terrorism. It was, to speak seriously

wanton, cruel, and wicked in the extreme; instigated without doubt by the arch-fiend of demoniacal conception, the hell-bound Satan.

But it is painful to describe this horrible destroyer of the earth's productions—let us therefore bid adieu to the same, and proceed to a recital of our hero's relations with the political system. These are as follows:—To the monarch, he is the genius of a republic; to the aristocracy, democratic ascendancy; to the people, the tyrant despot; to the constitutionalist, the fiend of revolution; to the religionist, the wretch of infidelity; to the champion of orthodoxy, the reckless innovator; to the Tories, a Whig administration, and vice-versa; to the Bishops, the appropriation clause; to the interested in the perpetuation of abuses, Radical Reform. In short, each member of the body politic is peculiarly endowed with the connexion of Bogy, in some one or other of his multifarious capacities.

And with regard to parliamentary affairs, it must be admitted, that he is equally associated with them in every branch. Indeed, some of his most terrific characters have been identified with legislative enactments. Among these may be classed the ever-memorable measure of Catholic Relief. This, in the imagination of political alarmists, was terrible in the extreme; who is there that did not sympathize with these pitiable martyrs of ultra-opinions who were mentally victimised during the long period of this hoary-headed monster's disguise in the garb of Catholic Emancipation?—Through this malignant freak, what horrid dreams, and dreadful visions of Popes, Pats, gridirons, and bonfires were endured by the former devoted class!—It is impossible to describe the trepidation with which they listened to the gloomy intimations of the fiend with regard to reinstating Popery. Day after day did he cruelly predict, to the greedy ear that swallowed up his discourse, that every thing Protestant would, as soon as he obtained "the Royal assent," vanish, and "like the baseless fabric of a vision, leave not a wreck behind." In a word, his threats of annihilation to the Protestant church, conveyed as they were in whispers of fearful sound, were utterly insupportable to their true, loyal, and constitutional hearts. At length, time, the great arbiter of fate, relieved them from their horrid apprehensions, by proving Bogy's predictions, in this instance, to be, like those of other false prophets, untrue. The royal assent, which was to be the key to open the doors of revolution,—was given, and every thing remained quiet! The anticipated scene of immediate de-

struction to Protestantism did not ensue from the sanction of the first estate to the legislative enactment in question—and, what is still more wondrous, the Pope remained in Italy,—the Pats observed surprising moderation,—gridirons were not put in requisition to broil a Protestant tit-bit,—nor bonfires prepared to scorch the heretical disciples of Martin Luther. But no sooner was this affair so happily determined, and consequently the nervous system of the political Bogyites somewhat tranquillised, than the ever-fertile field of politics produced another monster, in the form of the celebrated Russell Purge, *alias* the Reform Bill—that mighty torch which fired the magazine of Boroughmongering corruption! If ever any thing merited the appellation of a *coup-de-Bogy*, it was the latter. For of all the violent assaults which our hero had, within the last score of years, perpetrated against the disordered imagination of ultra-Toryism, of which he is a perpetual tormentor, none ever inflicted a shock like this,—it seemed as though it were a condensation of terrorism's electric fluid.

To describe the dismay it produced among those before alluded to would be impossible, if we may judge from their mournful declarations on the subject. Nothing short of chaos and universal ruin was to ensue from this outrageous attack on the constitution—"Let this revolutionary measure but pass," exclaimed these faithful disciples of Bogyism, "and the sun of England is set for ever." But in spite of this timely warning, hundreds of heedless men composing the majority were indiscreet enough to act in direct opposition to it. And what has been the result of this rash proceeding? Why, that the sun of England has not *yet* taken its final exit! Enough has now been stated to show the extraordinary connexion existing between Bogy and the affairs of politics. Let us therefore discontinue our description of him in his political capacity, otherwise it will become a mere summary of public events—a thing entirely foreign to our purpose—nevertheless, it is impossible to refrain from citing his last imposing character in this department,—"The fearful crisis." Day after day were we told by the diurnal effusions of political information, that the fearful crisis "had arrived!"—Here was intelligence to provoke gnawing and gnashing of teeth—here was a diabolical attack of newspaper artillery against the nervous system! In short, it was an atrocious attempt "to fright the isle from its propriety." After waiting, then, in dread suspense and fretful anxiety, for several days, fully expecting to witness the horrors of a national catastrophe, we

were relieved from such terrific apprehensions by ascertaining that the devastating combustible was nothing else than a harmless rattle, occasioned by the crazy vehicle of radical enthusiasm passing over the firm, unbroken road of constitutional strata, where, through the too great velocity of its motion, it ultimately upset. With these observations we conclude our description of Bogy's terrestrial characters; it now only remains for us to make a slight allusion to his grand celestial one—the Comet! In reference to this fiery-tailed representative of ever-restless Bogyism a great deal might be said, but it is sufficient for our purpose to state that his re-appearance has excited the fears and misgivings of superstitious humanity to no inconsiderable extent—indeed, the most alarming anticipations have been formed with regard to the future. Whatever, then, may arise in the course of time through any instrumentality on his part, one thing is earnestly to be hoped—that nothing will induce him to wag his scorching tail too near the Thames, otherwise he might solve a problem which has not yet been determined —the practicability of setting that noble river on fire.

But let us, like true philosophers, calmly await the consequences of his visitation, and leave to half-cracked astrologers and nativity-cast-mongers the luxury of meditating on their own gloomy predictions. Having now finished our outline of Bogy's transcendant greatness, it is but right, ere we conclude, to make mention of the foul rebellion, or rather intellectual conspiracy, which has for a considerable time existed against his omnipotent sovereignty.

The chief conspirator is the celebrated "Schoolmaster," who has long been "abroad," and who may be considered as the head of a philosophic band, who are daily enlightening the darkest verges of England.

The movement of this powerful combination is denominated the "march of intellect." The object is the extermination of Bogyism, by laying siege to the strong holds it possesses over the ignorance and fears of an illiterate society. But such-like insurrections against the power of our hero are fruitless,—he is invulnerable, and cannot be destroyed, —in one word, he will endure till time shall be no more.

G. J.

A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

The following Scene is selected from an unpublished Tragedy in 5 Acts, entitled "Francisco," written by Jacob Jones, Esq., Barrister at Law, Author of "Longinus," a Tragedy; "The Anglo-Polish Harp," and various other works.

ACT I. SCENE III.

(The Pavilion of Francisco—his levee crowded by Moorish chiefs and other attendants.—Salutes of martial music, &c. &c.)

Fran.—Bring in this hair-brain'd spark; this flash of fire;
[*Some Attendants go out.*
This raw night-rider, whom his Dotard sent
To treat us in our sleep, to taste his steel,
And singe our beards, and smoke us in our hive!
I pant to see this pattern—fetch him forth.

Re-enter Attendants with Claudio, in chains.

Dissemble we! *(Aside.)* Our greetings, stripling sir!
We honour you in this that you are brave,
Though on ourselves, you long'd to prove no less.
Clau.—Woe was the hour we fail'd, and ye escap'd!
Fran.—You venture, sir!—address you to your case,
Think of your bonds, and of your parents lost,
Your friends, and your protectors, and your kin.
For all your sakes, consider while you may,
Can no accommodation be devis'd?
No honourable yielding to our arms?
Start not—but think you of your heaps of slain!
Clau.—I am familiar with no heaps of slain,
Save the red heaps, unburied, of the camp,
When we've roll'd back your spring-tides of assault,
Or wrought outrageous sallies to your harm.
Fran.—Your strongest points are tottering to their fall.
Clau.—Each is so strong, we know no strongest there,
Not in defence,—how find you in assault?
Fran.—We have your secret, boaster; though your sire
Count us so weak to take us by surprise;—
He looks for succours!—*(Abruptly.)*
Clau. Soldiers such as he,
So wary, so experienc'd, so profound,
Trust not in may-be succours, but rely
On their own sole resources—so doth he.
Fran.—Utters he truth? or has the devil's dam—*(Aside)*
Given him the suck that rear'd the king of lies?—*(Muses.)*

1st Chief.—You are expert, young Christian, to evade,
And give your betters—ay, your victors, pause.
Clau.—Grant you my captors, not my betters, Moor!
Fran.—Hear me—time wears, and mightier matters press—
Choose, now, or life or death, for all you love!
Scan you this proud array?—not one is here
But, at my nod, would tap your life's last drop,
And throw your bones a picking to my dogs!
You have a father, deadly in our eye;
A mother, too, both idolized by you—
Both idolizing, both proscrib'd by us:
With you it lies to save them, and with you
To seal their fate, if't please you, and your own!
Pledge us your Christian oath, your soldier's name,
Leave us your word of honour, as a pawn
You will induce them to surrender;—then
We loose your chains, and trust you, sir, at large.
Clau.—Dost trace submission graven on my brow?
And selfish fear, that plots a parent's fall?
Thou dard'st, all brave and reckless as thou art,
Attempt the son,—ignoble man of blood!—
With such a bribe his aged father's shame?
Fran.—Be, then, their murderer!
Clau. Their murderer!—(*Contemptuously*)
If I should do thy bidding and prevail,
Then should I be their murderer indeed;
Killing their good name thro' the times to come!
Fran.—Chiefs! do ye hear?—(*Furiously*)—A Mars!—(*Ironically*)
Chief. A Mars!
Clau. A man!
Fran.—You two shall be our heralds; valiant swain!
Truly, your parents' eyes will wink for joy,
Reading the book of these unrugged brows!
Clau.—Jibe on, you waste your breath!
Fran. Swift to their haunt,
You den of thieves.
Clau. A hive of honest men!
Fran.—Peace?—and, in brief,—"if before set of sun,
To-morrow eve, ye open not your gates,
To-morrow eve, your son shall close his eyes
In cruellest death, his blood be on your heads!" (*Exeunt two Chiefs.*)
Clau.—Is there no sound to chafe you to the deed,
And spur the slow-paced malice of your soul?
Oh! call them back—I would, a thousand times,
'Twas done, 'twas over, past reprieve, or change,
Than my poor parents, wretch! should be assail'd,
(God's pity on them and his strong support!)
With horrible suspense, and throes of hell.
Strike, miscreant! strike—strike, coward hearts! not men!
Ye gang of infidels, blasphemers, knaves!
Loose me, I'll pluck your beards; alas! alas!
My mother's shrieks, my father's rolling eyes!
Kind renegade! stab me to the heart.

Fran.—Ha! ha! ha! ha! a renegade, eh?
I might have wrought the kindness you implore,
But that to do such kindness to the worm
Who calls me renegade to my face,
Sot, were to cheat myself, and rob revenge.
A renegade, eh? presumptuous thing!
Thy sire's disgrace, thou image of his groom!
Clau.—What Moor begat thee, renegade! that thou,
Tho' fathered by a Christian, prov'st a Moor?
Fran.—Hurry him hence, or he will drive me mad,
And so extort the kindness that he craves;
Heap chains on chains to crush his spirit down,
And goad him hourly how his parents feel.
Bestow him safely—you respect your lives!
(*Exeunt Guards with Claudio. The Chiefs and others following. Francisco comes forward in disorder, and soliloquises.*)
Breath, breath, proud spirit! breath,—nor choke me quite:
Down, swelling passion! down,—and leave, for shame,
A conqueror's soul unconquered of a boy! (*With contempt.*)
The plagues of Egypt settle on her head,
This witch, this prophetess, that dogg'd our march,
Like a demoniac starting from the tombs!
What fatal inspiration sent her forth
To hail our landing with the croak of doom?
" When thou art bearded by a Christian youth,
And call'd a renegade to thy face—
Then, lost Francisco! then," the maniac cried,
Calamity impends—defeat, and death!
'Tis singular as fate—now, like a knell,
That braggart's taunts are ringing in mine ears.
What boot my honours, my most high estate,
My faith abjur'd, and fortune, for the change,
If this rash boy has summ'd my lease of days,
And cut me short of paradise on earth?—(*Muses.*)
Last night the moon glar'd fearfully and strange,
Belted around with circles of pale light,
Breadth unto breadth succeeding—and the stars
Made signals through the void—great Nature seem'd
Electrical with portent; on my mind,
Crowding prognostication and dire thought!
But come what may, come whatsoever can—
All ills in life, or woes beyond the grave—
The die is cast, and I must on—on—on!
Out, chill foreboding! Terror-shaking qualms!
Decision's blight—Ambition! thou alone
Fill up the mighty compass of my soul!
Form me a perfect renegade in this,
To stand absolv'd of every human tie,
And be stone-dead to pity or remorse.
Avaunt! away! uneasy whispers, hence!
Blood me cry—be greatness my reward!
(*Exit in a transport of excitement.*)

SOPHENE AND SOPHOCLES.—No. V.

Sostrates had the preference; Sostrates, the richest and most illustrious citizen in that town. He displayed all his magnificence in behalf of his new guest. It was thus Sosthenes had welcomed and entertained me. Oh! Dymas, to be served by Sophene was the only thing wanting to your glory! But, what am I saying? She served you —but then we were alike ignorant of the fact.

Rhodope, the daughter of Sostrates, had a thousand charms; and she might have been said to be the most perfect beauty upon this earth, had Sophene been dead. But let the graces of her beauty be ever so shining, the endowments of her heart eclipsed them. I invariably and silently listened to her with admiration; but my heart did not share in the ravishment of my eyes. She was Venus—but she was not Sophene. Love, thou knowest that Sophene was still present to my mind: I never ceased to mourn her irreparable loss!

The diversions they procured for Dymas gave me some leisure moments: I made use of them to yield myself up to the dismal sorrow that preyed upon me. One day, that I thought I was alone in Sostrates's garden, I gave vent to my sorrow. I said, "Gods! are you not satisfied yet? Must your revenge be eternal as yourselves? Wretch that I am, my 'sensibility' increases with my afflictions! How much I envy the fate of those who suffer without expecting an end to their woes! The 'fallacious hope' that seduces me is a thousand times more cruel than the dark certainty of despair!"

Rhodope was then watching: she had heard my mournful exclamations—my deep-felt lamentations. They found their way to her sensible and affectionate heart. She called to me. I had preserved that ingenuous look, the index of a generous birth, that even fortune cannot blot out. I came up to, and asked her, what she desired of an unfortunate man, that fate had reduced to the impossibility of serving her.

"Tacita," said she, to me (for this was the name I had taken with my slavery), "it is not difficult to guess, upon seeing you, that you are in a condition altogether unworthy of you; and if I do not deceive myself, 'slavery' is not the greatest of your griefs. I offer you all the relief in my power."

"Generous Rhodope," answered I, "it is quite natural for 'benevolent hearts' to compassionate the unhappy. This is the reason that draws your pity upon me. I know how truly valuable it is; but I feel, also, that I do not deserve it—nor can I make use of it. The gods—whose image you are; the gods—if they have yet something left to do for you—will reward your kindness! I do not dare intreat them for it; my vows might prove fatal to you."

I could not refrain from—tears. I wished to withdraw; and reproached myself with having indulged in a conversation in which

Sophene had taken no part. Rhodope stopped me. "Had I," said she, "the might of those gods whose image you say I am, you should be free, or happy at least." "Alas!" said I, "the first is indifferent to me—the other impossible." "Then," added she, "you make too little of my power." "No," was my reply; "but were you a god, what could you effectuate alone against the will of all the other powers on high against you?" "Tacita," pursued she, "do you think your misfortunes past recovery? That is an 'error' common to such as labour under adverse fortune. Inform me of all your mischances. I know not whether my concern for you deceives me; but I could almost assure you they will end sooner than you expect, and that I shall have a hand in it." "Oh, Rhodope!" cried I, hurried away by an invincible charm, "I can deny you nothing. It will cost me many a bitter tear —life, perhaps; but you shall be obeyed."

Rhodope lent a "patient ear" to the relation of my adventurous misfortunes. Though her beauty was so transcendent, she seemed jealous of that I had ascribed to Sophene, and looked upon what I had told her concerning it as an exaggeration from an infuriated lover. "But," added I, "all that I can urge to enforce the truth of what I have said is to no purpose—it cannot be proved—Sophene is no more!"

My spirits were exhausted by the constraint and the pain they had sustained so long; a cloud overspread my eyes—I fainted away. Rhodope called for help! They bore me to the bed of Dymas. "Tacita," said she, "shall I be the occasion of your death?" She wiped my "flowing tears" away; she laid her hand upon my *heart* to revive it. Tears trickled down her cheeks. I came to myself again; but, unable to bear the light, I lost my senses a second time. Something more powerful than Rhodope's hand relieved me anew—I heard a voice that struck my heart! I thought I recollected it; I cast my tearful and dim eyes about me—I fixed them upon a young slave named Sylla, eager to assist Rhodope, who had fallen into a swoon. Except some alteration in her features, some paleness, an incommunicable melancholy spread over her face, I found that she perfectly resembled Sophene. It was she!—I could no longer doubt it. Deceitful idea!—it lasted but a moment. I upbraided mine own eyes with their imposture; and that phantom and torturing pleasure which had so lately charmed me, seemed nothing but an error the gods were pleased to lead me into.

The slaves of Rhodope had carried off their mistress. Dymas came in. I was alone—discomposed and dejected; but that man, whose natural haughtiness had received an increase by the honours conferred on him, did not stoop so low as to look at me—he took notice of nothing.

When I was permitted to step again into the garden, I began leisurely to meditate upon what had befallen me: I durst not, nor was I anxious to dive into Rhodope's sentiments. That which is not the object of our desires affords us neither fear nor hope: I was so unhappy that I could neither appear to be so—nor be so.

The slave I had seen still returned to my mind. I was vexed with myself for thinking of her; and I could not account for, nor could I help it. I asked myself, what Sylla had in common with Sophene, and

by what foolish conceit a chimerical happiness could alleviate a real misfortune? But it was in vain that I put the question to myself. I did not consult my reason; I was afraid lest it should tend to dissipate an error too dear to me to renounce it. It was more natural for me to apply for advice to my stricken and tumultuous heart. In the mean time, I was not pleased or at all satisfied with its vacillation and wavering. I knew no more what to trust to. And, in fine, my "reason" got the better of it, and I was ashamed of my boundless credulity. "No," said I, "Sophene lives no more! My mind, still bent upon her image, was deluded by a mere shadow of her bright and beautiful features. The gods would not have drawn her out from the abyss of the sea to plunge her into slavery; they would have carried her to Aurycone, and there have restored her to the burning and bitter tears of Parthia. Sophene is dead!" continued I. "Heaven is too sparing of its miracles to operate so great a one in my favour as to restore my lost Sophene—I must think only of mourning for her death!"

Rhodope did not leave me long unacquainted with my having pleased her. Could I be prepared for that new caprice of the god of love? Cruel deity, what a flame thou hast lighted up in her bosom! Hast thou no pleasure but in making mortals wretched? Rhodope, you love a slave—an ingrate. Alas! you deserved a better fate, a happier and a brighter destiny! Overjoyed that my birth answered an imaginary merit I owed only to her favourable prejudices, she flattered herself that the remembrance of Sophene could not make any stand against her beauty, and the proffers both of her hand and heart—she saw no obstacle to the development and speedy consummation of her passion. She sought after me most diligently, and would have me know it. I avoided her. She was amiable; but the slightest diversion from my "weariness of life"—my inconsolable affliction—the melancholy religion of my lacerated heart—seemed but a crime to me, and acted upon my *mind* like forked lightnings upon the raging surface of ocean's immeasurable depths and caverned waters.

She could not check her tender impatience any longer. She wrote to me. Sylla was commissioned to bring her letter. "Sophocles," said she to me, at the moment when she delivered it, "my mistress, Rodope, wishes you joy!" "What sound was that? What new vision is this? O, heaven!" I said, "do the deceased live again? Sophene!—is it you?" And what other but Sophocles could call Sophene by her mother's name? What other could work in my heart such a delicious impression? Which is the god that thus restores you to my love?" Rhodope did not give her leisure to answer. She saw us, and could not withstand the pleasure of conversing with me. She took delight in saying to herself that I had read her letter—that I must know she loved me—that I could not but share in her transports. She now came up to us. Her presence gave us pain. We quickly exchanged our joy for surprise. She took notice of our discomposure—she looked upon us, and stood amazed! Her eyes glistened with masculine wrath! Sophene, by an admirable presence of mind, relieved us from so embarrassing a situation. "You are astonished at this seemingly sudden acquaintance, [and at our mutual agitation,"

quoth she; "but you will pity us when you are made acquainted with the cause of it. Sophocles is my brother! Separated from one another by the rigour of fate, we had not even hoped to meet one another again—so seemingly improbable did it appear to either of us. But, alas! indulge our tears, and partake of our unutterable sorrow. The condition we are both in embitters our pleasures, which otherwise would be entirely pure!"

Rhodope relented—her suspicions vanished—she congratulated me upon having been restored to so charming a sister, and, as she did not question but the hope of her liberty would impel Sylla to favour the love she bore towards me, she heaped caresses upon her in a remarkable degree. Sophene dissembled, and promised every thing. Their conversation was long. I did not hear it; they were not within the reach of my hearing. I only perceived them at a distance.

How handsome they were both! Sophene could not take offence at it;—nobody but myself could make any distinction between them. A beautiful girl in love is easily discovered by appearances. Rhodope conceived that her happiness was at hand. Contentment and self-complacency increased her peerless charms. She looked into my eyes for some "passionate glances" which might betray her conquest—she could find none. She inclined to complain of it: a reminiscent sense of modesty checked her—she suddenly departed, and left us by ourselves.

I pressed my own Sophene to my tumultuous breast with exquisite ardour. "Do I see—do I embrace my Sophene?" I cried. "Is it my life, my soul's true happiness? I had thought you lost to me for ever, Sophene; and now I find, to my full delight, that you live—even to bless Sophocles!"

The warmest transports of the fondest lovers surpassed not ours—they never could have equalled them! When we had given vent to the first raptures of our joy, I intreated Sophene to tell me by what fortuitous and happy means she had escaped from the raging sea, and how she had become a slave in the house of Sostrates. "I will satisfy you," answered the benevolent Sophene. "Do you remember that, though we were too much taken up with the pleasure of making a soft exchange of our tender sentiments—when we set sail for Eurycone—to heed what passed above us, we could not but take notice of a young sailor on board of our vessel. Though he was in rags—though his dishevelled hair hung loosely upon his shoulders and shaded a part of his face, the paleness of it, joined to his sad looks, that did not impair the regularity of his features, announced a dejected but sensible soul, and a youth born in a condition far above his station. Whether there be a sympathy between noble souls, or whether misfortune recommends to feeling hearts a sweet and consoling sympathy—I pitied him. He, on his side, guessed who we were; and I am bound to say, that either some attracting graces in me—my youth—or the rigours of fate that condemned me to lose my life—moved him to compassion: he appeared eager to offer himself to throw me into the deep, only to plunge to rescue—or to perish with me. Indeed, he did not quit my girdle, but kept me above water; and as the storm subsided immediately after the sea had received its victim, the wind served only to convey us in safety to this not far distant coast, where we landed. When I had recovered

from the hardships both of mind and body we had undergone, and found again my revived, my restored senses, I expressed to my deliverer my thankfulness rather by the eloquence of mine eyes than by words from my mouth. 'May,' said I, 'the gods who have endowed you with all their benevolence, and all the courage that can glow in the breast of man, take upon them the just reward due to your magnanimity!' 'What I did,' answered Antonii, 'another, in all probability, would have surpassed. There can be no merit in laying down—to save yours—a life which is nothing to me but a very bitter portion. The inward pleasure I feel in having snatched from the arms of death so perfect a pattern of beauty, is the only one I have enjoyed for a long time past.' 'But,' said I, 'will you deny me a relation of your misfortunes? Some times we find help from such as we think the least able to afford it.'

"'Love,' replied he, 'and the injustice of a father who, at first, had encouraged and smiled upon the affection that, from our childhood, his daughter Isaline and I had shown for one another. That inclination grew up with us; it took deep root from habit, and turned into love. We were hardly sensible of it—so perfectly happy had we been till then. But in spite of his formal promises—in a word, at the time when the articles of our marriage were already entered upon—when we thought the union between the two families was on the point of being for ever cemented by ours, he broke at once his engagements and our hearts, through pride and avarice; for all the advantages my rival can boast of over me consist only in a greater fortune, and in a station of life superior to mine. But does the happiness of it depend on such trifling considerations, that most commonly have more brilliancy than solidity in them?

"'However, though Isaline was a most dutiful child to him, she could not be induced to lay aside her tenderest engagements, that had received the seal of the paternal sanction, and she pledged her veracity rather to live single than to give her hand to any other man but me. I was at first cast down; but, spirited up by her words, I betook myself to traffic, in order to make up by my labour what fortune had denied me. She seemed at first to favour my endeavours, when, by a fatal meeting with pirates, I was stripped of every thing I had laid up—and of my liberty. A second sea-fight has chained me to your fate, and I have been but an instrument in the hands of the gods to preserve a life which, I foresee, is pre-determined to a glorious destiny!' Thus spake Antonii.

"We became soon after the property of Sostrates; and soon growing sensible of his having taken a liking to me, and some jealousy towards Antonii, on account of the good intelligence betwixt us, I laid open to him the obligations I was under to that young man. It occurred that, either out of love or exalted benevolence, or perhaps prompted by those united powerful excitements, he went out, and visited Aones, the father of Isaline, who inhabited a small city in his vicinage. The youth whom the latter had made choice of for his son-in-law being just dead, it was not difficult for Sostrates to succeed in renewing the match, formerly projected between these young people; and so much the less, as his credit and generosity afforded Antonii

an unexceptionable situation in life. In brief, they are now united, and incomparably happy; and I do not question but love, who seems to be pleased to make us amends for the woes he has made us suffer, will soon reward our constancy by binding fast the indissoluble ties of our so-long-wished-for union."

Now that I have told you how unexpectedly I was rescued, let us think on the same means of shaking off our present chains. Do you begin by feigning to love Rhodope: humour an inclination that may turn out useful to us: do not love her—but let her believe that you do. The gods will order the remainder. What you say is true; but be mindful that necessity acknowledges no law; and since happiness depends upon it, you must of course behave to her as I shall behave to Sostrates. "But does Sostrates love you indeed, and in truth?" said I. "How much I fear the consequences of that passion! How powerful a master is Virtue's slave! You are his—" "You frighten me even unto death, Sophocles!" continued she, energetically, "why should we suffer green-eyed jealousy to rob us of all we love and value on earth? I am not afraid of Rhodope—and you have nothing to fear from Sostrates." As we were in danger of being taken unawares, we then broke off our discourse. One good fortune comes upon the back of another. This very day I found Imlacca again. Our joy was equal to our surprise—love did not rob friendship of its raptures—we related to each other our mutual distresses—he inquired anxiously of me whether I had written to Temistheus: "No," said I, "I had lost Sophene—all my thoughts were irreconcilably bent on death. It is but to-day that we have met again." He was stunned at my speech; he had thought that Sophene's loss had distracted my mind—he strove to comfort me—I undeceived him. "No, dear Imlacca, no; Sophene is not dead—but she is a slave—make haste—go, and tell our parents that we are indeed living—but under slavery." He promised to work a speedy reconciliation among our common relations, and to engage them to come and redeem us, and after the tenderest and most sincere protestations as from two friends united by sympathy and virtue, we separated.

I could no longer live without Sophene; I looked for her everywhere; I lost no opportunity of speaking to her. The confidence that Rhodophe reposed in us, the various occupations of Sostrates—obliged to go abroad with Dymas—permitted our seeing each other often. Nevertheless, Sophene told me that we ought to behave more prudently: I felt that she was wise, discreet, and discerning: but prudence is seldom the attendant of love, and her "reason" did not prevent her from remaining in my company. The ease of the heart sharpens the natural wit of the understanding: we enjoyed those delicious interviews, the value of which is only known to lovers. I acquainted her with what had passed between Imlacca and me. Hope rendered us forgetful of our bondage; we thought we were free already. The appeased gods made us feel beforehand, and in all their peerless purity, the delicious sweets, they were at this time preparing for us.

Sometimes we spoke of Rhodope. Sophene imparted to me the engaging things he said to her, as from me; we reproached ourselves with our deceits—and, moreover, fabricated new ones. If I plundered a thrilling kiss from her—and I often did—she would softly inquire

whether I would have her convey it to Rhodope? "Yes," I said, pressing her to my stormy bosom; "and would she kiss me in return for my theft? I can refuse nothing to her ambassadress." "No," answered she, making her escape; "my instructions do not go so far." I had not read her letter, I had not even unsealed it. Sophene desired to see and peruse it—of consequence, I readily complied. I was full of hope, wishes, and sensibilities. It had passion in it; but it was expressed with dignity, in such a way, that the most scrupulous observer of decency would at once have admired and blamed at the same time. To Sophene, I observed, "Rhodope might choose among the most illustrious Greeks, and make the happiness of him whom she should prefer. Perhaps, I am the only one that cannot love her, at the same time that I am the only one she loves. O Rhodope! how much I pity you!

She was listening to us. How shall I describe her grief—her indignation—her jealousy? "Tacita," said she, "the gods were just towards you: you deserve but to be a slave—fear my wrath: but, indeed, to glut my revenge, I have nothing to do but to abandon you to your fate. Ungrateful pair! I will render your chains heavy upon you, and separate you from one another; No, you shall not enjoy together the ineffectual satisfaction of laughing at my weakness. I will listen to nothing but hatred; and, if possible, make you as unhappy as you have rendered me despicable in mine own eyes!"

'Generous Rhodope!" I exclaimed, falling on my knees, "we shall not think of excuses," and taking from my breast the picture of Sophene, which I had worn near my heart, since the moment I thought I had lost her for ever! "that picture declares my possession of her, long before I met you. I had looked into the eyes of my own dear Sophene, long, long ere I heard your name for the first time. Our ties are sacred; if we are guilty, love made us so. He alone can sue for our pardon: you can either destroy or save us. The less we are worthy of your forgiveness, the more glorious it will be for you to forgive us; to grant us pardon; to give us happiness, by insuring to us our liberty and peace. Know ye not, Rhodope, that it is the glory of human nature—of august or abject mortality—to pass by an offence? It is a most holy and reverend maxim, and worthy of all praise, as it is no less deserving the most catholic practice. The gods have been pleased to unite us once more; make an end, I implore thee, of what they have so bountifully commanded—render us happy." Sophene's silence bespoke the perplexity of her mind; at the same time that her eyes directed, by turns, upon her picture and upon me, expressed her tender regard and secret gratitude for the value I set upon, and the care I had taken of it.

Rhodope did not say a word, she seemed to behold our tears unmoved; we expected, in a mortal agony, a sentence upon which depended our life or death; she went away without passing it upon us.

Imlacca did not return; we had but one day more to stay at Artycome. Had Rhodope only said a word to Sostrates, we had been utterly undone; but she comported herself in a different manner; we never met afterwards with a more zealous protectress. O Rhodope! may I cease to be loved by Sophene, if I lose the delightful recollection of your kindness!

We drew near the time of our deliverance. It took place when we

thought it at the greatest distance from us. The solemn sacrifice that was to terminate the ministry and honours of Dymas, was almost completed; he was to return to depart, I was going with him. Sophene would have been lost to me. When the ceremony was almost at an end, on a sudden we heard the cries of two anxious mothers, loudly calling on their children. It was Dianthea and Panthia. They moved every one present to compassion. And Sosthenes and Theonisteus drew near the altar. "People of Artycome, here solemnly assembled," said my father, raising his voice, "Sostrates and Dymas are daring enough to retain their fellow-citizens in ignominious slavery. Do not suffer the perogatives of the Greek nation to be so shamefully infringed; and you, minister of Apollo, order him to be delivered up to us."

Sostrates willingly complied; but Dymas urged in his behalf, the right of war that had rendered him my master. He refused to restore me to liberty. Aided by his friends who joined him, he prepared himself to force me out of the sanctuary, where I had taken refuge. The people opposed him, the temple resounded with the noise of confused voices. Discord agitated every mind: injustice was on the point of triumphing. The high priest was not able to appease the tumult. He made a sign with his hand that he wished to speak. Hardly was he listened to. At length, respect for his character got the better of passion—all was hushed—a stilly and prophetic silence reigned throughout the holy sanctuary. "A Greek," said he, "cannot be a slave in his own country: such are our laws. However, if Dymas will not abide by my decision, great Apollo, let him know thy supreme will." He then ascended, with venerable steps, the tremendous tripod: his reason became troubled—his looks grew wild—his body fell into convulsions, and full of divine madness which inspired him, he delivered this oracle or sentence. "Let Sophene and Sophocles be made free; let them be restored to Sosthenes and Themisteus." Our destiny was no longer doubtful: we now recovered our vernacular liberty. Dymas darted out of the temple in a rage, and returned to Daphnipolis. At the name of Sosthenes, Sostrates remembered that their fathers had been united by the sacred ties of hospitality. He kindly complained of our having hidden our birth from him. We embraced our parents and friends. A delightfully pleasing reconciliation took place, and universal peace was established. The people gradually withdrew from the solemn aisles of the temple. The high priest, with his usual benevolence and affectionate regard for his people, would have us go to his house; we joyfully accepted the venerable man's invitation. When the first raptures of our joy and gladness were in some measure abated, the discourse turned upon our adventures; we were desired to give an account of them; I did not require to be urged, and accordingly resuming them from my first departure from Eurycome, afforded their impatient curiosity ample satisfaction.

Sophene, alone, could make up what was deficient in the narrative. Our silence convinced her that we expected she should continue and finish the narration. She was sensible of its being out of her power to dispense with it; but timidity kept Sophene in suspense. "Dear Sophene! Sosthenes observed her disinclination to comply, and cast upon her a look that had something in it of pleasure mixed with reproach, and

although it increased her troubles, in spite of her fearfulness, she was persuaded by the mild and gentle wishes of her "friends and dear relations," to repeat the narrative she had given me, to which Sophene, very sensibly added some particulars that she had left untold, in the warmth and excitement consequent on our first meeting. They were as follow:—

"After having swam some time, we landed on a desert shore, where we remained some days. I must not forget that, being one night weary, and so falling into a sound sleep, a winged child came and sat by me. I well recollected the darling stranger; it was Love. 'Cruel author of my pains,' I said, 'wilt thou expose me to new misfortunes? Have I not suffered enough? Why do you not suffer me to die?' 'Sophene,' answered he, 'your distresses come from fate; it knows no power above itself, and my reign extends only over the hearts. You shall find your Sophocles again.' It flew away: I awoke, and mistrusting his prediction, I continued in the same state of dejection. We were expecting nothing but death, when a vessel appeared in the distance, and shortly drew near the shore. We kept our anxious eyes fixed upon the shallop, and lifted up our hands to heaven in a paroxism of fervent gratitude. The crew had discerned us, for they presently came to our assistance. They were wretches that, with much ado, had escaped from the tempest's dreadful wrath, during which the music of the spheres conspired to chaunt a new and glorious hymn of wondrous thunder-praise, to the holy god of nature; illumined as it was—peal after peal—by the brilliant flashes of the quick cross lightning's elementary panoply, which had the effect of inspiring every one who beheld that awful occurrence, with incommunicable dread—with a heart-felt conviction, that whilst heaven can protect, the gods can also avenge—what an affecting scene! A particular account of it, I will spare you. The excess of their misery did not hinder them from feeling for us: not satisfied with supplying us with some coarse vestments half-worn out, they gave us some scraps they had left: which they had scarcely finished, when pirates, or in other words wild beasts, attacked them. What resistance were they capable of? Their death followed close upon their slavery.

"Those degraded and degrading Ethiopians, whose remembrance frightens me yet, spared only my deliverer and me. They carried us to Artycome. Sostrates saw me crowned with laurel, when I went out of the fountain of Minerva. He bought me to attend his daughters, and kept Andomedon for himself. I found in his house the end of my miseries. Charming Rhodope! I will never be unmindful of your kindness, as my mistress; you did restore me to liberty; but you did not set my heart free from the everlasting bonds of gratitude—it still, it ever must love you."

Sophene said nothing more. Sostrates was charmed with her discretion—"And you, also," said he, "you are my daughter." "O my father!" exclaimed Rhodope, taking Sophene about the neck, you give me a dangerous sister—but I love her so well, as not to envy her your tenderness." "Why have I not a son," observed Sosthenes, "to propose for this charming daughter of yours?" "I know no man," replied Sostrates, "so worthy of Rhodope, as Imlacca, Sophocles' friend, unless she has some exception to make against him." While they were busy iving one another soft and mutual tokens of affection, Rhodope

whispered to me, without being heard by any one—"At least, since my father has adopted Sophene for his daughter, you will give me leave to call you my brother." "With all my anxious heart," I exclaimed, "beautiful Rhodope! Happy man that I am, who shall boast of having such a sister—and such a wife." We thanked the high priest for the important service he had rendered us, and we set out for Artycome.

Sophene insisted upon passing through that place, for the express purpose of trying, a second time, the adventures of the fountain of Minerva: I opposed an experiment that delayed my happiness. She received it kindly, and indulged my wishes; but Sophene was, nevertheless, desirous of having fresh witnesses to her sublime—to her exalted virtue.

Arrived at Artycome, I sent for my dear Imlacca, just recovered from a fit of the ague, that had hindered him from travelling to Daphnipolis. Sostrates put the question to him. Amazed at so happy and unexpected a proposition—he poured out the generous overflowings of his manly and generous heart, in expressions of the most lively and sympathetic gratitude; but before he would accept it, he desired to be assured of Rhodope's acquiescence. She modestly blushed on hearing the communication which was made to her. His marriage was solemnized the same day, in Sosthenes' gardens.

Greece! the lovely, had not seen a spectacle so magnificent: and how long that bright day was to me! How tiresome are feasts for a lover who waits only their end to be happy! "Will not the night come?" I said, softly and tenderly, to Sophene; "shall we never be by ourselves?" Delicious night! thou art over already. If all those that are to follow, shall be like this—gods! I envy not your supreme destiny.

Some months after we returned to Eurycome, and although I had incurred the rigour of the law, by having fallen in love contrary to its formal inhibition, I was, nevertheless, most heartily welcomed there. The citizens held that this involuntary breach of mine had been more than expiated by all the hardships I had endured: thereupon taking this rigorous law into consideration, they wisely and gladly repaled it as unjust. Indeed, for a man whose feeling heart is ever in the right place, is at one and the same time, tender and sensible, to love—is as natural as to breathe. Like the fire that purifies even the most precious metals, the high-born flame, that glows in a delicate spirit, contributes to raise, to the highest degree of perfection and energy, all the virtues it is most commonly endowed with

PICTURES OF PRIDE.

Saint Bride's deep chime proclaims time's vagrant hour,
And night's dun pall flings sadness o'er the earth:
Spreading along the sky her dusky power
And heralding, in gloom, the morning's birth.

The city is not thronged with busy life:
No echoing footsteps through her arches sound:
Hushed is the voice of woe, and care, and strife,
The hoofs of prancing steeds no longer bound.

E'en from my studio—whence I gaze on thee,
New London!—Mother!—Queen of Intellect!
Can I behold the Carthage of the free—
Th' Athens of the brave—and not reflect?

Reflect on all that was—feuds that have been
Within thy blood-stain'd walls—thine iron gates:
Our Alfred and our Henrys:—Mary, as Queen:
Elizabeth! at whose name proud glory wakes?

Yet why recount the gothic and the dark:
Or, tell of those who were not righteous men:
Of "truth," our ancestors caught not one spark:
Nor had they seen Religion's triumph, then.

She holy Matron! walked in deepest thought
Amid our rude and wild forefathers, blind;
Nor she alone—'twas Charity, Faith, brought
To her aid th' attributes of infant *mind*.

With "mind," upsprung a new and peerless light,
That still, with smiles undying throughout time;
Beams forth its brilliant glories with delight,
Mantling old nature with her frown sublime.

Whence, rose yon pile, the sanctuary grand,
For holy—not impenitential priests:
But such, as guided by Religion's hand,
Eschew the "world"—flee folly's revel feasts,

Religion weeps! e'en through that empty aisle,
Where Pride's rich vestments cover inward glee:
And Latin impotence is wont to smile,
At meek-eyed Pity, on contrition's knee.

Nor Odin's monuments, nor Joan's fell disguise,
In their long past and horrid days of doom:
Heaped half the troubles on the good and wise,
As present priestcraft on a nation's tomb.

Yet turn we from the sight—with tears away,
For soon our country's hopes shall be fulfilled:
Her destinies secure, she mocks delay:
The Monarch's madness, who is not self-willed.

Peel might his country save—but *will* he save
That country Byron loved, and deified?
Can pride elate, raise Canning from his grave?
Who to Fame's temple climbs without a guide?

Your Pitt of yesterday was Freedom's fool:
Pride's Royal George unlike a king, at best:
Achilles' self but vain ambitions tool:
So were your Pompeys—Cæsars, and the rest:

Pride's Attic madmen of the day and hour,
Without the reasoning faculty, profound:
Those light-heeled vampyres through the dance of power,
That make a noise above, not under ground.

Beneath our feet, and in the noiseless grave,
Those Thebans boast but meretricious names:
Nor Granta's, nor Oxonia's follies, save
Their titles and distinctions from the flames.

Yet turn to where the Boatman plies his trade
Upon the stream of Thames and glory too:
Under the round Moon's melancholy shade,
Filling the night-watch with Urania's woe.

All, all is dulness, save his splashing noise,
Which tends to wake the stilly pause of sleep:
But his, poor wretch! are solitary joys:
He moves, and has his being on the deep.

Darksome and fearful flows that trembling stream,
As on he wanders to th' eternal main:
Through yon arched bridge, where Friars once did dream,
Thence, to far Holland, France, Iberia, Spain,

Above those arches—dark as wears the night—
  Tow'ring aloft, a wood of masts I see:
Though faint and fainter wanes her sickly light,
  E'en the sad moon, Britannia, smiles on thee.

She's gone! behind yon cloud, her face sublime
  Doth bide. When Orus' star leads on the dawn,
Then, all the heraldry of Nature's prime
  Shall guild her argent sphere to man unknown.

Silent as dark, and dark as silent, all:
  'Tis meditation's softest hour of prayer:
'Tis time to mourn philosophy's dread fall—
  Since *all* we know—is knowledge in despair.

The Sage, the Cynic: they who piled on high
  Babel's proud pyramid—brazen in decay;
Those prophets who disgrac'd Assyrias' sky
  By impious daring—all these have passed away.

The Druid Fathers, with their cruel lord
  The bold Barbarian from fair Italy:
The conquering Persian, whose prophetic words
  Struck terror to thy palmy state, and *thee*—

Imperial Rome! Gaunt Pride's own sorceress!
  The disembroiling mother of all ill:—
Ills which are human and of dire distress—
  Of which, methink, thou hast not yet thy fill?

Doomed as thou art—on seven hills, to be
  The scourge of reason, and the bane of peace,
With Pride's false cowl, and dark latinity,
  Unborrowed from thine isles, awakened Greece!

Thou wert, aforetime, Pride's empurpled thing—
  While yet the world was young, and sin less fell:
Ere thou pressed on to conquer, conquering:
  And Delphi lost her oracle and spell.

Where are *her* spirits—brilliant in disguise—
  Those magnificent, god-born men of sense,
Who followed after Hebrew wisdom, wise:
  Say, muse neglected, Pride's best recompense?

What says the' Oracle? List—humph! no set speech?
  Then all is lost—except man's vital soul:
To that essential particle, canst reach?
  Speak—if thou mightest, wouldest—hadst control?

Where are your Scipio's gone? whence your Solons, now:
Brave Troy's prodigious madmen—serfs of pride?
Fame's Alexander, where? Beneath *thy* brow
Of knowledge and all other good, beside?

Vain trumpery, all—and fitted for the bad:
Nor will the sensible and thinking man
Believe that e'er thou hadst—or ever had
The power or gift men's destinies to scan.

Sad were the mysteries of Helen's fame—
As sad, albeit, the fame of Rome appears:
God of the Bible! alone thou hast a name,—
Let knowledge wipe away my mental tears:—

Dry up the rivers upon my mind's estate,
Lest irrigation overwhelm the soil;
And the dread war of intellect, too late,
Destroy this being—Pride's untiring coil.

The voice of Nature musing on the breeze:
This heaven-poised sphere of earth, on which I tread:
The foliage of the flowers, the plants, the trees,
They do but tell of pride—the pride that's dead.

Egyptian grandeur, reminiscent still,
Adorns th' ignorance of Pagan death;
Jerusalem in her weeds—and Zion's hill,
Red Calvary, that owns a Saviour's breath.

The Sphynx upon the plain—gigantic tomb!
Mecca's false shrine, less frantic than of old,
Impugn base Pride, in mind's illumin'd womb,
While yet the victims sleep in death, clay-cold.

Wild Asia's tabor, whence? the Doric reed?
The sounding shell, with music's soft-toned lute?
The Phyrric dance—Apollo's guilty creed—
Your demi-gods of horror?—speechless, mute!

Greece lost her intellectual spirits, too,
When reason reeled, beneath Pride's damning scorn:
The Stagyrite himself was Pride's great foe—
Plato, Isocrates, whose sense my verse adorn.

Matchless in Beauty's oriental smiles,
See, where the queen of loveliness doth hide
Her scalding tears, from Venice and her isles—
Suborned and tortured, too, by incest Pride.

See where she drinks—no longer Adria's wine—
But from the chalice Lido fills with glee—
So withered now, and desolate her vine—
Though waveless still the blue Lagoon may be.

'Twas there, or thereabouts, that Foscarani strove
Against his traitor-murderers—who died,
The marvel of his honour and true love—
The victim of her infamy and Pride.

He loved—and was beloved! What more would man?
The Hundred Isles, were nothing in the scales;
With mind to brave and bear,—with soul to scan,
Th' inconstant good of virtue's devious gales.

He wooed a lady—and her name was Love,
True to his passion, all beside—loved not;
She was an angel—spotless as the dove,
Yet pride, like darkness, closed upon their lot.

In vain I write,—if to descant be vain—
Upon the trodden plumes of nodding pride;
The throbbings of my heart have borne the pain,
Like yielding mortals, wrestling with the tide.

The wind is up! pity for those who roam,
Upon life's selfish wilderness, so cold;
Pity for him who quits his Father's home,
In mockery and haste—his Mother, old:

To wander, thoughtless, o'er a prosperous land,
Where hope holds out to industry reward;
And idleness supplies the useless hand,
With nought save infamy's subdued regard.

Pride prompts the million: e'en the village churl
As home he hies him from the play-house throng,
Envies the great, who in their chariots whirl
From square to square—nor to that crowd belong.

Rolls the deep thunder heavily on high?
Answer, speak if thou art not coward man?
Say "yes:"—I hail it with salvation's sigh—
Can truth do more? so teach me if it can?

Falls now the lightning with some quick design!
(Dost *feel* the infliction Nature bade thee feel?)
Spare, spare the pilgrim gray, Father benign,
Turn its course towards the magnetic steel.

What shriek was that I heard? whence came that cry?
The pause most awful, the effect adverse:
Lo! where the mariners affrighted fly
Their burning vessel with Pride's low-born curse.

Hard by the flames forth issuing from that blaze,
Pride's dismal tower stands: with bolts and bars:
With dungeons deep as dark. I may not gaze
Upon that fœtid pile: recount the wars,

Made for Pride's commensurate death and doom:
The which our lion King—Cromwell, led on.
Explore their relics, mark well th' ensanguin'd gloom
Which vaunts the prowess of Fame's Wellington!

Need we re-tell Pride's executions there?
Condemn the baseless tenor of its power?
The war-hounds stirring drum and fife declare
E'en now Pride's demonstrative hour.

The Lady Jane: those martyrs of our land:
Rulers and warriors: men of rare estate:
Have laid upon the block, at Pride's command,
Devoted heads: and such was woman's fate!

Accursed and perjured Pride—for ever dread—
Whence came thy trappings, thy deep clanking mail?
Would'st have me ask the manes of thy dead
Which hover o'er yon pile with memory's wail?

Am I a man? and does the God of light,
Of loveliness celestial, grand,—
Add truth to reason, faithfulness to sight,
Which bade me read the writing—of His hand?

'Tis on the wall—I scan—I read it, there!
Quid novi?—"Gaudet tentamine virtus."
God of our Fathers! preserve our church,—spare
Our mother country—Pride's victims, all—and us?

Bursts now the thunder-cloud beneath thy feet,
Eternal Ruler of the starry realm!
Thy thunderings and forked lightnings speak:
That flash hath struck Pride's sea-boy at the helm.

Again it darts, like might with vengeance clothed:
Now impels it through yon palace gray,
Where all I loved and those I most have loathed
Have lived and died, and, haply, passed away.

In that arena, Martyrdom grew pale
When red Catholicy—Pride's deep-died sin—
Rode, with his thundering pinions, on the gale,
And Smithfield heard the Stake's infuriate din:—

When perished Cranmer, and that steadfast man,—
Who never knelt 'fore Pride's most lep'rous crew—
(Deny me if ye may—Rome's lettered clan)
Then Papal dogmas beggared Pride, and you.

And never more—while our fine people pray,
Shall Heaven let fall its sanction of thy creed:
The vast intelligence of mental day,
Resplendent, flings Truth's brightness o'er Time's speed.

Like Aaron's Rod, the lightning points to thee,
Worthy and pious man of God, and sense:
And thou the ornament of Lambeth's see,
While I to knowledge have but small pretence.

Would that each minister of heavenly grace
Possessed the spirit purely sanctified:
Then might we hope to see Faith's sacred place
The house of God indeed—the hell of Pride.

E'en while my wakeful eyes—two orbs of light—
Fix them on objects by the world admired:
And Nature fires the tapistry of night—
My thoughts perchance, may be e'en now inspired:—

Turn we to where the Abbey of our sires
Lifts up her towers, with solemn grandeur, there,
While the dumb stars drop wisdom on its spires,
Above the mighty dead that slumber there.

Thus let me pass St. Stephen's antique door:
And pause—to ponder o'er the rugged rhyme:
Which Pride's tall carved columns long have bore:
Forgetful of the sweeping wings of time.

Here—lies a Poet, who sublimed our isles,
And made them laugh and sing for virtue's sake:
There—rests a Patriot, lured by Pride's vain smiles,
Who well preferred the lancet—to the stake.

Below—a Warrior: name it not in Gath:
My heart doth bleed, and still shall bleed to feel
What Pride can never *feel*, and mine too often hath—
A nameless horror of war's trenchant steel.

Here—lies a Senator, whose flowers of speech
Surpassed old Illium's, Sparta's laurelled head:
See! where he lies: and that alone should teach
The living proud to venerate the dead.

Why did he die amid Britannia's woe,
Ere glory's out-stretched wings illumin'd the skies:
Ere victory did her silver trumpet blow,
Making the nations pale. Why did he die?

"Resurgam." Here sleepeth pure simplicity:
All beautiful in beauty's vesper guise:
Pride heard her dying benedicity,
Ere her wrapt spirit, mounting, kiss'd the skies.

Pride's loud commotion desecrates man's sense;
And weak ambition soon neglects a GOD!
My heart is fixed—I know the recompense—
And tread upon your barren, flowerless sod.

'Tis folly, all. E'en Sheba proved the king
A very coxcomb 'neath wisdom's fading hairs;
Why need we modern instances! I sing
Of Bible truths—and what most true appears.

Below these time-worn stones, of pond'rous size,
How many fathers of the parish rest!
Their epitaphs proclaim them scarcely wise—
Did they perform humanity's behest?

Sat they in church and heard their Pastor pray,
Imploring blessings or averting care?
Heard they the silver bells make glad the day,
And dared their lips respond in mockery there?

These were no proofs of goodness in disguise,
No indication of the spirit-*tried*:
Religion's children are both good and wise,
Nor are her dictates ever mis-applied.

The stunted artizan, the man of trade,
The pilgrim, weary of the road he took,
With each degree of colour and of shade,
Are they not blazon'd in salvation's book?

Yet mark, fond man—for hard it is to count
Upon the souls that life-wrecked are, and found;
My heart grows sick—I tremble at death's fount—
E'en while I meditate on pride's own ground.

Strive then, oh, man, to rear thy crest on high—
Since sense alone, exalted and refined,
Can estimate th' essence of a "sigh,"
Or guide to heaven light's brilliant germ of mind.

Sure, 'tis enough that life should end with earth;
What miracle 's impossible above?
All other thoughts lie smothered in mind's birth—
Man's second birth of life—supernal love.

In this dense wilderness of shame and guilt,
In this so ample, unexplored abode,
Where Poverty secures what crumbs are spilt
By Riches, on the which its pride had trode:—

In this emporium of a nation's weal,
This modern Babel of unrighteousness,
On the Bard's ear the sighs of sorrow steal,
And the last throes of merit in distress.

The Janus Lawyer—pleader at the bar;
The soft-tongued Doctor with his victim pale:
All these, with many more, Man's interests mar,
As on he travels through life's chequer'd vale.

The lion-hearted sailor braves the deep:
The soldier emulates a Picton's fame:
Your senatorial hireling, sunk to sleep,
Lists not the patriot tell his country's shame!

Th' unlettered politician, Roman-wise,
Like Marcus Curtius, down the gulf would leap:
Alas, for manhood in some clown's disguise!
Pity for England, when her honour's cheap!

The generous Cit, retired from noise and wealth,
The honest recompense of hard-earned years:
Who never draws his purse-strings out by stealth,
Compared with those, how noble he appears!

Nor Lord, nor Prelate, boast a heart like his:
They only conjugate the verb "to be;"
Higher and higher up th' ascent to bliss,
Forgetful of thy path, futurity!

Amid the vast turmoil of action here,
'Tis good to mark e'en Beauty's bosom rise:
To see, sometimes, the sympathetic tear,
Pearl the chaste cheek of virtue's liquid eyes.

Life's secret known and kept, enough for man,
In this low vale probationary still:
Get wealth—gain honours—wisdom, if you can—
That mental bulwark 'gainst life's latest ill.

The road to heaven is not through Church or State:
Nor o'er the fabrics of immortal fame:
Prayer paves the way—yet pray not when too late,
Though everlasting mercy be the same.

The dullest eye, the most capacious mind,
See not the radii of our Maker's love:
Nor pierce that God-lit INFLUENCE, undefined—
Pervading Essence! Great First Cause! above.

The spirit's home is not on earth below:
Behind yon blazing sphere, beyond the skies:
Faith's realm of hope, which earth-born cannot know—
There, there it blooms, immortal!—here, it dies.

Untiring Nature hath not dreamt of rest:
Her labours never ending, still begun:
If man could gaze on regions of the blest,
And measure out the glory of the sun:—

Could he, with listless aim, survey whole worlds,
And laugh to scorn the mimic might of man;
Could he controul those bolts the Godhead hurls,
And bridge the ocean with his puny span:—

Or ride upon the whirlwind of the storm:
And grasp the "Rainbow" of divine import:
Then *see* himself, but sin's most abject worm,
Struggling through evil and through good report:—

Still onward flee, where morning's golden gates
Obey the mandate of an angel's key
(While doomed sin its crime still expiates)
'Neath the vast portals of eternity:—

Then, with unerring blow, might he propel
The sluices wide of ocean's boiling breast:
Now look, with horror, on the pangs of hell—
The vengeance and the doom of Satan's crest:—

How might he then desire to swell the hymn
Creation's spirit never ceased to breathe!
Mistake his God for winged cherubim,
And heaven-lit Majesty for Truth's bright wreath.

Then, in his pride of ignorance, behold
The shadow only of his Maker's face;
So gaze—alone, on Time's dread wreck, untold:
Those flaming worlds, our Newton failed to trace!

Descending thence, on earth, new life begins:
While Death but counts his shafts, already driven:
Abjuring now—though late—all meaner things:—
Pardon and joy welcome his faith to—Heaven.

Anno Dom. 1836. T. H. C.

OFF THE CAPE.

AN ILLUSTRATION OF DANIELL'S CELEBRATED PICTURE, "OFF THE CAPE, A MAN OVERBOARD."

ABOARD H. C. S. M—— E——, 1829.

Sunset in the broad and rolling Indian Ocean; lat. 28°. S. long. 62½° E. Picture to yourself, kind reader, a boundless waste of waters;—a world of silence, awe, and soul-overpowering magnificence;—liquid plains of scopeless and ever-changing green, heaving in gigantic majesty beneath the broad, o'erarching canopy of heaven.

Where is the boundary of this godlike dominion? Expanding in "never ending, still beginning" continuity—unmarked by the petty traces of animated nature—unbridled, untransformed by the labours of humanity, it stands apart in sullen and inhospitable dignity, and laughs at the Lilliputian arts by which mankind has rendered the face of the less unyielding earth subservient to his wants, his wishes, and his pride. There is something nobly constant in the ocean. Ages fleet away, but they work no alteration upon its aspect. Thrones, empires are overturned; races of mankind become extinguished; that seemingly calculated for eternity, yields, at last, to the universal fiat; the structure of "the great globe itself," undergoes vast and total alteration; but Time, the conqueror of all, finds himself baffled when he seeks to establish an authority over the unbending waters.

"And writes no wrinkle on their azure brow!"

Such as it rolled when the command of omnipotence curbed its sullen and inimical dominion—prescribed *that* bounds which hitherto had ranged in unchallenged sovereignty, and from its briny and reluctant bosom, bade a world arise for the subsistence and habitation of a race of new and superior beings; such as it rose on the first great day of an immortal creation, still is it now, and shall be. All have gazed upon the self-same features. The first navigator, who thrust forth his adventurous skiff to tempt the greatness of dangers hitherto inconceived, propelled it on the self-same surface. To Jason and his companion Argonauts, to Agamemnon and his brother chieftains, to

Æneas, to Ulysses, Xerxes, Themistocles, Lysander, Conon, and Alexander, the Roman admirals, the northern sea kings, the Genoese and Venetian traders, the discoverers of the New World, and to the eyes of our modern navigators, it ever presented and presents the self-same countenance. Every thing changes—but the ocean never changes. Every thing is silently fulfilling the grand provision of nature, gradual dissolution and regeneration; but the ocean is subject neither to dissolution nor perceptible regeneration. While all is one wide theatre of decay, the ocean flows ever on unchanged, unchangeable, and everlasting, and bids successful defiance to that at which every other object of sense is made to tremble.

Prodigious dominion! the overburthened mind seeks in vain to comprehend the greatness of its attributes. What a perception of expanse sweeps over the soul, as we gaze upon its glittering and illimitable bosom. Sea and sky are now the only objects of sight. The one, baffling the industrious researches of imagination; the other, presenting the most lively image of eternity, with which the perceptive capacity is capable of grappling. Our vision no longer

"Cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in—"

with the sight of land, though merely bearing the dim and distant shape of the grey and long drawn line, verging upon, and almost blended with the spirit-like mistiness of the dreamy horizon, flits in freedom over

"The Sea, the sea, the *open* sea,
The blue, the fresh, the ever free—"

and catches a portion of the elevation which surrounds it. The breeze, strong, though somewhat unsteady, fills the towering pyramid of white above us, and bears us gaily onward.—Away,—away,—stretching abroad in every direction, as far as the eye can reach;—sublime in the nearer distance—dubious, yet grand afar, sweep, one after the other, the gigantic undulations which vary the mighty surface upon which we so securely float. Green—intensely green—darkening into the most imposing shadows as the waves wheel into depth, mounting again into the broad and searching light of the open day, revolve majestically the piles of water around. Look up, and glance along the breadth of distance—breaking into the thousand hues which flash from the core of the diamond; widening into a belt of dazzling gold; condensing into the most starlike scintillations; starting up spires of arrowy light, now green, now orange, and now the richest crimson, glitters that portion of the ocean beneath the point of the sun's most glorious delineation. Who could paint the glories of such a sunset? A scene at which the artist would throw down his pencils, and the poet abandon his vocabulary in despair. No! such revelations of the loveliness of nature must be *witnessed* to be fully appreciated.

And then the sky.—Azure above;—mist in the east;—and in the west, an assemblage of the richest lights. Colossal cloud-piles, spires of brilliancy, here shooting up in gorgeous solitude, there grouped like the *aiguilles* of the Alpine ranges; and boldly printed upon a back-ground of gold and scarlet. Alas, that the beauties of such a view should be transitory. Whilst we write, the sun sinks down; the clouds become

more faintly etched; the red fades into obscurity, and successive stratas of upcreeping sea-mists, like the gauze clouds of a theatre, become denser and denser, till a scene on which a volume might have been expended, becomes gradually shut from our lingering view,

> "And like the baseless fabric of a vision,
> Leaves not a rack behind."

But the increase of the wind warns us, instead of looking abroad for objects on which to banquet the eye, to pay some attention to measures become necessary through the change of weather. And how soon is the loveliness of a peaceful sunset transformed into the stern indications of an approaching squall. The ocean life is the most of all subject to uncertainty. The pleasures of the present hour may be succeeded by the perils of the next in succession; and vacant hilarity and good fellowship exchanged for the glance of anxiety and the heaviness of an anticipating dread. Capricious as the waves on which it is spent, and of which it is a characteristic, fleets the life of a sailor. Who shall blame him, then, for snatching the bright hour as it rises; and careless of past fatigues and future evils, drowning every uncongenial reminiscence in the enjoyment of the moment. And is not this, after all, the truest philosophy? The future is a cloud-like panorama, whether pleasing or otherwise, of something, perhaps, never destined to take place. The imagination tints it with colours which harmonize when placed at a proper distance, and make a showy and captivating remote appearance—whilst over all, pleasing in its unchained diffusiveness, is shed the sunshine of hope. The past is the obscurity of the road over which we have passed, viewed either through the medium of regret or self-congratulation; regret, in having contained that, though perhaps lightly prized at the time, now deemed as gratifying—self-congratulation, in burying that, endured in the hour, though now exaggerated by the gloom of remoteness. The present is the only thing upon which we can seize, which is tangible—the future is vapour—the past is a dream—after all, what is it we are labouring after? Enjoyments looked forward to, if fated to arrive, must become *present;* evils *expected* are not yet in existence—if destined to exist, they will arrive fast enough of themselves. What is to come, therefore, whether for good or bad, is not yet in being, and for what is not in being it were folly to concern ourselves. The present *is* in being, therefore let that engross our whole attention. If pregnant with *good,* let us not alloy that good with the dross of unfounded anxiety: if charged with *evil,* let us not burthen our powers of avoidance or endurance with the extrinsic weight of additional misfortunes. Surely, he must be the most foolish of governors, who, when he sees an enemy with whom he lacks the means to contend, sitting down before his very gates, sends the one half of his garrison abroad to *reconnoitre* an expected body of assailants. We can only experience pleasure or pain through the medium of our senses. It is the part of a wise man to endeavour to obtain as much of the former, and as little of the latter, as possible, that is consistent with its permanency; for who would forego a lasting good for a short interval of evil; or seize a fleeting hour of enjoyment, when attended by an enduring contrary. Upon the present, alone, are our senses capable of being exercised; therefore, to extract as much *real*

pleasure from the present, as possible, is the most legitimate and available employment of practical philosophy.

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The skies darken down into twilight. That delicious *chiaro scuro* partaking of the rich purity of Claude's atmosphere, and the majestic profundity of Rembrandt's distances, soft as the oblique gliding of the sea-mew's wing, steals soberly over the garish brilliancy of the retiring sunset, and sleeps upon the breaking and ever restless waters, like Hope on the stormy surface of life. The scene borrows fresh graces from the imagination. The distance melts into vapour; and we might fancy we were sailing in the trackless realms of unintruded space. Deprived of arbitrary materials, the mind is thrown upon its own resources, and fills the spectral gloom around with creations of its own. How vivid—how evanescent, are the figures that the fancy starts up! Legible, while in being; but overturned by the succeeding wave of thought. Like characters traced upon the sea-sand, the next sweep of the wind obliterates their characteristics, and hauls them into irretrievable confusion. Soon as formed, is their existence annihilated. However, they were once in being; and having *once* been in being, they form a unit in the grand history of thought, a link in the universal chain of intelligence.

A heavy swell comes from the south-eastward. The noble vessel begins to feel its influence, and rolls deliberately from side to side. As the queenly fabric heaves her broadside from the advancing wave, the watery twilight falls upon it, like the last smile of day, and casts her jetty ports and bulwarks into deeper shade. The ocean grows darker and darker. The profound green gives place to an inky shade of blue: and shadow after shadow sails over the surface, till beauty sinks into grandeur, and grandeur into sublimity. Strips of amber and dusky crimson are yet to be discerned in the west: but they attenuate with rapidity, and are being fast swallowed by the murmuring deep that lies like a gulf beneath them. Faster and faster roll the mists astern; and a ghostlike sheet of white vapour rises in the east and south. The upper and lower edges of this are jagged, and put on the appearance of a rainy fringe. The swell heaves higher and higher; undulating every minute into more gigantic sweeps. The ship begins to roll with an increased heaviness, and bends her yards lazily lower and lower down on either side. The skies put on a wild and extremely threatening appearance; and a mysterious grumble, like a very distant roll of thunder, comes gradually down upon the wind.

A hoarse voice, rendered deeper by the trumpet through which it renovates, echoes along the deck.

"All hands to reduce sail! Boatswain's mate, pipe up. Look to the halliards!—out upon your topsail yards."

"What shall we take in, sir?"

"Close reef topsails and courses; and in with your head stay-sails.—Cheerily now, cheerily."

"Close reef topsails and courses!—forward, then! down with the fore-top mast stay-sail.—Reef away."

"You, at the helm there! keep her up to the wind."

"Aye, aye, sir!"

"That's right! get in your canvass. Bravo!"

In a short time the yards are sliding down the masts, the reefs are taken in, the head stay-sails sent flapping down, and the men are descending from their duty. The veil of cloud in the meantime widens; increases in tenuity, and its jagged edges pale away into regularity.

The wind, which has hitherto been almost dead, springs up again in another quarter. The threatening appearances, which a little while ago called the attention of the officers into activity, begin to clear away. The mists, in wheeling troops, drive away on either side. But the sweep of the occean still increases in sublimity. One hill of water succeeds the first, rolling with majestic deliberation, like so many mountains, put into motion by the throes of a volcano. Their summits, as we look up at them, however, seem to become lighter, and once more put on a purity of colouring. The vapour around gradually sinks down, or dissipates itself abroad, and reveals the background of the mighty picture upon which we gaze. At length, a long and reverberating roll of thunder rumbles heavily overhead; and the clouds and gloom begin to break grandly away in every direction.

But now for the exhibition of our grand, nautical, pen-and-ink diorama. We say to our readers, what Sancho addresses to Don Quixote, before he made a beginning, of that of which he never made an end; namely, the tale of the Shepherdess Torralva:—Pray be attentive, for now we begin." We premise that a great call must be made upon the funds of imagination; and beseech our readers to provide colouring, to fill up the sketch which we will strike out for their guidance.

In the first place, darken the stage: create that advantageous twilight, in which impressive objects are magnified. Take in as much open sea and sky as the mind is capable of picturing to itself, and

"Give ample room, and verge enough,"

for the scene about to be introduced. These dispositions complete, and the imagination guided into proper condition, bid the bell ring, and the curtain deliberately rise.

How grand! how solemn! What an admixture of the sublime and beautiful! How little does the landsman dream of the glories ever present to him, "who goeth down to the deep in ships, and whose business lieth in the deep waters." Superb revelation of the greatness of nature, *once* seen, thou cans't never be forgotten.

From right to left, sweeps a mighty mountain of water, shelving precipitously down, and, apparently, about to hurl the graceful vessel, which heels nobly over in the midst, into total and momentary ruin. Upon its gloomy breadth, falls a melancholy light. In the middle distance, overpowering in its stern immensity, wheeling as it rolls resistlessly and majestically down, into the darkness that broods upon the awful intervals, threatening, unpitying, and colossal, heaves a corresponding hill of water. The distance is shut out by the towering crests of these prodigious seas: and looking upwards, we can only distinguish the darkening masses of cloud that troop across the empyrean, and the pale light reflected by the far summits of the weltering waves. The heavens retain the last glimmering of twilight, and a bluish haze droops upon remoter objects.

And then the well-appointed vessel in the centre of the picture, the sole thing bearing the stamp of humanity, upon a waste, in the contemplation of the dimensions of which, computation is wearied. The hermit of the ocean:—companionless—shut out from voice, or signal of its kind. The exile of the deep, fraught with remembrances of home; but gone forth, perhaps, upon its *never-returning* journey. Separated from country, friends, kindred, love, all—save hope;—a branch, lopped from its parent stem, and submitted to the mercy of the howling winds;—a leaf loosed from its fellow, and sent helpless down the stream of destiny. Chartered, however, with human affections, how many souls are knit in that vessel's safety! how many hearts have gone forth with it, and its anticipated perils. "Mine aches to think on't."

Under close-reefed topsails and extended jib, she is gradually scudding. Deepened by the shadows of the ocean-valley, down which she surges, her stern-windows and taffrail are raised aloft, while rudder, stern-frame, and down-gliding broadside, are clearly visible. Her fairy-like tracery, and tapering spars, climb symmetrically above, and thicken, as they descend, into a web of jetty cordage. Her dotted line of closely-closed ports, studs her graceful run; and, bounded by a width of chains, bolts, and bulwarks, imparts an air of warlike dignity to her noble and interesting outline.

But the rolling waters reveal a still greater demanding object of interest. His form, scarcely distinguishable in the gloom, mounts at intervals into the fast-fading light. *A man overboard—ahoy—a!* A perilous situation; one sufficient to quail the stoutest heart! Who can guess at the conflicting and fearful thoughts which whirl through his brain? The danger is too great to be at once comprehended. Death—the prospect of so near and horrible a death, floats in dilated and mysterious majesty before his bewildered eyes! Safety so near, and out of reach! His sympathising and horror-struck companions crowd the taffrail. Left behind, a prey to the howling surges, while the majestic vessel bounds onward on her course. Fearfully grand is the scene. Darkness falls over the expanse—the last lights of evening plunge into vapour—all becomes dim, shadowy, and awful! But salvation, when least expected, drives down with the fast-sweeping pile of sea. A hen-coop, in the expectation of creating a temporary escape, floats fast towards him. He sees it; and taxes his endeavours to the utmost. Still welters the remorseless ocean. The thing to be saved, what a speck upon the expanse! The means of safety, how mean and insignificant, compared with the godlike panorama above, beneath, and around it! But the end is accomplished. The saving of a single life is effected; and the being rescued from an immediate death mounts above his enemy. The haze rises, in the mean time, thicker and thicker around; the distance is shut in from view; and cloud and billow, vapour and wave, is—is all that now can be distinguished. A boat, like an ocean-spirit, is seen to slowly advance through the smoky medium which envelopes it. A pause ensues, broken only by the washing of the waters. A faint "huzza!" breaks involuntarily upon the unsubstantial solitude. The mists deepen with rapidity; and the curtain gradually falls, upon a stern, melancholy, and all-pervading gloom!

BILL ROGERS,
Late H. M. S. "Firefly."

Anacreontic, No. 4.

By Mrs. C. B. Wilson.

Send round the wine! be gay! be gay!
O'er hours like this let Bacchus reign;
Cold thoughts of earth, away! away!
Till dull-eyed morn bring care again!
Spirit of Hope—of Joy—arise,
With the bright bubbles on the bowl:
Chase by your spells pale Sorrow's sighs,
And light Mirth's torch in every soul!

Send round the wine! let Music's strain,
In melting numbers, round us breathe:
Till, in the chambers of the brain,
Care finds no space its web to weave!
Music and wine!—Can magic boast
Of spells more potent, charms more sure?
Add woman's name to crown the toast—
Has earth a grief *these* cannot cure?

Send round the wine! it sparkles bright,
And fancy kindles as it flows:
The glowing goblet's ruby light
Round life a charmed halo throws!
It wreathes with flowers the brow of gloom—
Gives to Love's wing a gayer dye:
Bids Beauty's cheek more warmly bloom,
And brightens Friendship's smiling eye!

Send round the wine! the world would seem,
Without it, but a world of woe:
Yet, tinted by its fairy beam,
Each landscape wears a sunny glow.
And like the fabled flower that turns
For radiance to the Fount of Day:
So Pleasure's altar dimly burns,
Till lighted by the goblet's ray!

HEARING AND SEEING, A VISION,

BY PHILOGRAPH ONEIROCRITICUS.

It has often occurred to me, whether to be blind or deaf is the greater affliction: I have seen a blind man, and have pitied his condition, when I thought of the many enjoyments from which he was precluded. Unknown to him is the "sweet return of Morn;" unknown is the aspect of all the variegated beauties with which spring and summer deck the creation; he moves on through the world perceiving no change in the everchanging appearance of nature; it is to him always the same "dark, dark, irrecoverably dark;" the bright beams of the sun may cheer and enliven the earth, the sky may be robed in its mantle of pellucid azure, and the earth clothed in its gay vestment of green; the magnificent sea may heave and swell in its noble grandeur, and the arching rainbow span the sky; but still all these sublime sights are to him unknown, as it is pathetically expressed in those simple lines:—

"Oh, say what is that thing called light?
Which I can ne'er enjoy,
What are the blessings of the sight?
Oh, tell a poor blind boy."

Again, I have often mused upon the miseries of the deaf. To be deaf is, indeed, a deprivation. Often have I seen, at the gay social board, while the merry laugh went round, the poor deaf man sit, unable to participate in the general hilarity, looking on while all were enjoying themselves, but yet not able to be a sharer in their mirth.

I was indulging in these philosophical or rather philanthropic reflections, the other night, as I sat with the utmost gravity upon the side of my bed, "a custom with me always," when I wish to have a night's sound sleep. My great grandmother, who was famed for her skill in interpreting dreams, gave me this as a last advice, that whenever I wished to be free from disagreeable and ominous visions during the night, to sit upon the side of my bed for about a quarter of an hour, in a state of perfect nudity; the extreme cold, she said, tended to promote digestion (whether this be really the case physicians can but tell), and the sudden transition to the heat of the blankets immediately produced a deep and refreshing sleep. Well, such were my musings upon the night I allude to; the time appointed by my great grandmother being expired, I wrapped myself snugly up in the warm folds of the blanket, put out my candle, drew my nightcap down about my ears, and was soon locked in the embrace of "tired nature's sweet restorer," when the following strange dream occurred to me.

I thought I was travelling through a fine extensive country in the East; it was about noon, and the sun was vertical in the heavens. The heat was beginning to be oppressive, and I turned aside to enjoy the cool shade of the trees that lay along the highway. The boughs of all

the trees were laden with fruit of all kinds, and the whole was vocal with the dulcet strains of numberless birds, smaller and more beautiful than any I had ever seen. I proceeded onwards till I came to a part more neatly arranged than the rest, and which had evident marks of being inhabited; as I looked around, I saw a venerable old man seated by the side of a narrow rivulet; his hair was of silvery hue, and hung down over his shoulders; his beard was long, and of a snowy whiteness; his features were regular and beautiful, and in his dark penetrating eye there was a mass of intelligence that at once bespoke the treasures of his mind. I paused when I saw him; his eyes were directed downwards, but as if intuitively sensible of my approach, he raised them, and made a sign to me to come and sit near him. I instantly obeyed.

"My son," said he, "know that this is the valley of reflection; all who enter here, acquire a serene and contemplative mood of mind, which above all meaner things is conducive to true happiness. I am the genius of the place. I know what has been engaging your thoughts: you are thinking whether Hearing or Seeing is the superior sense. I am now old, and know many things: listen, and I will tell a story which will relieve you from your doubts.

"In times of old, when each of the senses had a separate will of its own, and when all possessed the powers of speech, a question as to precedency once arose between two of the senses, Hearing and Seeing. The former asserted its claims to pre-eminence with all the determination and obstinacy that a feeling of conscious superiority could inspire; while the latter was just as bold and vehement in advancing its own pretensions. Long had the dispute continued; much ingenious reasoning and eloquent declamation were displayed on both sides; but from the want of any superior tribunal to appeal to, it did not seem likely that matters could be brought to any final adjustment. At length, finding that nothing conclusive was likely to result from such a species of undisciplined logomachy, they mutually agreed to appoint an umpire to decide between them. Reason was unanimously chosen, and they pledged themselves to remain satisfied with whatever decision she might pronounce. Night was selected as the most tranquil season for carrying on the trial; and following the example of the Areopagus, they resolved to conduct their proceedings in the dark. But now I think of it," said he, "the trial is going on at this moment—many times had they attempted to carry it on, but still from some mismanagement on the part of the disputants, they were unable to proceed. Reason at length, tired of so many interruptions, refused to attend again; many years elapsed, till at last, urged on by their importunities, she consented to sit once more, and I think, if I mistake not, the discussion is now commencing. Follow me," said he, "and attend." The old man waved a long white wand, which he bore in his right hand, and instantly the whole scene was changed to what shall be described forthwith.

'Twas now the dead of night. The black funeral pall of that sable goddess, spread out from heaven, had enveloped the earth in its dusky folds; a solemn silence reigned over the world, unbroken save at intervals by the melancholy hooting of the lonely owl; ever and anon a pallid flicker of light flared instantaneously across the heavens, as if the meteoric emanation of some of the heavenly orbs, as they rolled

through the fields of space; or, at times, might be seen the livid glare of the marsh, flitting now with quick and irregular motion, and then suddenly vanishing altogether; but except these transitory coruscations of flame, it was a night of thick and heavy darkness. In a large chamber, hung round with black tapestry, to which the old man conducted me, and upon a lofty throne, erected for the purpose, sat Reason, justly proud of her elevated position; her mien and appearance were dignified beyond description; in the expression of her features there was a calm composure, a tranquil majesty of thought, that seemed to arrest attention while it commanded respect; serene and placid, she seemed not likely to be swayed by enthusiasm. Slow and reflective, she was not in danger of deciding with precipitance. The room was thronged with a numerous auditory. Reason waved her hand majestically, and called upon the Sense of Hearing to state her claims—who rose, and spoke as follows:—

"Imperial Queen! sovereign arbitress of the actions of men! thou who decidest truly between Right and Wrong, whose decisions are accurately weighed in the scales of deliberation; and whose conduct is shaped in conformity with the most scrupulous justice—you have this night to decide a long-continued dispute; the arguments upon which I rest my claims are these; and which, as the time allotted to me is brief, I shall endeavour to compress into as small a compass as possible."

"In the first place, then, I hold that the operations of the sense of hearing are more dependant upon, and connected with, the intellectual faculties, than those of seeing; sounds can be perceived by the ear, only when the mind takes cognizance of such, while the eye may gaze upon objects, and does frequently without the agency of the mind at all. This argument, however, leading perhaps into too metaphysical a disquisition, I am content to waive, and will rest my case solely upon the following; which, to make the stronger, I will deduce directly from your own experience."

"Music, music, oh! how my thoughts expand, and my conceptions dilate, at the very mention of that soul-thrilling name; what a throng of rapturous associations rush upon me! Have you ever listened in mind-delighting ecstasy, when the magnificent swell of heavenly music first strikes upon the attention? Music, music, spiritualizes, exalts, refines; our thoughts are tranquillized, all our feelings and emotions bathed, as it were, in the ambrosial dews of heaven; we become almost divested of our corporeality, and our souls emancipated from this earthly thraldom, float through an imaginary empyrean of delight, supreme and transcendental. As the coming of the Fabled Halcyon used to still the tumultuous heavings of the billows, so the soft illapse of sweet music upon the soul softens down all its agitations, and brings the chaos of its troubled musings into sweet harmony and concord. Or, to use another simile, music is to the darkness of mental disquietude, as the sun to the dreariness of the world, when he breaks from out a weight of clouds, and sheds his golden beams, chasing away the temporary gloom, and restoring all things to their pristine loveliness and beauty. Even the adoration which the celestial spirits are said to offer before the throne of Omnipotence, is poured out in sweet strains of music, as is beautifully described by Milton—

"Then crowned again, their golden harps they took
Harps ever tuned, that glittered by their side;
Like quivers hung, and with preamble sweet
Of charming symphony, they introduce
The sacred song, and waken raptures high,
No one exempt, no voice but well could join
Melodious part, such concord is in Heaven."

And let it be recollected (though indeed it cannot be forgotten), that but for the sense of hearing, this sublime pleasure would totally be lost; this refiner of joy, and sweet alleviator of sorrow, would be denuded of its power to charm. But there is another pleasure, though not so intense as that of music, yet not less conducive to our happiness—I mean the pleasure of conversational intercourse. Oh! the unspeakable delight of pouring forth all our joys, and all our sorrows, upon the bosom of a friend, listening to the soft and soothing accents of sympathy and condolence, and finding all the warm feelings of our heart and soul expand in the reciprocal flow of colloquial delight. And poetry, lovely poetry, imagine the pleasure of listening to the inspired effusions of the noble bard, as he draws forth from the rich store-house of his imagination, those splendid treasures, whose beauty is so captivating to all. Or, without descending to particulars, "look abroad through nature," think of all her pleasant words, the morning carols of the birds—the bleating of the sheep—the whistle of the shepherd—the song—the laugh of the merry milkmaid—the noise, the stir, the hum of life, when nature awakens from her slumber, and shows signs of returning animation. Or think of the great, the ineffable"——Here Reason intimated that the allotted time was expired, and called upon the Sense of Seeing to proceed; who immediately addressed her in these words:—

"Sweet, to be sure, are the carols of the birds, and the returning sounds of life, and the hum of men, and the voice of nature; but sweeter far is the sight of nature's self, when, arousing from her inanimate repose, and flinging aside the mantle of night, she starts again into life, fresh, fair, and lovely, burnished with the golden tints of the morning sun, and the dew-drops like so many pearls glittering upon her bosom, and bearing one universal aspect of joy and loveliness, like a bride upon her wedding-day. Oh! the magnificence of this resurrection of nature from the tomb of night; there are the first faint streaks of morning dappling the horison,—the gray-liveried precursors or outriders of her coming, the other and brighter streams of radiance rolling across the sky, tell now the sun 'apparent all'—

'Looks forth in boundless majesty abroad,
And sheds the shining day, that burnished, plays
On rocks and hills, and tower, and wandering streams,
High gleaming from afar————.'

"How much better to be able to range with me over the boundless sweep of earth and heaven, one vast and dazzling panorama of brilliancy, than to be listening to the sweetest sounds that ever charmed the ear, while all around is wrapped in essential gloom. Sweet are the soft and soothing accents of friendship; but sweeter far is it to gaze upon

the face of those we love, and in that mental mirror to see reflected the inmost thoughts and treasures of the soul. Sweet is the bewitching syren tongue of poetry, charming the senses, and pouring, in melodious strains, all her riches upon the mind; sweet and charming is all her opulence of imagery, her grandeur of conception, her wildness of fancy; sweet is she in every shape, epic, pastoral, and didactic. True poetry, embodied in living verses, having obtained "a local habitation and a name," may be addressed to the ear; but whence did the sublime bard receive the flaming flood of inspiration? whence did the Promethean heat enter into his soul? was it not from the "eye in a fine frenzy rolling," taking in, in its rapturous survey, all the beauties of nature, and then throwing their ideal forms into the laboratory of his mind, whence they come forth dressed in a language of heaven's fire? True, our immortal epic bard was blind, and so was "the blind old man of Scio's rocky isle," but then their orbs were not sightless, till they had first received the treasure in their soul; till their eyes, rolling over creation, had gazed upon all its beauties, and their shadowy architypes lay by in concealed magnificence, till afterward the tide of inspiration came, and swept them forth like so many pearls from the unfathomed caves of imagination. But why do I argue thus? can there not be poetry without verses? Language is not surely the vital essence of poetry, 'tis only the medium by which her grandeur is communicated to the uninspired? Ascend some lofty eminence, look out upon the boundless ocean winding along its girdle of waves, look upward to the azure sweep of heaven, spreading like another "ocean hung on high." Then see the earth, its waving forest, "where things that own not man's dominion dwell," its lofty mountain, its beetling crag, its green fields slumbering in the sunlight of heaven; its torrent rolling from the mountains, and its rivulet winding slowly through the glade. Let your soul walk abroad in thought, and then you will know the poetry of nature; then you will know that poetry is not dependent for its existence upon the adventitious aid of language—no, the spirit of poetry is to the eye, not to the ear. The stars are the poetry of heaven; its wild magnificence of scenery is the poetry of earth. Sweet, to be sure, is music, but place in opposition to it all these pleasures of the sight. Sweet and pleasing is it to gaze upon the canvass fresh and breathing from a master's hand, pourtraying in its various deportments all the grandeur of Creation, and all the passion of the human heart; setting before us, as if in second life, all of earth's wonders, the rude cataract, and the lofty crag, and the deep ravine, and the swelling sea. Place a painter in the midst of nature's wildness, with but his palette, his easel and his brush, and forthwith the magnificent scenery is transferred in living colours to his canvass, and when the eye takes it in at one glance, the mind is ready to acknowledge the transcendant superiority of the art, and to stand an humble worshipper at the shrine of a Poussin, a Claude, a Michael Angelo, and a Salvator Rosa."

Here again Reason rose; she said that she had heard enough now to enable her to decide. At this moment, the attention of all was suddenly arrested by the enchanting melody of a pair of bullfinches, that had settled themselves upon the outside of the window, and were now tuning up the sweet symphony of their morning concert. All were in rapture at the sounds, and it was thought that the Sense of Hearing

must now be triumphant. Reason, herself, appeared a little confounded, and paused for a moment; but, suddenly, a truly magnificent sight burst upon their view—the sun had just climbed the orient, and from her flaming car, a flood of fluid gold rolled over the heavens, scathing the clouds away, and covering all the earth with a deluge of light; the windows had been left partly open, and in flowed the tide of radiance; the chamber, before dark, was suddenly illuminated, and all gazed in wonder and admiration at the magnificence of the scene. Reason again rose—

Here all things began to fade gradually away into shadowy indistinctness, and at last totally vanished—I had awoke, and the bright beams of the morning sun were shining in through the unclosed shutters of my window.

CUPID, WINE, AND LOVE.

(TRANSLATED FROM ANACREON.)

Cupid once, in merry mood,
Came to play, but I withstood:
First, he whispered soft and low,
Sternly I responded—"No!"
Oft he touched me with his dart,
But I would not own the smart;
Then he came so slyly meek,
Smoothed my brow, and kissed my cheek;
Archly watched my eyes to see
If I owned his witchery.
I resisted every wile,
Would not look and would not smile.
Then he frowned, and flew away,
Thinking I would bid him stay.
When he saw these arts were vain,
Soon he hastened back again,
Filled my bowl with sparkling wine,
Bade me drink the juice divine,
Held it, smiling, to my lips,
While I ventured gentle sips,
He held it till I drained the bowl.
And joyous Bacchus fired my soul,
Others filled he to the brim,
Others yet I drank with him,
Till at last, with boisterous glee,
I laughed with him and he with me;
Then he seized his poisoned dart,
And thrust it deeply in my heart,
"Thee," he said, "whom naught could move,
Wine has now betrayed to Love."

ENGLISH IDEAS OF FRANCE.

With the word France, most persons connect in their minds an idea either of a place where we may live for nothing, or next to it, or else of a nation the most elegant and polite in the world. We find many exclaiming, on the one hand, "Well, never mind—we can go to France, and live there on half our incomes, and better than we do in England!" or else, on the other, the sickening sentence in the mouths of but too many of our own country, of "our more polite neighbours, the French!"

With regard to the living so much cheaper in France than in England, we have our doubts; for we have travelled from Calais to Marseilles, and from Bayonne to Metz, in search of this same object, our inquiries having been directed, in the principal towns, towards the probable expenses of a residence; and the calculations we have made in each respecting the price of provisions, house-rent, fuel (a great consideration in France), and the minor expenses of housekeeping, being balanced with the want of society, and many of the comforts of life that from our infancy we have been accustomed to, and which we are quite unable to do without, have never been sufficiently in our favour to make us think them a desirable place for a fixed residence.

The regular resorts of the English, on the Continent—Boulogne, Tours, Calais, and Caen—first claim our attention, since whatever may cause us to leave our own country, we always prefer to be with those who have feelings in common with us; and which may, in some degree, do away with our isolated position as aliens. These we tried, and the result was far from satisfactory. Each looked upon his neighbour with an eye of suspicion, and wondered whether the crime of poverty, suspicion of debt, or something more immediately recognizable by our country's laws, might be the reason of our remaining abroad;—our corn was generally meted by our neighbour's bushel. But when in time this began to wear away, and something like sociability ensued, we in our turn began to learn the characters of our friends, and found them not altogether desirable acquaintances. Much that we heard might be untrue; for tongues, in these "free prisons," are no less busy than false. But still the taint of evil report hung around. The French inhabitants, in these towns, desire not the society of the English. They have been too often deceived by them; and as they know not how to draw a distinction betwixt those who are respectable and those the reverse, they close their doors against all. So much, indeed, is this the case, that Boulogne—which is, without exception, the best adapted of all the French watering-places for sea bathing—is avoided like an infected place by the Parisians, solely on account of the number of English always to be found there.

Then comes the question, What have we saved by being here? The answer is, Nothing—we might have lived equally as cheap in an

English town. For all the saving we could ever find was in the price of provisions, which is cheaper in the ratio of francs to shillings—not a fraction more; and this trifling difference was more than swallowed up by the extravagant price of fuel and dress. But some one exclaims, "Why, we know wine is much cheaper in France than in England; because, in many parts of the country, you may buy it for five sous a bottle, outside of the barriers." Granted you may, and perhaps, we will admit, for less even than that. But what is it when purchased? Unless for the honour of drinking wine, you might call it any thing else, and be as near the mark as when you called it so. No merchant in France will sell you wine at all fit to drink under two francs a bottle; and then you can buy better in England for the same money, though it may be under the humble designation of Cape. And the sharp, sour "vin ordinaire" is by no means equal to the production of our own colonies—of which we unwittingly drink so much under the more elegant name of Sherry.

The towns in Brittany, and the South, are cheaper much than these; but not more so than our Channel Islands, and towns equally remote from the metropolis. An English family would live in better style, and with considerably more comfort to themselves, in Devonshire or Wales, than in any part of France, for the same money. It is not a just criterion, that because a French family, in their own country, live in a certain style upon an income we should consider very small, that an English family should do the same. The expenses of going with a family to the South of France, and purchasing such articles as are not considered necessary there—*i. e.* carpets, &c.—will swallow up the imaginary savings of the first ten years; and the manifold annoyances they will have to endure, render it a hundred to one that they are glad to return to England long before half that period has elapsed.

An Englishman begins his calculation—"We can purchase fowls for so much a couple, turkeys at such a price, and various other articles at certain rates, much below the prices we should pay in England." But when you have purchased them, even at the prices named, what are they but poor, miserable things, the bones ready to start through the flesh? and our only admiration, that they had not died of starvation! For what French "cultivator" ever thinks it necessary to feed his poultry? The word barn-door fowl has no equivalent with them; they do not consider feeding at all necessary. The poor creatures, like younger brothers, are expected to provide for themselves as they can—and that is but "indifferent well."

The meat, even at the prices paid for it, is dear, and fit only for a French "batterie de cuisine." It must be stewed to something like rags, before it attains any degree of tenderness; and then requires the addition of savoury sauces to give it a flavour not possessed by itself. With us, an epicure considers the meat, when properly boiled or roasted, as containing something relishing to the taste: but in France it is too insipid to admit of the simple process of cooking; and no one thinks of the meat without the addition of sauces, the flavour alone of which is perceptible. And by the time the additions are made, and regard being had to extra quantity consumed from the mode of dressing,

we are certain that in England, though the first price is something the highest, the actual cost in the end is the lowest.

All these things are soon found out when a family have settled, and the discovery is too late; but it is very different before-hand to make an Englishman understand the whole bearing of the thing. A short trip on the Continent teaches him the prices of certain articles, but without reference to their quality. They are cheaper than in England, that is sufficient,—*ergo*, I can live for less money, and have my wine for dinner every day,—and spirits, dirt cheap! But look at the prices of house-rent, dress, fuel, sugar, and many other articles, and we find the balance in favour of our own country. Families abroad will put up with inconveniences they would never think of enduring for an instant in their own country. Their servants will attend when it suits themselves, not their employers; perform their work according to their own fashion, or not at all; for they never fall into the ways of the English—they think them absurd, and merely for the purpose of giving them extra trouble and annoyance.

In matters of dispute, where it has been necessary to apply to the authorities, we have found the truth of the adage—"The weakest goes to the wall;" and, except in very flagrant cases, you must not expect to be on an equal footing with your neighbours, provided they are of the country. You may, indeed, expect a long harangue about, "Justice in France knows no distinction of persons; all are entitled to the protection of its laws." But this ends pretty much with the remark of the celebrated Abbé de Mably, who says, "there is no nation, however corrupt, that does not possess in its archives the best laws in the world—they require *only to be executed.*"

The prevailing opinion respecting French "politesse" must soon pass away, and be remembered only in connection with the France of other days, for assuredly it exists not at the present. An Englishman pursuing the even tenor of his way on the apology for foot-pavement in Paris, and finding himself suddenly jostled into the road, looks naturally enough, as of old, for the "milles excuses," but finding instead a scowl of defiance, marvels much at our neighbours being called "most polite!" Should he be tempted by some glittering display in a shop window to wish to lighten his purse, and enters the shop with that intention, he must not expect the ready alacrity of a London tradesman, who seeks to anticipate his wants before he can express them. If the man or woman, as the case may be, are enjoying a quiet gossip with a friend, they will not hurry themselves for the expected customer; but when a convenient pause occurs, perhaps, request to know what he desires, and then in a cold, unwilling manner point to half the articles in the shop window, rather than remove the tray for inspection; and take care that any little trouble they may be occasioned is fully perceived by the person who occasions it, and who, although he does not expect the perfection of politeness from the "bourgeoise," looks for rather different manners from "our more polite neighbours."

Any person who has resided in Paris during and subsequent to the time of Charles X. must at once perceive the great change that has taken place in the manners of the French people; a change so rapid, that we are at a loss altogether to account for it. Even Mrs. Trollope,

who seems to have gone to Paris with the determination to see every thing "colour de rose," is forced to admit the great difference in manners since the last Revolution; and her speculation as to the causes lead to nothing more than supposing it to be the result of—the Revolution.

We must confess, we are pleased at the change on one account; since it used to be the custom for too many of our fair countrywomen, after a short stay in France, to come back with their heads a little turned by the polite attentions paid to them by some dangling adventurer—for English women in France are always considered as heiresses, and are rather in demand in the matrimonial market, until the mistake is discovered. Some, indeed, who have been deceived by these attentions, and changed their English into a French name, have had bitter reason to regret the step, and wonder at their own shortsightedness.

The deep, bitter, burning hatred that every French man and woman bears towards the English, is but slightly glossed over, and where an opportunity occurs, bursts forth with undiminished force. If any of our readers are desirous of experiencing on what terms we are with our "more polite neighbours," let him take his seat any evening in the "Theatre du Palais Royal," and witness the representation of a piece called, "La Moustache de Jean Bart," and then he may have some idea of the feelings entertained towards us; he will find nothing lost by the audience where the English are in question—and the allusions are not "few and far between."

The press of this country have most laudably used their endeavours to bring about a kindly feeling with our neighbours, but to little purpose. The English never will be in good odour in France; we have wounded them too deeply ever to be forgiven.

It may be thought the foregoing remarks are penned in a moment of spleen against the French, but such is not the case; we have long resided in different parts of France, and have simply stated what we have learnt by experience; and we are confident, that persons who have remained any length of time there will fully agree with us. Those who pass a short time in the country on an excursion of pleasure may fancy things are not altogether as we have shown them; but we are certain that, should they at any period become residents, they will gradually come round to our opinions.

B.

CONSOLATORY STANZAS,

TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF GLO'STER;

WRITTEN AND PRESENTED TO H. R. H. ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE DEATH OF THE LATE DUKE, NOVEMBER, 1835.

Oh, Royal Daughter! why thus sadly grieve,
A sea of tears would not the dead recall;
The good, the gentle, death did never leave,—
The best and noblest are the first to fall;
Oh! weep not, Royal Princess, those are blest,
Who sleep in peace,—no cares disturb their rest.

Fain would we gently wipe those tears away,
And banish sorrow to the land of gloom;
For why be sad, while on this earth we stay,
Although we travel to the silent tomb?
Like the pale moon that with the clouds has striven,
We may at last tread the clear floor of heaven.

We have a monarch merciful, who now
Would fain all mourning from his kingdom chase,
And gladly smile to see a placid brow,
And a bright joy again light up thy face;
Oh, lay aside this deep long-cherish'd sorrow,—
The darkest day brings sunshine on the morrow.

For what is death but a long quiet rest,
Unbroken by the heaving storms of life;
The dew that sleeps upon the rose's breast,
Knows nought of care, and woe, and grief, and strife.
So rest the dead, all undisturb'd and still,
Like the pale primrose shelter'd by the hill.

Few lived like him, alas! who lives no more,
But with a nation's blessings on his head:
We for his goodness ever will deplore,
And raise a prayer above his silent bed.
Weep not! but hope, for there are realms above,
Where we may meet again with those we love.

J. B.

THE PURITAN'S DAUGHTER.

A SHORT distance from Hereford, on the banks of the lovely Wye, there stood, somewhere about the year 1665, a mansion: the architectural pretensions of which, though not of the first order, were yet sufficiently good as to evince that it had been erected by a person of taste and consideration. Broomsgrove, as it was called, was the abode of a gentleman, Sir Ralph Desrick by name, who possessed considerable property and influence in the county. He was somewhat gloomy and stern, being rather given to the religious fanaticism of the times, and a strong supporter of the Protector and his measures. His family consisted of an only daughter, whose birth preceded her mother's death but a few hours.

Sir Ralph had loved his wife with a passion almost amounting to idolatry; he had wooed and won her from a host of suitors, and the short year they had passed together, had been to him one round of happiness, pure and unalloyed; and the violence of his grief, when bereft of her, at first gave much apprehension to his friends, but after remaining some days in a state almost bordering upon madness, his attention was suddenly attracted by the faint cry of a child in one of the adjoining rooms; he listened an instant, and something seemed to cross his recollection, for starting up with hasty and heavy stride, he sought the apartment whence the sound proceeded, and almost forcing, rather than opening, the door, he entered the room where the servant was nursing the child. The attendant was at first alarmed at having the infant snatched from her, but was somewhat assured, on finding that Sir Ralph held it quietly in his arms, gazing intently upon its features for some moments. After a short time his wildness appeared to calm down, for the child seemed to smile at him, and moved its little arms, as though it were pleased by the notice of its only parent. He pressed its forehead to his lips, looked once more with fixed attention on its features, and replacing it in the nurse's arms, left the room as hastily as he had entered.

From that day he became an altered man—never again seeking the pleasures and amusements of the world, but living with all the gloomy austerity of one who had determined to avoid the idle frivolities of the period, passing nearly the whole of his time in fondling his infant daughter. Grace Desrick was, indeed, a child of more than common beauty—and what, in her father's eyes, surpassed all her loveliness, was the exact image of her departed mother; she was of fair complexion, with sparkling blue eyes, and her long light-coloured ringlets fell around her in luxuriant profusion; her sylph-like figure knew not the trammels of a vicious fashion, but grew in all the strength and beauty of its active proportion. With what satisfaction did Sir Ralph watch, day by day, the expansion of her fair form, and mark with what readiness she comprehended the almost masculine instruction he bestowed upon her. But still he could not force the gloomy precepts he sought at times

to instil, to take root in her mind—she would laugh, and be as free and joyous, as though Broomsgrove was the happiest place in the world. The elasticity of her mind was a foil to the sombre air of the mansion —for Grace Desrick, with all her quickness and intelligence, could never be brought to understand that religion was meant as a source of sadness or sorrow: her guileless heart knew nothing of the horrors of repentance, for there was no act she could look back to, and feel even regret at its commission.

When she had attained her eighteenth year, she was still as gay and happy as she had been when a child. Of the world, she knew scarce anything; her education had taught her but little of its ways—and a father, with every care and attention, cannot supply a mother's place to a girl. But, suddenly, the merry Grace Desrick seemed to have lost much of her wonted cheerfulness, and no one could say why or wherefore; it was in vain her father questioned her, whether was there aught to make her unhappy; she had no cause to be so, she replied, for she felt happier than ever—and yet Sir Ralph could not but observe she was not the same gay laughing girl she had been but a few months past: there was an air of abstraction about her at times, as if her thoughts wandered far away—it was not that she was imbued with the gloomy spirit of religion, that her father had so often striven in her childhood to impress upon her mind,—she attended, with propriety, to its forms and principles, but not as an ascetic. In vain did he endeavour to discover the cause, for he could not gain his daughter's confidence.

Hereford contained, at this time, among the parties of the legitimate sovereign, one Sir Edward Euldigh, who, not having compromised himself by any outrageous act against the existing Protectorship, was allowed to retain possession of his estates; but his son (some said with, and others without, the consent and approbation of his father,) had taken a very active part in the intrigues of the Stuarts; yet, as Sir Edward openly disclaimed all participation in the schemes of his son, and nothing could ever be proved against him, tending to involve him in any of the plots, it had been deemed advisable to allow him to remain unmolested.

Not much was known by any one of Mark Eveleigh, his son. He was supposed to be on the continent, in attendance upon the exiled monarch, but this was merely conjecture: some said he was wild and reckless, possessing all the faults and vices of a cavalier, without any of their redeeming qualities; but as this was the character given him by the Puritans, it was to be received with some doubt; all the reports seemed to agree in calling him like Sir Edward in outward appearance, which was equivalent to saying, he was a gentleman of good breeding, and in person well looking; and that, we believe, was nearly all any one in Hereford or its neighbourhood knew of one they had scarcely ever seen.

But Mark had recently left the continent, and was staying in the neighbourhood of Hereford, his father's house not being considered a safe residence for him; for though his person was not well known in the town, or perhaps scarce at all, save by his father's servants, it was thought prudent to avoid all risks, and he had been, therefore, on a visit at a friend's, whose mansion and grounds adjoined Broomsgrove. It had chanced, that wandering one day with his dogs about the banks of the Wye, he had met the pretty Grace, and was surprised at seeing, in

such a secluded situation, a being so lovely; and it occurred to him at once, that it could be no other than the person he had so often heard called by his friends, "the pretty Puritan." He had been so long accustomed to the dark-eyed languishing beauties of a foreign court, who sought every aid to enhance their charms which fashion or art could invent, that his fair countrywoman, in all her native loveliness, seemed to him the most beautiful object he had ever beheld. He could not help gazing at her with more steadfastness, perhaps, than true politeness would have warranted, but Grace gave no signs of anger, for she was wondering who the stranger could be; she knew by report the names and families of the cavaliers in the neighbourhood, for such the stranger evidently was by the style in which he wore his hair, and the colour and fashion of his dress, yet to the description of none of these did he seem to answer. There was in his manners every thing that would have betokened a person of good family, and one accustomed to the best society of the cavaliers, but it was in vain she conjectured who it could be. The stranger, however, raised his hat, and bowing to Grace, passed on, whilst she returned the courtesy.

Was it chance that led Grace to take the same path beside the Wye on the following day, at the same hour as she had done on the preceding day? It might be so. But was it chance again that led Mark Eveleigh at the same hour to the same spot? It was not: he had seen, in the glance bestowed upon him by the pretty Puritan, that he had excited an interest in his favour not quickly to be forgotten, and his knowledge of the world told him, what Grace herself knew not.

She had wandered there listlessly and without analysing the motives which induced her to do so, and perhaps was not disappointed in perceiving the stranger trying to put his dogs upon the scent of some hair, the existence of which they most pertinaciously denied. She might for a moment have thought it strange he should be there, but she did not consider long, for the stranger, bowing, said, "he was afraid his dogs would annoy her, as they had followed up a scent and obstinately persisted in its pursuit."

Grace did not, though she might easily have seen that they were wholly innocent of the accusation; but she replied that the annoyance was imaginary on the stranger's part.

The conversation once begun, was not wanting in spirit to render its continuance interesting to both. Grace listened with the deepest attention to all the wonders the stranger had to relate, and he in his turn wondered that one evidently of superior education, should know so little of the world and its actions; but he knew not that with her it extended little beyond Broomsgrove, and like the wild fawn, she had wantoned and sported about it without thinking or caring for aught beyond. It was her little world, and contained all she desired; she never sought to know if there were pleasures not to be found within its circle.

This interview was but the first of many that followed, and from that time did Grace learn that life was not the bright picture he had painted it. Mark Eveleigh soon saw the open unsuspecting nature of her disposition, and that, wanting the counsel and assistance of her own sex, her resources were wholly within herself, and he was not long in deciding what course to pursue. Honour in love and war, he argued, there

was none; and as to causing grief and sorrow to the crop-eared cur, her father—what mattered that to him! Did he not wish all the ill that could befall their race? and if he touched them in a vital part, so much the better: they had forced him to play at hide and seek in his native land; his life even was sought by these same Puritans, and why, therefore, should he pause a moment to consider their feelings.

And had he no compunctions for the fair creature, whose love he had gained, and the purity of whose affections should have stifled all evil thoughts against her? Can it be in nature for man to look upon that being whose heart and soul are devoted to him, who lives but for him, and whose every hope and fear are centred in his well-being, and yet feel no commiseration for her; nor think an instant of the long sad years of anguish and suffering he entails upon her; to see the upraised finger of scorn pointed towards her, whose only crime has been in "loving not wisely, but too well," and not pause ere he casts upon her an overwhelming load of misery. Alas! it has ever been the same, for man is so selfish in his nature, that he rarely heeds the feelings of those he seeks to ruin.

It was a few months after the first interview between Grace Desrick and Mark Eveleigh, that the inhabitants of Broomsgrove were one evening aroused from their usual state of quietude by a loud knocking at the outer gate. So unusual a summons at that hour brought nearly all the servants to the gate; and their surprise was nothing diminished at perceiving merely two horsemen. One of them was a man of rather powerful form, and somewhat above the middle height, and by his dress and appearance evidently of the Puritan party. His horse was of the most perfect black, and seemed impatiently waiting for admittance. The other was of the same party, and might have been the servant, or, perhaps, a higher grade, for it was hard to distinguish the rank by his dress.

The gate was no sooner opened than they both entered; and the one who had the appearance of being the master, dismounting from his horse, carelessly threw the reins to his companion, who received them with much respect. He desired to be conducted to Sir Ralph Desrick, which was instantly done, as Sir Ralph had himself come forward to ascertain who so unusual a visitor could be.

The master of the house himself showed the way to his library, and the guest, without being requested, threw himself into an easy chair beside the fire, and seemed for a few moments to enjoy the warmth without regarding his host. His request that some refreshment might be provided was almost instantly complied with, and of which, after a long formal prayer, he ate sparingly. As soon as he had finished his frugal meal, the attendant was ordered to withdraw with the remains of the repast, and the host and his visitor found themselves face to face, having as yet scarcely exchanged more words than the nature of the stranger's request required. Sir Ralph waited patiently until the other should break the silence, which he shortly did.

"It appears, then, I am not known to Sir Ralph Desrick."

Sir Ralph thought it was a face he should have known, and yet could not say where or how. But he replied, it was so little he had

suited Broomsgrove for the last twenty years, that the friends of his early youth had but rarely crossed his path.

"It may be that your memory does not serve you well, Sir Ralph; but I do not forget that you have ever been a true friend to the state, though of late you have not taken an active part in its affairs. I would the Lord in his goodness had willed that my errand, at the present time, should have been to speak of a more happy subject than is my lot just now."

Sir Ralph looked hard in the stranger's countenance, to see if he could read in it aught that might indicate his meaning; but there was nothing in its severe air to give the least clue to what he was about to say.

"I have heard, Sir Ralph, that the Lord in his great goodness bestowed upon thee a wife, whom you cherished more than, unhappily, is the custom of many of us."

Sir Ralph groaned audibly at thus hearing his wife mentioned, for the wound occasioned by her death still rankled in his bosom.

His guest seemed not to heed it, but continued:—"I have heard, too, that she was untimely snatched from you, and since then you have secluded yourself from the world, seeking consolation in the Lord. She left you, as I have been told, a daughter—who, if all accounts speak true, is most fair and beautiful; and that you have employed much of your time in her education. But I much fear me, that it is not altogether in a father's power properly to form a daughter's mind and disposition. But this is not to the purpose. Sir Ralph, you should be a man of firm purpose and resolve, and able to control your feelings. Has the Lord given you strength to listen to me, and yet keep a mastery over them?"

Sir Ralph looked in some amazement, scarce knowing how to understand his guest.

"This fair flower, upon which you have bestowed so much care, is, I fear me, almost lost to you; unless a just Heaven, in its kind mercy, now stretches forth its hands towards your help. Your daughter has been marked as a victim, by one of those profligates who delight to throw the state into anarchy and confusion by their wild schemes and vicious habits, regarding little the bonds that should unite society, and seeking only the gratification of their wild ambition and ungovernable lusts. But the Lord will not allow them to escape unpunished; for a day of retribution will come when they are least prepared to meet its justice. My friend, it grieves me much that one whom I esteem should suffer from such curses of society. Your daughter has, I am pained to say, fallen into the power of one of these."

"My daughter, sir? Speak, in Heaven's name, with more clearness; for, on mine honour, I understand you not!"

"You cannot be ignorant, then, that Hereford contains amongst its inhabitants one Sir Edward Eveleigh, a supporter of the Stuarts. You may, or you may not, know that he has a son, named Mark—as wild and reckless as any from whom the Lord ever withheld his grace. He has striven all in his power to bring forth ill against the state, and has been for months in the neighbourhood endeavouring to bring his plans to maturity. But I have had my eyes upon him, and watched him day by day; and sorry am I to say, that, though his plans have been in

vain, his wicked acts have succeeded against your daughter. He strove all in his power, by his knowledge of the world's arts, to seduce her from the path of good conduct, but without effect, until his devilish mind conceived the idea of a false marriage. Your daughter little knew the ways of life, and thought herself married by a few prayers being muttered over them by one of his associates, in the Abbey chapel; and thus has he accomplished his foul purpose."

"God of Heaven, grant me mercy! Can this be truth—or is it some wild story with which you seek to try my feelings?"

"As there is a Heaven above, it is the truth!"

Sir Ralph spoke not, but, covering his face with both his hands, he remained some moments almost without motion. When he removed them, his face had lost its deep-toned colour, and assumed a pale, ghastly hue. "Oh! my poor child!" he exclaimed. "Could not all thy purity and innocence stay the destroyer's hand? Could he not see in your saintly mother's image a being that should have turned his hard heart to something like compassion? May the deadliest curse that"—

"Hold, my friend! It will not avail thee to curse him. The Lord will not forsake his chosen servants, nor let the wicked prevail more than for a season. As a father, I can feel for you, and know what you must suffer; but, forget not, it is not for man to curse those even who have injured him."

"Sir, you speak like one who cannot feel for another's griefs. You know not what it is to have one whom you have cherished through life —not alone for herself, but for her whose fond image she bore—stricken down by the foul destroyer, and yet forbear to curse him! Oh! my poor, poor Grace! have all your gay and happy spirits come to this? Were all those charms that I have loved to look upon, and watch as they have expanded year by year in greater loveliness, but given thee to allure to thine own ruin? Poor injured Grace! he shall learn, that, secluded as I may so long have been from the world, I can yet revenge you!"

"Hold! hold! my friend, revenge will little aid you now. I owe you something, as I have been partly the cause of this, in allowing him to carry on his plans in safety when I might have prevented him. The mischief, however, was done ere I foresaw it; but all that lies in my power shall now be done. Will you be good enough to send me up my attendant, who waits below?"

On the attendant's entering the room, the visitor took him aside and appeared to give him some instructions, with particular expression, fearful lest they should not be clearly understood. The attendant instantly afterwards left the apartment, and the heels of his horse were heard ringing on the pavement, as he dashed at full speed through the gateway.

The stranger resumed his seat by the fireside, and seemed for a time to fix his looks upon the flickering light of the fire, at intervals thrusting together the logs of wood with his scabbard-point, so as to keep up as bright a light as the flame could throw upon the room.

Sir Ralph was striding to and fro with quick and unsteady pace; at times he would stop, and striking his forehead with his closed fist, whilst his hard quick breathings showed the violence of the feelings within, and occasionally some half-broken sentence would escape his lips, expressive

of commiseration of his poor wronged Grace, mingling with a deep and deadly curse against the villain who had so foully deceived her.

As the broken curses fell upon the stranger's ear, he shook his head as if in expostulation, whilst his stern brow assumed a more severe air, but he knew the workings of man's nature too well to stay the outpourings of a chafed spirit, which would not be confined, but must break forth ere the mind could at all assuage its violence.

For an instant Sir Ralph paused, and bent his keen glance upon the stranger's countenance, to see if he could read aught of falsehood in it; but he felt at once assured there was no intention of working on his feelings by a feigned tale, for the severe look of his visitor seemed altogether at variance with deceit.

About half an hour might have passed thus, without a word being exchanged or a syllable uttered, save by the broken interjections of Sir Ralph; when the sound of several horsemen arriving, was heard in the court-yard below. Sir Ralph started as the ringing of the horses' hoofs upon the pavement reached his ears, and looked toward the stranger for an explanation. The latter rose with apparently a satisfied air, and turning to Sir Ralph, said:—

"My friend, leave this matter entirely to my guidance, for your present feelings are but ill suited to what the occasion requires."

The door of the apartment was suddenly thrown open, and several soldiers entered, thrusting forward a young man, their prisoner. He looked first at the stranger and then at Sir Ralph, at the sight of whom he seemed somewhat moved, but quickly regaining his composure, he demanded "by what right he had thus been seized upon, and dragged forth like a dog?"

"By the order of him to whom the Lord hath given the right and the power."

"There is no right in this country can authorize so great an outrage."

"I will not argue the question with you, but I tell you, Mark Eveleigh, you are a villain! nay, don't look at me from head to foot, and seek the place where your sword should be, for I am none of your swashing brawlers, though I could cleave that skull of thine in twain, and not think I had done more than soil my sword with blood better fitted for a headsman's weapon."

"It is safe, Sir, to insult an unarmed man."

"Go to, thou art a fool?" replied the stranger.

Sir Ralph had risen from his seat, and every feature seemed distorted with rage, as the name of Mark Eveleigh was mentioned, but a stern glance from the stranger, who pointed for him to resume his seat, kept him in check.

"Mark Eveleigh," he said, "it is not a secret to me and Sir Ralph, how you have abused his daughter, and with what vile artifice you have desecrated the house of the Lord, by a false marriage. Your vile acts and practices have come to light; and now you stand face to face before the father of her you have so deeply injured, what have you to say?"

"If I have done wrong, the laws of my country will redress those have injured."

"There is no need to call them into question. Will you now, in her father's presence, and in mine, consent to repair the injury you have

done her? the gentleman who stands beside you shall perform the ceremony, and I will answer for it this time, that he is duly qualified—what say you, Sir?"

"That I will not be forced into a marriage by so outrageous an act as that which brought me here."

"Then so be it. Sir Ralph, I am sorry for the young man's obstinacy, but the injury he has done your daughter will soon be avenged. It was not as he, like a fool and knave, supposes, to redress her wrongs, that he was seized upon, but I have waited patiently until the plots, in which himself and father are engaged, were sufficiently ripe to prevent Sir Edward Everleigh again escaping; and, now I have them safe within my clutches, a few short hours will be all that remains to the youngster, to repent his ill deeds."

Mark Eveleigh was staggered at this announcement: he had thought that his false marriage alone was discovered, never for an instant dreaming that his plans had been from time to time betrayed in all their different stages, and unluckily, he too well knew that this time his father was deeply compromised by them.

"I am willing," said the stranger, "in consideration of my poor friend, Sir Ralph, to loosen somewhat the bonds of justice, and on condition that you instantly make his daughter your wife, to allow yourself and father to quit for ever a country which will be but too happy in the riddance; do you consent to this?"

Mark Eveleigh paused an instant, but consideration was useless; he was like a beast at bay, and must submit to any terms that offered life. "And if I do," he replied, "what then?"

"You shall quit the country in safety now, but the next time you set your foot on these shores, hope not for mercy, for by the Lord you will not find it—"

"Then I must consent."

"Must!"

"Well then, I do, since my words are so minced."

"If, Sir Ralph, you will send for your daughter, there need be no delay, for time is precious to us all."

When Grace entered the room she was startled at seeing it filled with armed men, and for an instant drew back; but when her eye rested on young Eveleigh, and she perceived he was a prisoner, she sprang forward, and throwing her arms round him, as if she would offer her vain protection, from the force arrayed against him, she exclaimed:—

"Oh, my father! do not harm him, even though he be opposed to those of your party." She looked to her father, but his glance was fierce and angry, and the stranger's usual stern looks were even more gloomy than was their custom. None spoke, and even the soldiers rested on their arms, scarce drawing their breaths, so intently were they watching the scene, rendering the silence almost awful. Mark stood upright with an air of determination and defiance. "Tell me, Mark, what all this means; but, gracious heavens! I never saw you look so, ere now. Do not fear them, they will not harm you, for sooner than they should do so, I would tell them all—and then my father would love and cherish you as myself—it is not in his nature to bear ill will against any one."

"My pretty maiden," said the stranger, advancing towards her;

"your father and myself have sent for you, to see you made the wife of this gentleman."

"His wife, Sir?—I have been so some time."

"True, true, my pretty maiden! but it was in secret, not before the world. It should be so, that all may know you are such; and now, in your father's presence"—

"My father, Sir? You know, Mark, I ever said he would do all I wished, and yet you would not let me tell him. I knew he would not refuse aught to make me happy. But come, do not let that angry frown hang upon your brow; how often have you told me that the brighest day of your existence would be when you could call me your wife, before the world; and now you can do so, you seem as I never yet beheld you."

"Sir, I am all readiness," said Mark hastily; "there surely needs no irksome delay."

"Then let the ceremony proceed," said the stranger. The clergyman advanced, and the soldiers having ranged themselves with an air of devout attention, began the ceremony in a deep sonorous voice. Grace looked first to one and then to another, to see if she could read in their countenances any explanation of the strange scene, but the solemn air assumed by all save Mark gave no clue that enabled her to comprehend its meaning. She uttered the responses as she was desired, wondering within herself that it should be so different, and much longer than her previous marriage; and when the deep-toned fervent AMEN burst from the stranger at the conclusion, she was still in the same state of wonder.

The clergyman, drawing from his pocket some writing materials with a roll of vellum, wrote out the customary form, which was signed by the parties, and looking around for a fit person as a witness, the stranger seized the roll, and taking a pen said, "sure there can be none more fit and proper than myself," and hastily signing his name at the bottom, presented the vellum to Sir Ralph—the eye of the latter for a moment glanced at the signature, and to his amazement he beheld "Cromwell Protector."

Sir Ralph sank on his knee before the Protector, but the latter exclaimed with much haste,—"Not to me, Sir Ralph, but to the Lord alone should we bend the knee: his humblest servant is not a fit object for worship."

"To you, Mark Eveleigh, I have to repeat the caution, that you never set your foot again on English land, for, before a just heaven I swear, no power on earth shall save you from the scaffold. It shall be my care that you are seen to leave these shores, and to Fennimore I give you in charge, not to lose sight of you until you are safe on board a vessel, and its head turned away from hence. Yonder is the door,—your presence is odious to the sight of every honest man."

"Oh, no, no!" exclaimed Grace,—"you would not part us—we are married now before the world, and surely you would not wish to separate us thus, at the moment we have sworn to remain for ever together?"

"My pretty maiden, it may seem unkind and cruel, thus to force you apart, but he is a villain of the darkest hue, and as sweet and fair a maiden as yourself would be ill mated with so despicable a being."

"Oh, Sir! you are mistaken; indeed, you are! you know him not, he is true and honest. Before heaven, I will vouch his truth."

"Maiden, you are deceived."

"Indeed, indeed, I am not!—Oh, Mark, Mark, in pity's sake do not leave me! Oh, Sir, in mercy's sake—my father, can you let me plead in vain? Think, he is now my husband, and that I love him more than all the world, save you. Do not tear him from me! have you forgotten how you loved my poor mother, and yet cannot feel for me? think what she would have felt, had you been torn from her—it is not more than I feel now."

Sir Ralph covered his face with his hands, to hide the weakness of his nature, for he deeply felt his daughter's sufferings, and the image of her mother recurred to his imagination in all her saint-like purity.

"Alas!—is he gone?—and not one look or word—Oh, Mark! Mark! what in heaven's name have I done, that all should turn thus against me? I have loved you with all the truth and fervour my weak nature could allow, and yet you leave me thus."

"My poor child," said Sir Ralph, pressing her to his breast; "you have placed your affections on one who knew not their priceless value, a stranger to the heart's best and dearest feelings. It was an evil hour that first threw you in each other's way, and more sad to you, I fear me, is the present. In your guileless heart you will long cherish the remembrance of him, whom it would be happiness to blot for ever from your memory; but, alas! I know you cannot do so—would that you could! My dearest child, in this world you will never meet again."

The following letter was received by Sir Ralph, some time after the above-narrated incidents took place:—

"Honoured and esteemed good friend.

"I have lately heard from the continent somewhat that relates to thee and thine. The Mark Eveleigh who married the pretty maiden thy daughter, met, a few days since, with his deserts, in a sudden brawl, in the low countries: his adversary's sword passed through his heart, leaving him no time to call upon the Lord for forgiveness of his many and great wickednesses.

"Thy fair daughter may now seek comfort and consolation anew in the wedded state; and that her choice may be this time more worthy than the last, is the ardent wish of your good friend,

"Cromwell P^r^.

"*At Hampton Court,*
this 23d of Nov. 1657."

ON THE DISCOVERY, IN EXCAVATING, OF A RING SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN BURIED FOR CENTURIES, WITH THE INSCRIPTION— "I AM THINE!"

Yes, simple is the ring, and still
More simple the love-breathing words;
And yet they have a power to thrill
The bosom's softest, tenderest chords:
Theirs is the eloquence no art
Can reach—the rhet'ric of the heart.

Those words were murmur'd, years ago,
By maiden lips that knew no guile;
That ring embalm'd in all its glow,—
A rapturous hour that, like a smile,
Lit with its sunbeam memory's cell,
And shed o'er life a fairy spell.

'Twas mid the farewell agony,
When nature speaks beyond control,
When every feeling gushes free,
She placed yon record of the soul
Upon the hand she lov'd so much,
That bliss was in its slightest touch.

Ah! who can tell, if that adieu
Was their last parting? who can tell
What after-woe 'twas his to rue,
What fond tears from her bright eyes fell?
Their fate, their fortunes, who can say?
Their very names have passed away!

Cold are the lips that breath'd the vow,
And cold 's the heart that prompted it;
All vanish'd, lost, forgotten now,
Save yonder ring, where love hath writ
A tale of tenderness and truth,
Fadeless as his immortal youth.

Till sleepless time shall be at rest,
Affection shall the spoiler dare;
While beats a warm devoted breast,
That breast shall for some dear one bear,
Carv'd deeply on its inmost shrine,
Love's deathless motto, "I am thine!"

Eleanor Snowden.

OMNIBUS POLITICIANS.

As we descended Ludgate Hill, and approached Farringdon Street, that most awful of all crossings on a market-day, and which neither the piety nor patriotism of the monumental members, Wilks or Waithman, can shield from danger, there was a halt for about ten minutes. The train of vehicles was, as usual, very great, and the difficulty of progression considerably increased by the awkward movements of some fifty or sixty oxen on their route to that bourne whence not even oxen return. These poor animals had a kind of presentiment that the boys who drove them, meant them no good, and showed a strange disposition to move in any direction but that which the juvenile drivers wished. The crowd of pedestrians increased not a little the difficulties, as it inclined to one side or the other, like the long heavy swell of the ocean after a gale. A shrill female voice now called on the conductor to take up and save her from these *orrible hoxen*. The conductor, with an air of sullen magnanimity, placed between her and the object of her fears his pigmy person, assuring her, she had now nothing to fear.

The Bus drew up close to the curb-stones, the door opened, and Miss Tomkins was handed in. As she sat down, the conductor smiled at her alarm, "though, to be sure," said he, "one is not always quite safe in a drove such as that *ere* one, which don't belong neither to the neuter gender," chuckling a smile at his wit. Miss Tomkins, unfortunately, happened to be one of those poor souls, whose duties in another world, tradition, superstition, or some other ition, very ungallantly says, will be to lead blind apes. But this, after all, is but a lying gipsy tale, yet however it may be as well to keep up the delusion,—it may make handsome women a little less fastidious.

My position was near the door, and which, though sometimes convenient, I found just now very disagreeable, as my proximity to the conductor exposed me to the merciless infliction of his vulgar wit. "Did you ever see, sir," addressing himself to me, "such a *fearful timbersome* creature as that ere lady—will you believe it, sir, if she did not think *them ere hoxen* were going for to eat her, I am not a living man." Fortunately for me, there were two men near me, one of whom sat opposite me, and who caught up the tone of the conductor's last speech, and enlarged copiously upon the horrors of old maids, old women, old prejudices,—in short, everything old, except, as his friend who sat close to me said, old port. This sweeping censure upon everything old, sounded like a direct attack upon an old man who sat on the opposite side, and who, unfortunately, had too much of the irritable feelings which usually hang about men, who, though really old, wish to be considered young. This man took some exceptions to the speech of this aforesaid hater of everything old, and presently a war of words arose, which even the rumbling of our omnibus could not drown. The

different interruptions which we met with, from bipeds, quadrupeds, carts, cars, and carriages, afforded these men ample opportunity for urging each their respective arguments, and which, to do them justice, they did with considerable energy. It is curious how words do multiply—how ignorance acquires strength by endurance. From personal jests, they passed to general strictures upon men and manners, trades and occupations, Church and State, King, Lords, and Commons. I confess I was a little astonished at the information of some of the talkers, much of which, I fancy, arose from their own confidence, or rather the toleration which they experienced. One of the aforesaid men turned to the man of years, and very abruptly asked him what occupation he pursued, to which he replied with an air of affected dignity that was truly amusing, "Sir, I am a chymist." "Is that all you can say of yourself? you give but a lame account of yourself;" looking at the same time to a large stick which the chymist carried, and which was evidently intended to perform some of the good duties of a good leg. The allusion was so coarse and unmanly, that I looked at the fellow with an air of contempt,—when, turning to me, he said, "Perhaps, sir, you, too, are a chymist? if so, you can help your friend." To this I only replied by a look, which I think spoke very intelligibly to him; when the other loquacious fellow said, that if I was a chymist, I would be likely to do the very opposite, for two of a trade never agreed. "That is not always the case," said my vis-a-vis compagnon de voyage, and his fancy took a wide range: "there are trades which play into each other's hands—brewers and bakers, grocers and wine-merchants, all play into the doctor's hands, by mixing all manner of drugs and stuff in our bread and drink, and which require the doctor's advice,—ay, and some of his physic, too, to carry it off. The doctor himself plays into the hands of the undertaker and parson, who very good-naturedly taxes us at our entrance and exit from life." The conversation became presently a little more interesting, or at any rate more ludicrous, by a kind of an episode which he introduced about church and state, beginning with the parson, who he said was no better than he should be, with his tithes and fat living, for all of which he did nothing except preaching once a week a sermon which he bought at the last auction, and reading a chapter or two out of that book which some people impudently call the "story book." Returning to trades, he said, "the shoemaker played into the hands of the corn-cutter." "You are perfectly right there," said his friend, at the same time uttering a frightful oath against every one in the trade. "Then, again, is the tailor playing into the hands of the lawyer,—the first to take your measure for a suit of clothes, the other to take measures to get payment for them; the first brings in his bill as long as your arm for wearing apparel, the other a still longer one for costs;—you may indeed call it measure for measure, suit for suit," smiling at his wit. "There is a sort of an understanding, too, between tailors and upholsterers, the latter to daub with oil, gum, japan, or varnish, every article in their line, that, hang me, if a man can sit upon any thing except at the risk of spoiling a pair of pantaloons." To enumerate the various crimes which traders in general committed, according to this fellow's report, would fill a good-sized octavo. From the tinker who makes two holes when employed to stop one, to the parson who

taxes the last shovel of earth in the last receptacle of six feet by three, all shared alike the censure of this man of words.

Politics now became the engrossing subject, and to do this fellow common justice he cared little about men or measures: Whigs, Tories, Radicals, Reformers, all shared in turn his indignation. Even the good features of our old constitution did not escape him, for she, though not mentioned especially among the list of his hated objects, still held a prominent place there. Of course, the rotten boroughs came first in for their share, upon which he was more eloquent than usual, "These were the ruin," he said, "of the country,—they did as much injury to the body politic as the baker's alum to the body corporate, (meaning, I suppose, the human body);—nothing but corruption everywhere,—places, boroughs, magistracies, majorities, the army, the navy, the church, bench, law, gospel—all, all bought." Here the old man could no longer remain silent, and said, "Pray, sir, when was the country so prosperous?" "Fiddlesticks!" cried this fellow, "it is an unnatural state of things, and assumed prosperity for the benefit of certain loan-contracting gentlemen. A rattling war is what we want to set this country right. Talk of your blessings of peace, look around you, and what do you see? bankruptcies, failures in every quarter. There is, sir, in this country an excess of population, more mouths than you have bread for,—you must get rid of these by some means or other. If you are acquainted with the history of your country, you must know that this is the longest peace for the last 150 years: 17 years is the average duration of peace, so in the natural course of events, we must soon have war. Never was there such a glorious opportunity as our vaccillating (I have no doubt, he here meant vacillating) ministers threw away, with Russia;—a war, sir, with Russia would make any ministers popular in this country. "Yes," said the man of drugs; "I believe a war would raise the price of corn, and be a God-send to the farmers." A general laugh ran through the Bus, for it now appeared that the man of many words was really a man of grain. I joined, I freely confess, in the laugh against this fellow, who from base motives of self-interest was sapping the solidity of our national credit, honour, and public tranquillity. "God bless the King," said the man of drugs: "Amen with all my heart," cried I, putting in a word for the first time. "Amen, say I also," said the man of many words: "he is as good as most kings, but I don't love kings at all." A murmur ofdisapprobation ran through the Bus, as he finished this last sentence. "Look at Europe," resumed the rogue in grain; "what a pretty set of kings! I would not give a brass farthing for the whole batch of *um*. There is Louis Phillip, King of the French, and his hungry son-in-law, Leopold, a fellow what ain't ashamed to be drawing from this country, with her load of taxes and debt, his 50,000l. a year; and there is the Emperor of Austria, and Frederick of Prussia—I think they calls him so; and last of all is the biggest of all villains, the Emperor of Russia, the *Auticrat*, as they call him, of all the Russias, whose greatest delight would be to upset every thing here, and then come in to settle things for us, as he has done for Poland. Only look how he watches Greece and the Turks. I tell you what, sir, that ere chap is a more slyer chap than my Lord Melbourne, or Lord Palmerston, or Newspaper men, think he is." The chymist, though his labour was only of a passive

kind,—to sit and hear, yet he could endure it no longer, and addressing me said, "The Queen, I am sorry to hear, caught a cold, and remains in doors, I find." "She should leave that to some of her subjects to catch!" exclaimed the indefatigable talker; "or, having caught it, she should smoke her pipe as I do, and puff it off." The levity and assurance of this fellow, in thus talking of our Queen, called up some of my more manly spirit, and feeling that my loyalty might be taxed, even in a Bus, as insincere, if I allowed this fellow to proceed further in his abuse or disrespect of royalty, I said, "Sir, I will not sit here and hear the name of king or queen treated lightly by any person!" at the same time measuring in my mind's eye the weight and muscle of the man of words. "Nor I, neither," said the chymist. "Nor I," said a voice from the end of the Bus, which now for the first time joined the debate. "Sir," said this voice, "I am a builder, and pull down my houses! if I would not pull any man's nose who talked lightly of any of our good royal family!" As he concluded this declaration, he showed a chest that was in some measure an assurance, that the man who would venture to oppose should have something to contend against. This brought the dealer in slander to a full stop—the first he had come to during the ride. An accession of strength like this gave the poor old chymist a fresh impetus, and, bristling up with all the passion of an irritable, loyal, old man, he said, turning to this loquacious man, "Sir, you and your friend, whoever he be, are a pair of impudent fellows. You first attempted to be witty at the expense of the old lady, which was unmanly, aud then you turned your wit against my infirmity, which was base and cowardly! Then, charmed with your own voice, you abuse trade, religion, laws, governments, kings, lords and commons, popes and parsons, peace and politics. You have the glibness of a licensed victualler dinner speaker; you cram your head with a set of words—as, bribery and corruption, ruin and bankruptcy, priestcraft and prejudice, &c. To fix vulgar attention upon subjects of this kind, little more is required than memory and effrontery; and where the former fails you, the latter ably seconds you. In a stage coach, you may succeed for a time—but, trust me, you will meet elsewhere that chastisement which your assurance merits. You have poured out the full cup of your wrath upon almost every calling in life; but believe me, after all, that the greatest rogue is the rogue in grain." "Now, sir—if you please," cried the conductor, as the Bus drew up to the curb-stone. The door opened, and we passed out without even an inclination of the head to men who would tell the Queen of England to smoke her pipe. These traders in grain were left alone in the Bus, where they had full time to meditate—for they had half a mile further to go—on the impression which they had made. In meetings of men, or in public vehicles, a wise man would never advance any thing that may offend another, nor aim at superiority, when he is totally unacquainted with the rank or title of those around him.

LINES TO MARGARET.

WRITTEN ON MY RETURN TO ENGLAND.

(Intended for the Third Volume of "England, a Poem.")

Lo, now the Autumn comes again, and I
Must end where I began, with thoughts of thee:
A gloom hath fallen upon the summer sky;
There is a shadow droopeth on the sea,
And beauty hath departed, strength and majesty!

When I left England, all the woods were green;
The harvests roll'd with wealth, the flowers were bright;
The birds were singing in their love serene;
There was a constant motion of delight,
That filled the soul with joy, and drove away the night.

When I return again, the corn is gone,
The golden fruitage is all pass'd away,
The ash-tree stands in solemn gloom alone;
The fern is withered, and the heath-bell's sway
Is over,—every hedge in scarlet meets the day.

Music hath left the hills, there is a tone
Of lamentation sounding through each wood;
The south wind's voice is now a weary moan,
And nature weeps in every solitude
O'er her departed lovers, and her wither'd brood.

Change, change, hath fallen every where: but thou,
Beloved one, art never changed to me.
Thou art the same—the same thy beauteous brow.
Thy glancing eyes, thy footsteps light and free,
Thy soul—that beameth out with love and liberty!

Thou art a vision, in this world's dark night,
Of peace and splendour: thou art as a gleam
From heaven—a joy—a wonder—a delight—
The glory and the splendour of a dream—
The lover's adoration, and the poet's theme!

Come to me from the blue-reposing sky!
Come to me, Oh! beloved one, and lean
Thy snow-white bosom, and thy forehead high,
Upon thy worshipper!—calm and serene—
Even like a seraph come, and beautify this scene!

I yearn for thee, with a repining love
That nought may quench—for thou art Beauty's own:
Thine is the grace that cometh from above:
There is a spiritual music in thy tone
Of voice, and thou art bound on Eloquence' bright throne.

Sweet looks, and winning ways, are ever thine;
And magic, like a loadstone, lights thine eye:
Those delicate lips hold melody divine;
And soul and thought sit on thy forehead high,
And thou art all attired in love and harmony!

A song as of a seraph comes from thee,
Thou walkest like a Naiad to her love,
Or as a sylph from some enchanted tree:
Thy golden locks hang down thy neck, and rove
Along thy breast, and sleep upon thy bosom's move.

Seldom, on earth, we view such forms as thine!
Nor, save in blessed dreams of silent night,
Glides aught before our vision so divine.
For *heaven* alone is left for things so bright,
And mortal eye can gaze not on the lustrous light.

And what availeth all my longing here,
This yearning phantasy, and dark despair?
I ne'er may breathe my passion in thine ear,
Nor watch each wish, nor soothe each trace of care,
Nor press thee to my breast—who art so very fair!

Yet, *all* must love thee! In the eloquent blood
That swells each azure vein; in every sigh;
In look, in word, in grace of womanhood,
Lie charms to win each ear, and glad each eye,
A spell for earthly trust, for truth and poetry.

Again Farewell—far o'er the sounding sea
Once more I sigh farewell! The passing year,
Nor Time, nor change can tear my heart from *thee*.
And though thou mayst not bless my dwelling here,
We yet shall meet again, and in a loftier sphere.

A heavenly home, where sorrow cannot be;
Where grief, nor care, nor human passion dwell:
There white-rob'd in thy glory I shall see
That queenlike shape, that form majestical,
And we no more shall part—again,—again—farewell!

Gainsborough, Yorkshire, Nov. 12. J. W. Ord.

WISHES.

"Sic volo, sic jubeo, stat pro ratione voluntas."

"If wishes were horses, beggars would ride"—is an ancient proverb, made no doubt to exemplify the inutility of wishes; and many will have it that such a thing as a reasonable wish cannot exist, inasmuch as wishes cease, or should cease, if attainable, and if not attainable, then they cannot be reasonable. I beg, however, to differ, *toto cœlo*, with such an argument; nor will I yield implicit submission to this doctrine, because I contend that whatever can, or might, or could lead to our greater comfort is to be wished for. If not attainable, still it is very desirable; and if desirable, why should not a man wish for comforts.

There is in man an indisposition to be satisfied with his present state. The mind is constantly filled with hopes and expectations after things which it has not; and it frequently—nay, daily happens, that we are aspiring to better our condition, either in some worldly pursuit, or improving our spiritual concerns: and if we see our fellow-men in a more prosperous state than ourselves, a gentle wish creeps uppermost in our thoughts, and, envying his better lot, we wish we were only possessed of his wealth, that we may make some use of it. This wish is certainly against the tenth commandment. But is there any offence in thus wishing? I wish, very often, that I *could* wish; for there is about me that hanged placidity of discontent, which, dissatisfied with all around and within, prevents me from fastening on any object for succour and relief. Now, what can be more disagreeable than to be placed in circumstances like the following:—to sit across an unarmed chair, staring at a fire so good as not to require replenishing or poking, yet so bad as to be cheerless; thinking of nothing but some old subjects which one had long ago done with; to feel an incumbrance in your clothing, without knowing exactly whether the coat be too short or too long in the cuffs; to be neither full nor hungry, ill nor well; to require nothing, yet having nothing;—so circumstanced, what cure can there be but the power to wish?

How multifarious are our wishes! "Mine be a cot beside a rill," sings one. "Would that I were a glove upon that hand," says another. This man wishes he were some red cross knight. That one, that he may obtain a smile from some Angelina or Maria; whilst another sighs for turbot and lobster sauce. I have my periodical wishes. I wish every morning, as I cannot shave myself without inflicting many serious wounds upon my phiz, which I am told is a handsome one, that I could awake ready shorn, without my friend the barber, calling for hot water, lathering my face, and, proh pudor! holding my nose ere he removes the stubble from my phiz; and in winter, when icicles hang on

the wall, I wish that I could rise ready dressed. As the day waxes older, being a bachelor, I wish some one of the female kind were with me, to attend to my culinary concerns, and order my dinner; for in my forlorn condition, I can make but three varieties of dishes out of rump steaks, chops, and cutlets, and then reverse the order to cutlets, chops, and steaks. I am very precise in my movements, and as soon as I have broken my fast, I look out in eager expectation for the postman, and should he pass my door without knocking, I am sure to be out of humour, and wish that I were some rich old nabob with some bequeathable effects, for friends would not be then so few, or so inattentive and neglectful; but should some dun with a dunning knock interrupt me in my fond imaginings, then I am certain to wish I was once again in my minority, and free from such annoyances; for who now is so vulgar as to pay a tradesman's bill? After I have enjoyed my matutine itineration, I generally have a relapse of my morning uxoriousness, and wish over every fair creature I may have encountered in my walk. I set an empty chair just opposite myself; grieve that my better half will not eat to-day—propose a glass of wine—silence gives consent; realize one pleasure, and I wish ten thousand.

During the late summer months, I one day wished, in the erratic movements of my mind, that I were a flea; and would he not be a desirable creature, were it not for the danger of apoplectic fits and a premature death? Imagine his style of living—see his knight-errantry—what a convivial round dog, and yet how he preserves his nimbleness! I wished that I were a flea, but that the thumb and finger of some cruel Dustiffina—no—no—I rather wish that I could change places with something which hangs upon the looking-glass of "her whom my soul holds most dear"—something, did I say something? Gentle reader, hast thou ever felt the charming agonies of love? If thou hast not, then thou art damned, and cannot tell what that something is, and I wish that I were in thy situation, barring the said damnatory clauses. I sometimes wish that his most gracious Majesty would give me a commission to pull down, tear up, and destroy all those things which molest and interfere with my comfort. I would kick Chancery Lane, Fetter Lane, and Drury Lane to the Antipodes—I would utterly hit, strike, and by the ear pull, all the chimney tops and pots, which intercept the extensive view I have from my garret window, over the vast expanse of houses facing the place from whence I am now lucubrating. I would pull down, demolish, and destroy that pile of brick and mortar intended to be the Pandemonium of a certain clique in Pall-Mall, and expatriate all its members to Van Dieman's Land.

On Monday last I wished to be the high wind. I fancied I should whisk along the sky and take my pleasure like some royal traveller, with leaves of trees, and fragments of clouds, and sweet sounds and fragrant odours, tossed about me as I went on.

Riding the whirlwind, or on the storm, what fun would I not enjoy! what amusement would I not create! Turn your eyes to those lungs of London, on a day in the full season, when all that is great or noble, proud and wealthy, recreate in Rotten Row. Quick I would be there, tossing, twirling, and tumbling them as I would. See that prude, with cheeks adorned with anything but Nature's hues, false curls playing on

her withered front: by some she is told that she is ugly and old, but she will not believe what they say; mark her mincing step. Pounce I would so on her at once, she cannot shelter herself from exposure. I would puff off her paint, disarrange her curly locks, and fill her with such alarms, that she should imagine from her inmost soul she were inflated with gas and ready to be wafted through the blue expanse of heaven. Then would I slyly let down my pinions and the rain falls; a few have carried out a precautionary umbrella, they lift them, and in a moment I would rush on them with a bound of glee, and whisk them from their hands; then what beauteous confusion—what jollity—what diversion!

"Risum teneatis amici?"

I was musing, the other evening, and contemplating like many other wise men who deal in politics, upon the many measures intended to have been made the law of the land, and, amidst other lucubrations which came into my wayward, wicked fancy, I had determined to address a letter to His Majesty's Attorney-General, for his real opinion on the subject of the Abolishing Imprisonment for Debt Bill. From one newspaper I learn, that to abolish imprisonment for debt would be subverting one of the bulwarks of our constitution; from another, I learn that it is a most beneficial measure, and will be the means of establishing the credit of this great commercial nation. In this great predicament, and diversity of opinion, what could I do but wish that I could see the interior of some prison? No sooner wished than done, and I find myself in the situation I wished. I fancied myself in the interior of a large building, surrounded on every side with high walls, and from which an escape is hopeless; I pass the grim threshold, and the turnkeys who keep the gates, and at once mine ears are astounded with the sounds of revelry and mirth; and I enter a room in which all the best and most merry of the inmates are assembled on some convivial meeting. Hark to their mirth—"Pass the bottle, and let us drown all our cares in the bowl." "Give us another song, and let us bid defiance to all our creditors." "Let us be merry whilst we may." Are these the objects of the bill? are these to whom mercy shall be shown? These, I said, are they who squander all they possess, and allow their creditors to starve, and perchance be ruined. I then wished to see the objects of real distress, and I was ushered to a room in which the honest debtor, after striving all that was in his power to pay each just demand upon him is immured, and around him are his family; every thing which can be sold, has been either pawned or parted with; his bed is gone; and starvation stares him in the face; his friends have deserted him, and, "deserted in his utmost need by those his former bounty fed"—deserted and exposed, he lies without one fried to close his eyes. What shall we do for succour? To whom can we apply for aid? His wife consoles, his children look up to him for sustenance; who shall describe his agony? who paint the inward feelings of his breast? Is there no help? no friendly hand to administer to his want? no kind friend to console his wounded spirit? None! there is no hope, no prospect of a remedy to end his evils, but that which will pay the great debt of nature. Unlamented, untolled, and forgotten, he sinks down, and perishes—"of the world forgetful, by the world forgot." But

whither, gentle reader, am I roaming? Thou mayst truly say, amidst my various and my many wishes,—

"Thou art roaming, thou art roaming,
Over hill and over dale;"

and I grant that I stand corrected—but I find that the pains of a dyspeptic man are coming over me, and being occasionally subject to the blue devils, my wishes are not then either new or interesting; and as I may infect thee, gentle reader, with my disorder, which heaven forefend! if the weather proves fine, and the sweet influences of the Pleiades return to us, Imay please you better at a better time. I wish it may be so; but—

Vive! vale si quid novisti rectius istis
Candidus, imperti, si non, trisutere mecum.

J. E.

CONVIVIAL REMINISCENCES.

A PLAGUE upon your five-and-twenty years! they make a terrible alteration upon a man: they tinge the hair that was once raven black with a shade of grey—plant wrinkles and crows-feet upon the "human face divine"—"quench the lustre of the eye's bright grace," and unless you are a spunky chap that will not suffer father Time to get the better of you, they will succeed in taking away the elasticities of your once nimble foot, so that you that once bounded along the Strand—gentle and aged reader, "the glass of fashion and the mould of form," attired in the toggery of Stultz and the boots of Hoby—while the pretty servant maids stole a look and whispered, "he is quite a lady's man," now hobble or progress at a snail's pace through the same thoroughfare, and are taunted by witty, but ill-natured Cyprians, with "how d' ye do, granddada?" What could have put it into the head of the son of Sirach, to panegyrise old age, with its gout, sciatica, peevishness, and loneliness, or to speak of it but as the last and worst stage of earthly misery, when existence becomes ten times more unpleasant and irksome, by our casting a retrospective glance at "the wild freshness of the morning" of life, and recalling to our minds the days when we were pleased with ourselves, and everything around us. We are old fellows ourselves—and our only solace now is to drop into some ancient haunt, and regale ourselves with a pipe and pint of stout, and listen to a story. Intent upon this gratification, we sauntered in the other evening to the Yorkshire Stingo (we love the name); but scarce had we been seated, and wet our parched lips with our half-and-half, and blown our first cloud, after having with some difficulty "got up the steam," than a monster in human form commenced in a stentorian tone, a melody—as I suppose, in courtesy, we must call it—the burthen of which was "Time, Time, Time," and no sooner did we hear the ominous beginning than we paid our shot, and bade

"Farewell to the tap-room,
And balm-breathing ale,"

in something like a gallopade movement. We wended our weary way to the COAL-HOLE. The *Coal-Hole*, what a magic is in the very name? what an association of ideas crowd upon the mind at the bare mention of a spot consecrated to mirth and good-fellowship, and where once was to be met with, in their gayest moments—and we shall not do those classic regions the injustice to say that even yet, although "like angels' visits, few and far between," they may not be found—some of the choicest master spirits of the age. Alas! how often "at the wee hour ayont the twelve," have we met poor Kean there, "his eye in a fine phrenzy rolling," as he sat in his box surrounded by a bevy of tipsy half-pay officers, attorney's clerks, newspaper reporters, and jovial sons of Thespian. We never shall forget one night we spent there in the company of Kean. It was at one of the Friday dinners, at which the veteran proprietor of the *Coal-Hole* used, like a Patriarch, to take the chair—and never was a chair—no not even by Manners Sutton, better filled. The bottle and the song had passed round freely, until night had grown into grey morn, when a rather angry disputation arose between Kean and a bacchanalian linen-draper, upon the merits of dramatic representation. From high words the affair came to blows. It was a regular stand-up fight. Kean, I recollect, was handed by old Pierce Egan, and the linen-draper by a "learned Theban," who at that time was, and I believe is still, a paragraph-monger to a morning paper, as well as contributor to an Evangelical Magazine. After two or three smart skirmishes, for they were nothing else, the belligerents were separated, but not until one of the linen-draper's eyes was completely, to use a pugilistic expression, "bunged up," which was nearly all the damage that occurred in the "set-to," and Kean and myself immediately left the *Coal-Hole*. When we got into the Strand, he was in a perfect phrenzy, and every now-and-then, as his excited feelings magnified the affront he had lately received, it was not without considerable difficulty that I succeeded in preventing him from returning to the *Coal-Hole*, for the purpose of annihilating the ill-fated tradesman who had provoked his wrath. As we journeyed along, he became much calmer, and fell into a deep meditative mood, from which I was only able to arouse him, by pointing to him that morn had already begun to dawn. "And so it has!" he exclaimed, clasping his hands, and assuming a theatrical gesture; and then, with inimitacle pathos, he continued, "lovely morning! how delightful thou art to the virtuous and industrious—thou glancest through the lattice of the humble, but hardy, swain—and, lo! with jocund spirits and strong-strung nerves, he starts from his couch, again to pursue his daily toil—how different is thy appearance to the enervated and broken-down debauchee, who has spent a sleepless night—his body racked with pain, and his mind torn with anguish, at the recollection of health, fame, and fortune sacrificed at the shrine of intemperance and dissipation." A change had now come over the spirit of his dream, and the tears chased each other down his pallid cheeks. It would be beside my business now to conclude Kean's homily, or to enter more largely into my reminiscences of him—but suffice it to say that he delivered a discourse full of more christian and moral excellences than I ever before heard, even from the lips of Philpots himself. But I must return to pigs, as *The Chronicle* has it. It is said, by some, that the *Coal-Hole*

is falling off—that the increasing morality of the age, with the vast increase of Temperance Societies', have played the deuce with this once celebrated domicile of Bacchus and Apollo. We believe it not—nor from what we ourselves have been able to see of the excellent arrangements of the *Coal-Hole*, and the suavity and attention of the Messrs. Rhodes, its proprietors, do we expect, that for many a year to come, will this classic retreat—the legitimate successor of the Boar's Head, of East Cheap, to the disgrace of London, be suffered to lapse into decay. It is a crying shame, that of all the literary frequenters of the *Coal-Hole*, no Professor Wilson has been found to immortalize the "*snuggery*," of the Wen, or make the name of Rhodes shine forth like his who rejoiceth in that of Ambrose. The *Coal-Hole* is, above all other places, the receptacle of literary men, especially of those who are connected with the newspaper press. It is no uncommon thing during the sitting of Parliament, about midnight, in one of its comfortable boxes, to discover the Tory Editor, whose "leader," wherein he describes the Whigs as all that is faithless, mean, and dishonourable, is just in the hands of the printer, discussing a Welsh rabbit, and quaffing his share of a couple of pints of stout and a bottle of Madeira with "a best possible instructor" of the Whig party. *The Two Kings* of Brentford, never smelt their rose more lovingly than do these amiable scribes empty their bottle; notwithstanding, the next morning will find them engaged in a wordy warfare, where sometimes not only the courtesies but the decencies of civilized society are forgotten.

> "But if you would visit Melrose right,
> You must see it by the pale moonlight;"

and to behold the *Coal-Hole* to advantage, you must see it about twelve o'clock of a Saturday night. Then it is in its glory;—the boxes stuffed to repletion—the room enveloped in a cloud of smoke, and thrilling with "melody sweetly put in tune." Here do congregate on that night the finished rake—the truant husband—"the glorious company" of shop-boys, about to squander the treasure which their hebdomadal larceny has enabled them to amass from their master's till. The attorney and bailiff here do mark their victim, and are perhaps too blind to recognize him.

WILLIE AND PHEBE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF SUNDAY,—"A POEM."

Sweet Phebe is sixteen, and charming
As the smiling rich season of spring;
Her seraphic graces surpass all
The dreams which high fancy can bring;
And her bright eyes so shining and jetty,
Beam like heaven's di'monds above;
And the look, all in blushes so pretty,
When teaz'd, and when tempted with love.

Each lad of the village, low bending,
Told his tale of distress with a sigh;
And they said that with love they were dying,
Then Phebe look'd thoughtful and shy.
And her bright eyes so shining and jetty,
Beam'd like heaven's diamonds above,
And so gentle she look'd, and so pretty—
When teaz'd and when tempted with love.

Some knelt on the earth low before her,
And strains of soft simpers did chime,
Others thought they could win the fair maiden
By singing their whimsies in rhyme;
While her bright eyes so shiny and jetty,
Beam'd like heaven's di'monds above,
And she looked so divine, and so pretty—
Like an angel of light and of love.

A rich one, too, sighed for the maiden,
And spoke of his acres of land;
Moving strains from his school-books he whimper'd,
And offer'd in state his soft hand:
While her bright eyes so shining and jetty,
Beam'd like heaven's di'monds above,
And she turn'd them, so chaste and so pretty,
Away from his acres and love.

Now Willie, who long had ador'd her,
Beheld all his rivals retire :
With love for the maiden he trembled,
And hope set his bosom on fire :
And Phebe's fine eyes all so jetty,
Beam'd like heaven's di'monds above,
And she look'd so enchanting and pretty,
He knelt, and he told her his love.

So gentle, so graceful, so winning,
So modest, his Phebe he woo'd :
In glowing young love's gallant bearing,
And nature's rich language he sued,
While Phebe's bright eyes, all so jetty,
Beam'd like heaven's di'monds above,
And so serious she look'd and so pretty,
While Willie was telling his love.

Now breathless he paus'd, and sweet Phebe
Bestow'd the soft look of consent,
Then joyousness lighten'd his features,
And on with his story he went :
While Phebe's bright eyes all so jetty,
Beam'd like heaven's di'monds above,
And she lean'd, so attentive and pretty,
To Willie's rich converse of love.

Then he press'd her white hand to his bosom,
And his lips to his lady's did lay ;
So eager, so earnest he pressed them,
Their roses, amaz'd, died away.
And her bright eyes, so shining and jetty,
Beam'd like heaven's di'monds above ;
And she sigh'd, blush'd, and looked, oh so pretty,
And yielded her heart to his love !

H. B.

CENTRAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

In our last number, we erroneously gave the title "Royal" to the "Central Agricultural Society." We were led into this error, partly from having heard that a letter had been laid before his Majesty, requesting him to honour it with the light of his countenance by becoming its most gracious patron. The statement made to us seemed to be confirmed by the appearance, on the 4th of January, of "The Agriculturist's Journal," which was understood to be the official literary mouthpiece of the society. This first number was surmounted by a crown, emblem of royalty, and hence the confirmation of our error, till a letter from Sir Herbert Taylor set us right. It was previous to the publication of this journal, or rather weekly paper, that our article was penned, and it will remain to be seen to what extent the view we then took of the subject was correct. The objects of "the Association," were stated by us to be, to force government to alter the metallic standard of value and to issue a few millions of one and two-pound notes; with the intent to create an artificial and unnatural rise in the prices of land produce, and consequently, of rent; we, at the same time, submitted our opinion as to whether the prices of land produce were not affected rather by the laws of demand and supply than any thing else. Nothing that has yet appeared in "The Agriculturist," has made us change that opinion a single shade; since, however, the state of the currency may and does affect prices of produce, it equally does so with reference to the productions of the loom as of the plough; and if corn figures at a disproportionately low sum, as at present, it does so chiefly in consequence of a greater quantity being brought to market than the consumers of the article require. It is all very well—nay, vastly fine, for wise-acres to shout out, "what's the use of parliament if it be not omnipotent? parliament can do anything, we are told, and yet it cannot or will not force wheat up to 80s. the quarter?" To this we answer, "why does it not order snow, when the farmer wants it to protect his wheat, or rain, when a drought is drying up his turnip soil?" Now, truly, the one is scarce less ridiculous than the other. Parliament can, at this present moment of writing, no more do the one than it can do the other; the wheat and potatoe produce of the soil of Great Britain and Ireland has more than doubled since 1795, and knowing such to be the fact, we confess we are not a little surprised that the real cause of the present low price of wheat should be so studiously mystified. What, then, is to be done? A word in your ear, friend "agriculturist:"—work out the Poor Law Amendment Bill; demand Poor Laws for Ireland; ask for a commutation of tithes; get the consolidated fund to pay all county rates for things made use of by the country at large; and finally,—si dis placeat—a property tax, but not a graduated one; which done, the currency question—as a bookseller would say—might be "shelved," at least for the present season.

THE DRAMA.

Drury Lane.—A piece, which in a double sense is entitled to the appellation of a novelty, has been produced at this theatre since our last. It is no less than a tragedy in five acts, under the title of *The Provost of Bruges*. Who the author is, is as yet, as far as the public is concerned, as much a matter of mystery as the identity of the writer of Junius. The tragedy itself is deriving all the benefit of this ignorance of the authorship. It is, undoubtedly, a work of considerable merit, both in a literary and dramatic point of view. At another time, however, when more respect was paid to the legitimate drama, and when tragedies were among the most frequent productions of the dramatic muse, it certainly would not have met with the success, or excited the interest, of which it can boast. In the three first acts, there is more than the usual quantum of "the heavy:" the interest flags so much that the audience, were they not good-natured and indulgent to an excess, would assuredly lose all patience, and put the fiat of their "damnation" on the piece. A few of the scenes, however, even in these three acts, possess a *redeeming* interest, and the remaining two are so full of tragic incidents, that they could not fail to save the piece from such a fate. If the pruning-knife were judiciously applied to the first three acts, *The Provost of Bruges* would undoubtedly, with tolerable acting, be still more successful than it is.

There is one fault in the piece, which, were one to consult their feelings merely, would be regarded as one of no ordinary magnitude. We refer to the unhappy *denouement*. All the personages in it, in whose favour the sympathies of the audience have been enlisted, come to an unhappy end; while those whose conduct is regarded with abhorrence are eventually triumphant in their ignoble and unprincipled enterprises. The *Provost* of Bruges, the hero of the piece, falls into the hands of his tyrannical enemies, and, to save himself from an ignominious end, plunges a dagger into his bosom. His daughter, stung with the misfortunes of herself and her husband, first becomes insane, and soon afterwards dies; while her husband falls by the hand of the common foe. This is undoubtedly a painful termination; and the only thing that can be urged in its behalf, is, that it accords with historical fact.

The success of the piece is undoubtedly to be ascribed as much to the superior acting of the leading *dramatis personæ* as to its own intrinsic merits. Mr. Macready, as the *Provost*, sustained the character with more than his usual spirit. The defect which generally characterises his acting is a want of energy. In the present instance, he runs, if that be possible in him, to the opposite extreme. In some of the

scenes, he becomes so impassioned and energetic as to verge on extravagance. Miss Ellen Tree is excellent as the Provost's daughter. She exhibits, towards the conclusion, all those manifestations of sorrow at the adverse fate of her father and husband which become the occasion, without degenerating into phrenzy. Of the acting of the other characters we have not space to enter into detailed criticism; suffice it to say, that it well sustains that of Mr. Macready and Miss Ellen Tree.

Covent Garden.—Otway's tragedy of *Venice Preserved* has been re-produced at this theatre, in order to give a further trial to Miss Faucit in the higher walks of tragedy. The arduous character of *Belvidere* was assigned to her; and the manner in which she has acquitted herself fully justifies the high opinion we last month expressed of her histrionic talents. She has proved herself fully equal to the task. It is true, indeed, that the piece, as a whole, has not passed off so well as could be wished; but that it is no fault of Miss Faucit's. It is to be attributed to the want of effective persons in the representation of some of the leading characters. Indeed, but for this lady's superior acting, the re-production of the piece would not have been tolerated. The more we see of her acting the greater does our confidence become that she is destined to shine in the higher walks of tragedy. We understand she is preparing for an early appearance in another important character. We shall watch her progress with some interest.

St. James's Theatre.—Matters are looking somewhat more promisingly at this little theatre. Mr. Barnett, as *Monsieur Jaques*, continues to attract and to gratify numerous and fashionable audiences. If Mr. Braham would only be advised to be a little more liberal in the article of novelties, the situation of the theatre, its remarkably tasteful appearance, and the general effectiveness of the dramatic corps, could not fail to make it one of the most successful among its rivals.

I'LL TWINE FOR THEE.

I'll twine for thee a wreath of flowers
To deck thy graceful brow,
Of flow'rets cull'd from sweetest bow'rs,
And wildest buds that blow:
The violet from thy gentle eyes
Will gain a richer blue,
And the rose lament, with fragrant sighs,
Thy cheek's far brighter hue—
My only Love!

The trembling lily of the vale,
Alone in loveliness,
On thy fair brow will look less pale
Than in its loneliness:
The simple primrose, whom the sun
Kiss'd with a golden beam,
Shall twine with those flowers, and ev'ry one
Shine like stars in a stream—
My only Love!

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

THE JEWESS—THE JEWS.—The English public, in theatrical matters as well as in matters of dress, are very much like a flock of sheep. The example which one leading establishment sets is followed by all the rest. Mr. Bunn some two or three months since brought out a splendid spectacle at Drury-Lane, called "The Jewess." The thing was a hit—it drew, and in a fortnight afterwards, almost every minor theatre in the metropolis, not excepting the penny affairs in Shoreditch and other respectable neighbourhoods in the suburbs, produced their Jewess. Nothing but the Jewess was talked of in parties—no other term greeted your ears in the streets—the word occurred everlastingly in the public journals; and if you had the temerity to cast a glance at the dead walls as you passed along the thoroughfares of town, your eye was sure to encounter the eternal words "The Jewess," in the most gigantic letters which modern typographers have yet committed. The matter, in short, had grown into a nuisance, which is now, however, happily beginning to be abated. In the meantime one cannot help being struck with the anomaly of the favour shown by the British public to the Jews, as exhibited on the stage, and the contempt and harshness with which that nation are treated in all the transactions of real life. The imaginary Jewess of Mr. Bunn is idolized: the real Jews whom one meets in the streets are looked on, both by individuals and the legislature, as if they were a class of human beings with whom it were a degradation to hold any kindly intercourse. The indignities heaped on the head of Shakspeare's Shylock by the self-dubbed Christians of his time, are still, in kind, if not in degree, offered to the English Jews of the nineteenth century. This ought not to be. It is a reproach which, we hope, will be speedily wiped off our national character. The trite maxim is in every body's lips, that man is not responsible to man for his religious opinions, and yet almost every one practically belies it, in his conduct towards the Jews. Intellect "marches" to little purpose so long as such an anomaly is suffered to exist.

TAKING IT EASY.—In the House of Commons, it is matter of nightly occurrence to see honourable members who were, on the hustings, most prodigal of pledges of "unremitting attention" to their legislative duties, stretched horizontally in the side galleries, wrapped as firmly in the embraces of Morpheus, as if they had sunk into what Burns, or somebody else,—no matter who – calls "the interminable sleep." In the House of Lords, the notion which the members entertain of their own dignity, usually prevents their resigning themselves to a little balmy slumber. So great, however, are the somnolent tendencies of one of the Right Rev. Prelates who grace the bench of Bishops, that the antagonist disposition faithfully to discharge his legislative functions—supposing, as we are

bound in charity to do, that his reverence possesses such disposition—almost invariably gives up the unequal contest. It was stated a short time since, that this right reverend gentleman, who by the way, like most of his brethren, is possessed of corporeal proportions which any alderman might envy, always sleeps most soundly when there is a noisy debate. If so--if the Right Reverend Father's slumbers are sound or otherwise, in proportion to the noise which prevails around him, we would advise him, by all means, to take up his residence as near as he can, consistently with the safety of his person, to the falls of Niagara. If noise be the only prescription which can operate a sound slumber, we promise him that, if he adopt our friendly counsel, he will enjoy the most profound repose. In the meantime we put it to our readers whether there would be any harm in *relieving* such a personage from his *arduous* legislative duties.

Economy of the Public Money.—Economy of the public money, we are happy to perceive, is now the order of the day, in high as well as in low places. Two magistrates, members of one of the reformed town councils in Scotland, some time ago walked on foot a distance of twelve miles on the business of the "gude town," and though they were absent from their homes the whole of the day, they only "consumed" a gill of whiskey, price three-pence half-penny, and masticated two biscuits, price one penny each, which, with a penny to the waiter, amounted altogether to the sum of sixpence-halfpenny. This account against the borough was no sooner presented than the treasurer was authorized by the council to pay it. The payment of the sum so incurred for this specimen of gastronomical moderation, was accompanied by a unanimous vote of thanks. And well might the town council reward the abstinence of the two gentlemen with this assurance of its sense of their rigid economy; for on every occasion in which a similar visit, under the close burgh regime, was paid to the same place, the expenses, between coach hire, eating, and drinking, and "incidentals," amounted, on an average, to nearly as many pounds as there were pennies in this case. Whether the economy of the public money, which is now beginning to be manifested in higher places, is to be ascribed to the example of the Scotch Town Council to which we have referred,—is a point on which we are not in a condition to express an opinion. It sufficeth us, and it ought to suffice the public, to know the fact, that not only a disposition but a determination to economize the public money, is now visible in all quarters. The *Morning Herald*, which is most exemplary in its attention to all such matters, contained, a few days since, the following paragraph:—

"The daily papers read by the Judges in Westminster Hall, are now *hired* out, not purchased, from considerations of economy."

This is exactly as it should be: we only wish it had been a little sooner: however, better late than never. The same regard for the economical use of the public money is fully entertained by his Majesty's Ministers. It is not long since they unanimously resolved to discontinue taking in, which had been done from time immemorial, the daily papers, with one exception, which it is unnecessary to name. That one, it is understood, serves all the Members of the Cabinet. *Figaro in London*, price one

penny weekly, and the *Weekly Visitor*, price one half-penny, have also had the doors of the government offices shut against them for the same reason. It is said, that in the true sprit of this rigid economy of the public money, all the members of government, from the highest minister of state down to the occupant of the most humble situation, are to find their own ink, pens, and paper, in all matters pertaining to public business, and that farthing candles only are to be henceforth used in either house of parliament. Great doings in this way are expected to be promised in Mr. Spring Rice's next budget.

His Majesty's Health and Spirits.—A Sunday Paper, more remarkable for its sycophancy than for its talent, mentions in its last number, that the King continnes to improve in his health and spirits. We are rejoiced to hear it, as will be, we are sure, every right-minded man in the country. The only drawback to the fulness of our joy, is, that the same paper has said the same thing almost every Sunday since His Majesty's accession to the throne; consequently, we have our doubts whether the fact be really so. However, we may be mistaken: we devoutly hope we are so—in which case, we will have the pleasing task to perform, of congratulating every loyal and properly constituted mind in these realms, on the superabundant health of our most gracious sovereign, William the Fourth. Every one knows—indeed, the very circumstance of being ignorant of such a fact would argue a most lamentable and criminal deficiency of loyalty—every one knows, that when his Majesty ascended the throne of these realms, he was most liberally blessed with the commodity of health. If, then, he has gone on as the Sunday Journal alluded to has most perseveringly asserted for the last six years he has *done—improving in health and spirits*, he must not not only be the most salubrious and jolly old monarch that ever sat upon a throne, but the healthiest and jolliest person in the universe. Six years' constant improvement in the health and spirits of one who, at the beginning of that period, possessed more than the average stock of these qualities, cannot fail to render our Most Gracious Sovereign a very prodigy of health and spirits.

Clerical Zeal for Religion.—A correspondent of the *Examiner*, of Sunday, the 20th ultimo, mentions, that in one of the parishes in Ireland, in which the disputes between the Protestant and Roman Catholic religions run high, a poor man, belonging to the former, having lately been taken so ill as to be deemed by himself, and all who saw him, nigh unto death,—sent for the Protestant clergyman—a doctor in divinity, it is said—on whose ministrations he was in the habit of attending, earnestly desirous of some conversation respecting his prospects for eternity, before he had received his final summons. The Protestant churchman, in answer to the application, said he could not comply with the supposed dying man's wishes, because he lived in a marshy part of the parish, which would prevent either his carriage driving up to the door, or himself entering it, without wetting his feet. The poor man, in the agony of his mental distress respecting his condition in the sight of Him whom he every moment expected to be his judge—then sent for a Roman Catholic priest. The latter complied

with his wishes without a moment's delay. He administered such spiritual consolation to the poor man as the doctrines of his church permitted; and prescribed such medicines for his bodily indisposition as had the effect, in a few weeks, of restoring him to perfect health. On his recovery, he speedily abjured Protestantism, and threw himself into the arms of the Catholic church. What a painful contrast, to the mind of every true Protestant, does the conduct of this Church-of-England divine, exhibit to that of the Roman Catholic priest! The clergyman—the Protestant doctor of divinity—balances the inconvenience of wet feet against the probable salvation of an immortal soul! Rather than incur the risk of wetting his feet, he will allow a human being to writhe under all the unutterable horrors of an awakened conscience, and run the hazard of everlasting perdition. And this is probably one of the "Irish clergy," on behalf of whom such pressing appeals are now being made to the pockets of the British public! How shocking to think that one who regards the eternal salvation of a fellow-being as a matter of much less importance than the keeping his own feet dry, during the fifteen or twenty minutes the visit might have required of his time, should, when entering on his pastoral office, have solemnly declared that, in taking that office on him, he was moved by the Holy Ghost! Verily, with such a clergy, it is no wonder that Ireland should remain Catholic: the marvel is that there are any Protestants in it at all: we mean Protestants from principle—Protestants whose worldly interest does not lie in their being so. If Ireland be not Protestantized until it be effected by the agency of such men as the present clergy, we fear there is little chance of our living to witness such a consummation, should we attain the good old age of Methuselah.

Division in the Tory Camp.—"When rogues fall out," says the proverb, "honest folks get their own." The Tories, just now, are at drawn daggers among themselves; and the country is enjoying the benefit of the disunion. Measure after measure of extensive and salutary reform is being introduced into Parliament without even the show of opposition by the leaders of the Tories; and the speedy transit of those measures, undamaged by Tory "amendments," through both Houses, may, if the same glorious discord continue among the faction, be confidently expected. The Duke of Wellington is rusticating at Strathfieldsaye, as careless about politics as if there were no such class of animals as Tories extant; Lord Lyndhurst is in town, but he has neither any relish, just now, for Tory stratagems nor Tory dinners; he absents himself, on system, both from the House of Lords and from the richly-spread tables of his Conservative friends. He acts, in this case, on the scriptural maxim, that if any man will not work neither should he eat. He will not do the dirty work of the faction, and therefore he has conscience enough not to eat their dinners. Sir Robert Peel goes occasionally to the House, but he offers no resistance to liberal measures. On the contrary, as in the case of the Irish Municipal Corporation Reform Bill, he advises the House to let the bills be brought in without opposition. If a demonstration in favour of the expiring cause of Toryism be made in the House of Lords, the task devolves on those able and enlightened statesmen, the Marquis of Londonderry and the

Earl of Roden; if, in the Lower House, Tory principles are still to be asserted, Mr. Scarlett, the leader of what Mr. O'Connell calls the "calf-headed" gentry, has the sole enviable honour of raising his bray on behalf of the faction. This is exactly as it should be. To this complexion we knew it would come at last.

YANKEE AND DUTCH ADVERTISING.—We have often been amused with the specimens of American Advertising, which occasionally come under our eye. The following is not amiss:—

"Anthony Macdonald teaches boys and girls their grammar tongue: also, Geography, terrestrial and celestial. Old hats made as good as new."

There can be no question that if Anthony is able to perform all he here promises, he is a universal genius. No man not possessing the most versatile talents, could unite in his own person the somewhat heterogeneous qualifications requisite for teaching "boys and girls their *grammar tongue*, also geography, terrestrial and *celestial*;" and making "old hats as good as new." To be instructed in "*celestial* geography," by which Anthony, we suppose, means the geography of the heavens—generally called by other people, *Astronomy*,—must be a very great matter: but as the world goes, especially in Jonathan's land, we shrewdly suspect, that if Anthony can, according to promise, in reality make "old hats as good as new," he is likely to drive a somewhat brisker and more profitable business that way, than in teaching the young idea how to shoot, the Americans being notorious for their "shocking bad hats." The Dutch are beginning to vie with the Americans, in the article of original advertisements. It is not a long time since one of Dutch manufacture—and the production of a woman—came under our observation, which struck us as being extremely happy of its kind. Here it is, and let our readers judge of its merits for themselves:—

"Van Roorst died on the 15th instant He was the best of husbands, and his relict is inconsolable at her loss. God rest his soul in peace, is the earnest prayer of his deeply afflicted widow, who will, as usual, continue to supply her friends with the best articles in the grocery and cheesemongery line, at the most reasonable terms."

Here an ardent affection for the "dear departed," is most ingeniously blended with the affairs of the shop. In England, we cannot manage matters in this fashion. If a woman be inconsolable for the death of her husband,—which every woman ought to be, if, as in this case, he was "the best of husbands,"—she very foolishly forgets everything else in the extremity of her affliction. In Holland, the deepest regret for a deceased partner in life is perfectly compatible with a due regard to the pounds, shillings, and pence matters of the shop. There the inconsolable widow, in the depths of her distress, never for one moment, if in the "grocery and cheesemongery line,"—or, we suppose, in any other line—forgets that she has "articles" to vend "at the most reasonable terms;" and in notifying to her friends the decease of her husband, she takes care to intimate the latter fact also. Sorrow and business—the grave and the shop, are here blended together, with a felicity peculiar to the "inconsolable widows" of Holland.

Execution of Fieschi.—Fieschi has paid the penalty of the law;—his head was chopped off on the 20th. He kept his word as to the manner of his dying; that is to say, he died, according to his own acceptation of the term, a hero! In other words, he died as he had lived—a brute. A more melancholy insensibility to the crimes he had committed, or to his destiny in a future state, was never exhibited. No mark of contrition for his guilt ever escaped him; no fear of futurity seems ever to have had a moment's existence in his mind. And yet none of the French journals even hint a word of regret or disapprobation at the frightful spectacle of a human being, stained with the mo t atrocious crimes, thus rushing recklessly into the presence of the Supreme Being. There can be no question, that this tacit approval of this brutal indifference to death on a public scaffold, has a most injurious effect on the myriads who witness the spectacle, and the millions who read the account of it. The ignorant multitude are taught to look on a person dying under such circumstances, and having every thing he says and does carefully chronicled, and without a single expression of disgust, —as if he were the most illustrious man that ever lived;—they are, in deed, led to look on such a person as a sort of deity. Were public indignation sufficiently expressed through the press, first at the crime itself, and then at the brutal indifference which the criminal evinces both as to what he has done and the futurity which awaits him; were he, in short, held up as one whose conduct, in such a case, ought only to be regarded with mingled feelings of loathing and commiseration, it would, in the first instance, operate as a preventative to such atrocities; and, in the second, it would, if any earthly consideration could, induce those who had been hurried into crimes by the force of their depravity, to be ashamed of their guilt, both in the sight of their Maker and their fellow men

An Episode.—Our readers will probably recollect the story of the French Roman Catholic General, who, in the midst of his devotions, used to turn about his head to his attendants and order heretics to be executed by the dozen. The thing was done, if we may so speak, by way of parenthesis. The French correspondent of *The Times* seems to have a somewhat similar, though happily more harmless taste for episode, or parenthesis. In the midst of a most inflated and pathetic account of the execution of Fieschi and his accomplices, the writer turns aside from the main subject, in the midst of the most important part of it, to bestow an episodical paragraph on the Duke of Brunswick:—

"On the outside of the gate, at a tavern, the Duke of Brunswick was seen at a window of the first floor, looking over the gate on the scaffold with a spying-glass. The Noble Duke wore a fashionable great-coat of an olive green, and frequently waved about a beautiful Indian silk handkerchief. There was with him an Englishman, who was said to be a person of distinction—he was accompanied by an interpreter. They both gave sixty francs for their places."

The minuteness of the description cannot fail to strike every one. The Noble Duke was on "the outside of the gate,"—he was on "the first-floor," and at a "window,"—he looked through "a spying-glass,"—he "wore a fashionable great-coat," which was of "an olive green," and, to crown all, he waved "a beautiful Indian silk handkerchief." We have seldom seen, in the same limited compass, so

much descriptive matter. The writer's powers of observation must have been very great, when, amidst the deeply-interesting scenes that were passing around him, he could do such justice to the Noble Duke. As Fieschi was so ambitious of notoriety as to be able to "bear no rival near the throne," it was fortunate he did not anticipate the attention paid to the Duke of Brunswick by the reporter of his execution. Had he done so, the circumstance would have been more horrible to him than the guillotine itself. We wonder how his Grace will relish being thus gibbeted in the columns of *The Times*, in company with Fieschi and his associates in crime!

POLISH WAR SONG.

Awake each heart and hand!
Flash forth each glittering brand!
And "Strike for Poland!" be our cry:—
Bloody shall be our path,
And, like the whirlwind's wrath,
Scattering the red sand as it hurries by.

We'll quell the Calmuc's pride,
And ere the even-tide,
The war-horse and his rider shall be lying
Upon the lowly ground,
Changing the trumpet's sound
For murmurs of the vanquish'd and the dying.

Past are our years of shame,
Now blazes forth the flame
From which the phœnix bursts in dazzling light;
Pluming his radiant wings—
T'ward the mid heaven he springs,
And soars on high our standard in the fight.

And he shall lead us on
Till victory is won,
And shouts of triumph through the field resounding,
Declare our endless fame,
And to the world proclaim,
Brave Poland's sons in glorious deeds abounding!

Awake each heart and hand!
Again as freemen stand,
And dash aside the Muscovite's cold chain!
Think what our fathers were,
Show what their children are,
And wash away, in blood, the iron chain.

For liberty and right,
We will rush to the fight,
With our first shock the tyrant's ranks convulsing—
Sons of the illustrious dead!
Shall it be told we fled?
No! Death or Victory, we'll meet exulting!

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

Reminiscences of a Literary Life. By the Rev. T. Frognall Dibdin, D.D. In two handsome volumes, royal 8vo., with a finely done portrait of the author, together with numerous engravings on wood and copper —all of them of a superior order. John Major, 71, Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, pp. 982.—(*Second Notice.*)

We promised to return to these amusing and instructive volumes, yet we trust we have not led any of our readers to suppose that any analysis or description of them within our power, or the necessarily contracted space of an ordinary notice, could at all supersede the benefit or pleasure to be derived from their actual perusal. Our first notice was a very short one, for the reason assigned, yet we hope it has operated as a provocative to some to open the book—to shut it again very speedily, we think would prove a much more difficult task. *Devouring*, not *reading*, is the word with those who fully estimate this literary treat. The great *merit* of Dr. Dibdin (yet coupled with a too great anxiety about the opinion of others) has brought upon him many enemies, who are loud and clamorous in their censures, and tedious in proportion as they would dissuade the public from tasting an almost new literary banquet, which it has been the doctor's envied fortune to present to the age in which we live. It is, in fact, a difficult thing to do justice to any of his works in a review—the *eye*, in most of them, demands an *honest pupil*, and the heart should be in its right place! since his very embellishments not unfrequently forestall or indicate the various pleasurable feelings excited by the text. *Bibliography*—to many a completely novel word—as cultivated by Dr. Dibdin, is not a dull and dry pursuit, but an improver, even, of refined intellect; and the result of its study, aided by a lively and unwearied pen, and a thorough knowledge of every branch of the subject, has given to this author a complete fascination over every cultivated and elegant mind, whether male or female. He is the first writer among us who has imparted to bibliography the charms of wit and humour, sentiment and feeling—thus he has pleased the wise and the good, and offended none but the would-be literary stoics and the philosophical blackguards; and the rage of the latter is approaching to suffocation, whilst the doctor's admirers are evidently on the increase.

An accomplished literary antiquary, as well as a competent judge of the relative value of certain works, from their respective dates and editions—their editors, printers, and publishers—he has contrived to imbue the public mind, throughout his various publications, with as high a relish for the strong sense and simple elegance of the authors of the *olden time*, as if they possessed the works themselves, from which he has so judiciously culled the chiefest beauties. The *Spencer catalogue* is a complete *epitome* of all that is curious in that noble collection, from the rude types and cuts of the early typographers, to the style of writing or translating those most precious volumes of antiquity which have been brought together by the unbounded care and expense of the noble owner. The "*Bibliomania*" forms a history of the improving intellect of our own country, from the invention of printing to our own times. The pleasant and communicative way in which he dwells on the beauties of the old writers makes him equally the favourite of those who can or cannot indulge in the pleasures of book-collecting. His manner is completely his own.

Yet there are a few *nameless persons* who object to maps and finger-posts in literature—to all *flowers* that can be strewed upon its paths, and above all object to an *appropriate* elegant *binding* being bestowed upon a *valuable book!* As well might they pretend to loathe the sight of a beautiful woman *elegantly* and *suitably attired!* Does the sort of being who has no fancy for these things—nothing *intellectual* whatever to *trouble him*—think or suppose that he may not have his dirty or ill-bound copy without the leave of Dr. Dibdin?—Dolt!—He is quite as much at liberty to enjoy his folly and ignorance, as is the ill-mannered cub to keep aloof from the precincts of female elegance and attraction! Advice and guidance of any kind is useless to him who never travels out of Grub-street, and who can find the way blind-fold to his own particular Hippocrene, the nearest pot-house. The love of books is a glorious passion, and to justify it, there is no occasion to contrast it with that for dogs and horses, even in a country where every one may do as he will with his own.

We advise the worthy Doctor to be less anxious about what is said of him by reviewers; he deals in that which is too elegant and subtle for their grasp. His *readers* are his best and most natural critics, and we ourselves confess that we can *feel* a proper description of him better than we could *write* it. In the work immediately before us the author not only sustains his own amiable and communicative character, but through the medium of a considerable correspondence gives us a most discriminative view of the characters of a host of contemporary authors and collectors of high taste and attainments. To most of these letters fac-simile autographs are attached, and the whole forms an imperishable record of worthy friendships and literary ardour, in vain to be elsewhere sought for.

In the Doctor's personal history, interesting as it is, we are at times surprised at the simplicity with which (for the sake of truth) he relates a few incidents and anecdotes somewhat derogatory to the dignity and eminence he has since attained, but there are others, and much more numerous ones, of the most romantic character and thrilling interest, showing at once his own warmth of heart and the responsive feelings of some of the brightest characters, living and deceased, for the last thirty-five years. The whole is a "thing of life," "warm from the heart and faithful to its fires!" If the history of *a man's own works* and an account of the virtuous associations arising therefrom, forms two closely printed volumes, be it remembered that those very works form an epoch for antiquarian research, and the fine arts in general. We must now dismiss these vivid "*Reminiscences*"—this *storehouse* for every man and woman of true taste, simply wishing they may afford the reader that pleasure from a first perusal, which is strongly urging us to a *second* on the part of our own.

Edith of Glammis. By Cuthbert Clutterbuck, of Kennaquhair, F.S.A., &c. &c. 3 vols. pp. about 900. Smith, Elder, and Co. Cornhill.

This is a work of no ordinary merit. The author—whose style of writing we think very taking—of a stirring kind, we mean—is evidently a scholar and a gentleman. He tells us in his "preface" that it is many years since he appeared before the reading public. We are delighted to be in the way to welcome his second appearance. He will be good enough to attribute the non-appearance of extracts from his clever book to the right cause—want of room. We have said enough to direct the attention of the literary world to his Edith of Glammis: and sure we are, that while works like this are sent forth there will be no lack of English readers. We could not say less than this.

The Portfolio. Nos. 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, and 12. Ridgway and Sons.

This periodical novelty goes on admirably well—all the early numbers have been reprinted. The articles are very spirited.

The British and Foreign Review. No. 3. January, 136. Ridgway and Sons.

This number of the "European Quarterly," will, we are confident, be considered the most superior one of the three that have been issued. It forms a massive periodical, and is eminently worthy of the "cause" which it so ably advocates.

The History of the Overthrow of the Roman Empire, and the Foundation of the Principal Roman States. By W. C. Taylor, L.L.D., &c. of Trinity College, Dublin.

The period of European history between the fifth and fifteenth centuries, has been illustrated by the greatest historians of modern times, Gibbon and Sismondi. Some apo'ogy may, therefore, be expected from one (as he modestly tells us, in his sensible preface,) of inferior powers, who now ventures to treat the same subject. Enough, however, has been said. We venture to predict this excellent work will be eminently successful.

The Encyclopædia Britannica. Parts 69 and 70. Adam and Charles Black, Edinburgh: Simkpin and Marshall; and Whittaker and Co., London.

This elaborate work continues to excite great attention—our men of letters and academicians hold it in high estimation. It must not be disguised, however, that the high standing of the editor has secured for it the extensive patronage of which the publishers make mention, with every show of truth, certainly, on their parts. We have read the "paper" arranged under the head of *Jews*, together with that which treats of *our* Johnson, with real pleasure, and, we may add, instruction. There are, of course, others of equal merit—but not so immediately interesting to ourselves, as that which furnishes us with a "new life" of Dr. Johnson.

Winkles's Cathedrals. No. 14. Containing Illustrations of the Cathedral Church of Rochester. Effingham Wilson, Royal Exchange.

This is not only a very interesting number,—in as much as we have some valuable matter respecting Rochester and its ancient Cathedral, founded in the reign of Ethelbert, the Anglo-Saxon king of Kent, soon after Augustine the Monk had landed in the Isle of Thanet, and preached the Gospel at Canterbury—but an improvement upon the former. It is really a mystery to us how such works as are being done can be done. Here we have *three* beautiful illustrations, with letter-press, in 4to.—for what? one shilling.

Winkles's Cathedrals. The Cathedral Church of Amiens, &c. No. 2.

Of this work, we spoke in terms of praise in our last number: of the two that have been issued, we think the one before us scarcely equal to the first. We do not intend dispraise in saying thus much.

The Architectural Magazine. No. 24. Longman and Co.

This ably conducted work of Mr. Loudon's has reached the twenty-fourth number of the third volume: and we are enabled to say, with uninterrupted success. By builders and architects this work must be held in high estimation.

Arboretum Britannicum ; or, the Hardy Trees of Britain. Nos. 25 & 26.

These numbers are quite equal to any that preceded them.

The Magazine of Health. By a Practising Physician. No. I, for February, 1836. Charles Tilt, Fleet Street.

This fresh and vigorous effort, if we do not greatly err, will prove deservedly successful. It was a work much desiderated: and in introducing a new number into the already large family of cheap periodicals, the Proprietors plead that there is none of a popular character on the important subject of human health; or, at least, none that can be regarded as of competent authority, or which has not lost caste, by becoming, in some way or other, the vehicle of quackery.

The Edinburgh Journal of Natural History and of the Physical Sciences, with the Animal Kingdom. By Baron Cuvier. Conducted by Capt. Thomas Brown, F.L.S., &c. Part I. Smith, Elder, and Co. Cornhill.

A work which promises to become of considerable importance; and, from our inspection of the part now before us, we think well of it. The size of the volumes, when completed, will be outrageously large; and we have no doubt will operate against the sale of the work in parts.

Finden's Portrait and Landscape Illustrations of Lord Byron's Life and Works; with an Account of the Subject of each Engraving. By W. Brockedon, F.R.S. London, John Murray, Albermarle Street. Parts 1 and 2.

Mr. Murray's fame, as a publisher, is proverbial: and, if we are not greatly deceived, this "splendid effort" to crown the undying immortality of Byron with a *wreath* so illustrious—the which Mr. Finden has for the most part supplied—will not diminish—but add to a reputation so richly won—so magnificently merited. In No. 2, we have, amongst others, a finely executed landscape engraving representing the course of the Tiber, in the vicinity of Rome—

"Dost thou flow,
Old Tiber, through a marble wilderness?"

which is really beautiful. The work must find its way to every drawing-room and private library in the kingdom.

Landscape-Historical Illustrations of Scotland and the Waverley Novels, from Drawings by J. M. W. Turner, Professor, R.A., &c. The Descriptions by the Rev. G. N. Wright, M.A., &c. Fisher, Son, and Co., London and Paris. No. 1.

It must be truly gratifying to the patrons and true lovers of the liberal arts, to perceive the growth—the daily emanations of a heaven-directed press—of popular and useful publications: and there are none that we have yet seen that can exceed the one before us: and we feel quite sure, the public will side with us when we say to the spirited publishers, to whom we are mainly indebted for such superior editions of our most eminent authors, poets, and novelists—proceed with unabated energy—and may the best success crown this handsome undertaking.

The Waverley Novels. Parts 1 to 4. With Illustrations by Turner. Fisher, Son, and Co., London and Paris.

THIS well-designed and inexpensive way of presenting us with the works of Scotland's dearest bard, with illustrations of the best description, cannot fail of obtaining a wide and liberal patronage.

Elliott's Poems. In Weekly Parts. Part 1.

THESE poems are of a superior order. Mr. Elliott has gained a reputation that must be highly gratifying to himself and pleasing to his literary friends and contemporaneous writers.

Chapters of Contemporary History. By Sir JOHN WALSH, Baronet. John Murray, Albermarle Street. 1836.

THIS is a very interesting and able essay, consisting of a series of chapters of Contemporary History, commencing with the administration of Lord Grey. The political world will be anxious to possess this work, which really forms a parliamentary "text-book," and should be carefully read by every practical member of the Houses of Lords and Commons.

Parts 11 and 12. Van Voorst's History of British Fishes. By WILLIAM YARRELL, F.L.S. Illustrated by upwards of 100 Wood-cuts, including numerous Vignettes.

THIS very interesting work proceeds with unabated talent in each department. The part for February exhibits some highly-wrought specimens of perfected wood-engraving. The publisher has become deservedly famous in this particular line of publication.

Draughts of Character. By A. Corkscrew. The Literary Cuts by † †. William Carpenter, Fleet Street.

THANKS to A. Corkscrew, we are enabled to submit to the public taste some characteristic samples of the choice spirits of the age. They are presented in this highly-amusing and clever publication, containing several excellent portraits of our "Citizen potentates," admirably engraved on wood, in their unbottled beauty; and, what is more, we shall continue to exhibit the series in succession, as in a glass.

The Engineer's and Mechanic's Encyclopedia, &c. Parts 2, 3, and 4. Thomas Kelly, Paternoster-row.

THIS useful work proceeds with vigour. Part Four, we think the most interesting yet issued. Under the heads calico-printing, calculating-machines, carving cards, and coal-mine, we have a store of valuable information. The wood engravings are done in a masterly manner, and serve to illustrate the various subjects treated of admirably well. As we said at first, this elaborate yet inexpensive undertaking *must* find its way to every scientific man in the kingdom.

"Intellectual Toys." West, Fleet Street.

THIS little work is intended to engage the youth of both sexes in scientific pursuits as an amusement. The author has given plates and descriptions of thirty

different instruments. The subject has been treated in such a plain and comprehensive manner, as to merit the approbation of parents and teachers generally. The work has been favourably received by her Majesty, who at all times manifests a great desire for the spread of education.

An Essay on the Turnpike Roads of the Kingdom, and the Practicability of Uniting them with the Department of the General Post Office, &c. &c. &c. By Robert Fuge, of Bishop's Tawton, Devon, etcetera, etcetera, etcetera. Hurst, St. Paul's Church Yard.

An Essay, indeed! Why the pestiferous blockhead who was guilty of wasting ink and paper to indite, and the means to pay for the printing of such a lot of stuff and nonsense as we have placed before us in this well-typographed pamphlet, in the absence of even a mechanical knowledge of grammar, much more the adaptation of its positive rules—would, we feel assured, be guilty of setting the Thames on fire. We shrewdly suspect, moreover, that the proper name of our stupid essayist is Fudge, and not Fuge. We cannot help commenting upon the barefaced quackery of this road-side doctor, (who, it is quite evident, was *driving* at "place" while he impudently pretended to a knowledge of digging and delving on the highways and by-ways of the Post-Office department,) as demonstrated by the dedication to his Grace the Duke of Richmond, the late Postmaster General. It is scarcely necessary for us to add, that the "matter," such as it will be found—supplied by this unamiable rustic of the old school, is wholly without interest; disowns every thing like common sense; contains no argument; and is one unconnected jumble of ignorance and shallow pretension.

Elegy written in a Country Church-yard. By Thomas Gray. Illustrated by Wood Engravings. John Van Voorst, Paternoster-row.

This magnificent book is dedicated to Samuel Rogers, Esq., one of our best and favourite poets, and a munificent patron of the arts, &c.

On the merits of the poem itself we dare not speak. Fame has said enough for the gifted man who produced it. The great improvement, however, that has taken place in the art of Engraving on Wood, as well as its general adoption—in some measure superseding the use of copper and steel—led to the present "effort" to apply this mode of embellishment to a poem of such catholic celebrity, and which appeared to afford the greatest scope for the talents of the artist. The work is beautifully printed.

Tales of the Glens. With Ballads and Songs. By the late Joseph Grant. Fraser and Co., Edinburgh; and Henry Washbourne, London. pp. 288.

A very interesting little work, calculated to amuse and instruct at the same time. It has been said, with what degree of truth we will not stay to determine, that the uneducated man, who strives to mount the ladder of literary fame, must expect the sternest opposition of the learned and refined, who consider his appearance in their ranks an invasion of their dearly-bought rights and privileges. The author before us was of the humbler class of society: his mind naturally active—and not without genius. He thought constantly, no doubt, of the treatment of Chatterton, Kirke White, and lastly, of Burns, his gifted fellow-countryman,

> "Who walked in glory and in joy,
> Following his plough upon the mountain side."

Mr. Grant (now dead), however, does not appear to have had any pretensions to the rank of Burns.

Mountain Melodies, &c. &c. By Thomas Eagles. Whittaker and Co. 1835.

Mr. Eagles is not unknown to us as a poet of fancy and imagination. His volume of "Mountain Melodies," will add to his reputation, as a writer of poetry. This handsome tome is dedicated to Sir John Tobin, in a spirit that does credit to the author's sense—favours conferred—of obligations unrequited. We have perused most of the pieces with gratification, if not delight. We select the following, by way of extract:—

MORNING.

The morning breaks!
And the green meadows, bright with blushing flowers,
Emit their rich perfume. The early crows,
With slow and steady pace, leave their high nests,
And for their young ones cater. The mushrooms,
Glist'ning with dew, peep from their grassy beds,
And the loud sky-lark wings its way to heaven.
Rich woodbines, thro' hawthorn hedges twining,
Diffuse their sweetness on the gentle breeze;
And ever and anon the hunter's horn
Comes riding on the blast from distant hills.
O! beauteous, lovely Morning!

The Tin Trumpet; or, Heads and Tales for the Wise and Waggish: to which are added, Poetical Selections. By the late Paul Chatfield, M.D. Edited by Jefferson Saunders, Esq. Whittaker and Co. pp. 575.

A very eccentric, but entertaining work, consisting of whims and oddities—wise saws, and a few modern instances—systematically scattered over 550 pages, or thereabouts.

Fisher's Juvenile Scrap-Book, for 1836. Edited by Bernard Barton. Fisher, Son, and Co.

Though last of all the annuals, not the least interesting. Bernard Barton will do well to be earlier in the field next year. We like the plan of the Juvenile Scrap-Book. The matter is unexceptionable. The plates are not of the highest order.

Six Months of a Newfoundland Missionary Journal, July to August, 1835. Smith, Elder, and Co. pp. 264.

A work of peculiar interest, and one, too, which will, we think, be acceptable to the Christian world. The various subjects treated of are of the first importance to missionaries; and are faithfully brought before us by a writer of no common pretensions. We cannot hesitate, therefore, to recommend the attentive perusal of this useful publication.

First Annual Report of the Poor Law Commissioners, for England and Wales. Clowes and Sons, Stamford Street. pp. 406.

This highly elaborate and pains-taking compilation has just made its appearance; and, from what we have been enabled to deduce from the contents, commands universal perusal, and the most patient investigation of the facts set forth in its crowded pages.

The Poetical Works of Charles Lamb. A new edition. Edward Moxon, Dovor Street.

We are pleased to see a new and improved edition of a favourite poet, whose loss we had to deplore so lately. Of the merits of this work we need not surely speak: the book itself is in Mr. Moxon's best style of publication.

Evenings Abroad. By the Author of "Sketches of Corfu." Smith, Elder, and Co., booksellers to their Majesties.

This is one of the most entertaining volumes we have read for some years. It is intended to supply the place of a literary common-place book. The author has succeeded to the letter.

The British Quixote; or, the Surprising Adventures of Don Poplin, Knight of the Waning Dragon. By Pasquin. Edwards, Ave-Maria Lane. pp. 265.

We own the Adventures of Don Poplin, like those of Don Quixote, present a farrago of heterogeneous topics: but their tendency,—do you see? "Omne tulit," &c.; that is all we shall say of this unexpected stranger, at present. The age of book-making cannot have passed away.

Lays of the Heart, &c. By J. S. C. Smith, Elder, and Co.

"The Ode to the Memory of a Father," which forms the principal feature in this unpretending little book, belongs to the better order of poetry. The poems, generally, are fairly done.

The Parliamentary Guide. Corrected to February, 1836. Bailey and Co., Cornhill.

This useful and well-authenticated book of parliamentary reference, by R. B. Mosse, Esq., has just issued from the press. On the whole, it is an improvement on the original edition.

Select Prose Works of Milton. Account of his own Studies. Apology for his Early Life and Writings. Tractate on Education. Areopagitica. Tenure of Kings. Vol. 1. With a Preliminary Discourse, and Notes. By J. A. St. John. pp. 329. Hatchard and Son.

Here we have a new and excellent edition of Milton's prose works; and one, too, which *must* find its way into the library of every scholar in these islands, if not throughout Europe. We strongly recommend this work to the public at large.

The Life of General Washington. By Cyrus R. Edmunds. Vol. 2. pp. 365. Tegg and Son.

We have already expressed a favourable opinion of this very interesting work. The second volume is by no means inferior to the first. It is well written. The concluding remarks may not be inappropriate:—"General Washington's self-moderation is well known to the world already. It is a remarkable circumstance which redounds to his honour, that while president of the United States, he never appointed one of his own relations to any office of trust or emolument, although he has several that are men of abilities, and well qualified to fill the most important stations in the government."

LITERARY ANNOUNCEMENTS.

FOR MARCH, 1836.

Nearly ready, dedicated, by permission, to the Venerable Archdeacon Butler, D.D., "The Elements of Latin Grammar, for the Use of Schools," by Richard Hiley, Author of "English Grammar," &c. &c.

In the Press, and shortly will be published, "The Physical Theory of Another Life," by the Author of "Natural History of Enthusiasm."

In the Press. A Second Edition of "My Daughter's Book," by the Editor of the "Young Gentleman's Book," and "The Volume of the Affections."

Shortly will appear, in 2 vols. small 8vo., "The Reliques of Father Punt," late P. P. of Watergrasshill, in the County of Cork, Ireland. Collected and arranged by Oliver Yorke. Illustrated by Alfred Croquis.

In 1 vol., small 8vo. "The Greek Pastoral Poets, Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus." Done into English by M. J. Chapman, M.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge.

"Oriental Historical Manuscripts, in the Tamil Language:" translated, with Annotations. By William Taylor, Missionary. Volume 1, 4to. boards; to be completed in two volumes. Madras printed.

In a few days will be published, in 2 vols. 12mo., "The Select Remains of the Rev. John Cooke," of the Tabernacle, Moorfields, London, and Maidenhead, Berks. Edited by the Rev. Dr. Redford.

The Continuation of "Hume and Smollett's History of England; 1760 to 1835," by the Rev. T. S. Hughes, 8vo., vol. 1., 10s, 6d. bds.

"The Poetical Chronology of Ancient and English History," by Dr. Valpy. Fifteenth Edition, 2s. 6d. bound.

The Nineteenth Volume of Valpy's uniform "History of England," with Illustrations, 5s. cloth boards.

"Pope's Poetical Works," complete, with Illustrations and Notes, by Dr. Croly. 4 vols. cloth boards, 24s.

"Sermons preached on Public Occasions," with Notes, by R. Valpy, D.D. F.A.S. New Edition. 8vo. 8s. 6d. boards.

"Essays on several Important Subjects connected with the Church and State," by R. Valpy, D.D. F.A.S. 8vo. 8s. 6d. boards.

FINE ARTS.

Wilkie's picture of John Knox Preaching before the Lords of the Convocation. A late proof of Doo's beautiful line engraving of this celebrated picture has been seen by a few of that artist's friends, which fully justifies the praise bestowed by their Majesties on this gem of art, when presented to their notice last month by Mr. Moon. The price to be paid for engraving this picture will exceed £4,000; and it is said it will be a year and a half before it will be finished.

THE LORDS, THE COMMONS, AND THE PEOPLE.

The Municipal Corporation Reform Bill for Ireland is the great political measure which, at this moment, occupies the attention of all parties. The change which it contemplates in the corporate towns of the island is of so sweeping a nature that we need not be surprised at the deep interest which it excites in the public mind. The advocates of improvement in the institutions of the country see, in its triumph, a rapid advance in the march of social and political amelioration; while the friends of abuse and the abettors of corruption see, in its success, the means wrested from their hands of practising the one or perpetuating the other.

But independently of the measure itself, considered merely in relation to its abstract merits, its eventual triumph or defeat becomes a matter of the deepest importance, from the circumstance of its not only proving a test as to how far the House of Lords is prepared to act in accordance with the other house of parliament, but from its being a measure which will try the stability of the Melbourne Administration. It is clear that, if such extensive mutilations are made in the measure as will trench on its principle or impair its efficiency, the Melbourne ministry must refuse to accept it, and must consequently resign; for, with either branch of the legislature being opposed to a measure on which that administration have so fairly committed themselves as in this case, it is out of the question to suppose that that Ministry would dream for one moment of remaining in office.

The question then which every one asks is this—Will the House of Lords venture either on the utter rejection of the Irish Municipal Corporation Bill Reform for Ireland, or will they make such alterations in the measure as will impose on Lord Melbourne the necessity of refusing to have any thing further to do with it?

We unhesitatingly answer—They will. We speak from better authority than mere rumour when we say that the Peers have made up their minds as to the course they will pursue when the measure is be-

fore them, and that that course is one of a very decided character. We believe it is at this moment an undecided question whether the bill shall be unceremoniously rejected on the second reading, or whether it shall be suffered to go into committee, and there be mutilated to such an extent as that its framers shall not be able to recognize their own handiwork. The more ultra part of their Lordships—the Newcastles, the Limericks, the Winchelseas, the Rodens, &c.—are for the former course. The more prudent of the Peers—the Wellingtons, the Lyndhursts, the Ellenboroughs, &c.—are decidedly in favour of the latter.

So far as the result is concerned it matters not which be eventually adopted; the issue will be the same in either case. The measure will be so mangled in committee, should it get that length, as to be, to all intents and purposes, tantamount to its formal rejection on the second reading. Indeed, we hold the mutilation of the bill in committee—keeping in our mind's eye the extent to which that mutilation will be carried—as incomparably the worse of the two evils; because it will only be trifling with the nation's feelings by holding out hopes of a fair and dispassionate consideration of the principles of the measure, while the extraction of every thing popular from it has been fully resolved on before hand.

We regret the determination to which the House of Lords have come on this subject; because we are not, and never were, among those who have sought the annihilation of that branch of the Legislature. Our most anxious wish, on the contrary, is, and always has been, to see it in so much harmony with the spirit of the age—we do not mean with the spirit of that reckless class of Reformers who would destroy, without one particle of remorse, the best and most venerable institutions of the country; but with the spirit of those who would modify and reform that they may preserve—our wish, we say, always has been to see the House of Lords acting to such an extent in harmony with the spirit of the age as to secure the homage and respect of all classes of their fellow-subjects.

The determination of the Lords to reject the Irish Municipal Corporation Reform Bill is at once unreasonable itself, and will be found most injurious in its consequences to their order. Their opponents pronounce them to be blind and infatuated. We are sure they are not so to such an extent as to be ignorant of the peril into which they brought themselves, as a distinct branch of the Legislature, by the mu-

tilations they committed on the corresponding measure of last year for England and Wales. Need they then to be told that if that was an experiment on public feeling and public endurance which exposed them to no small measure of danger, it were unwise, in the highest degree, not only to repeat it in the case of Ireland, but to repeat it under circumstances of great additional aggravation?

If our voice could reach the ears of their Lordships, we would labour to impress on their minds, first of all, that the necessity of a reform in the Municipal Corporations of the sister island is infinitely more urgent than it ever was in that of England. The circumstances of the two countries are as different as if they were not only under the sway of different monarchs, but as if their geographical positions were wide as the poles asunder. In England there has been, for generations past, the most ample toleration, in reality as well as in name, in religious matters. Men of every persuasion were equally eligible, before the Municipal Reform Bill of last year passed, in so far as their religious tenets were concerned, to every corporate or civic office. In Ireland it was, or rather is, far otherwise. There one denomination has always lorded it over another, and this, too, with a very high hand. The Roman Catholics have been pre-eminently, notwithstanding the boasted freedom of British institutions, a proscribed and persecuted sect in the sister island; they have, for centuries, been sufferers for conscience' sake, which circumstance, by the way, as has been found in every other case of persecution, has, we are satisfied, been the principal cause of preserving their numbers. And if the native odiousness and unseemliness, in a free country, of lavishing all the honours of the State on one denomination, to the exclusion of others, and heaping all manner of gratuitous indignities on the proscribed, could by possibility be aggravated, that aggravation would be found in the fact, that the intolerant party were but a mere handful, in point of numbers, compared with the party whose rights are trampled on and whose feelings are outraged. Hitherto the Roman Catholics of Ireland have had nothing more to do with the municipal affairs of their country than if they had had, individually, like the first criminal of whom we read, some mark of frightful delinquencies impressed on their foreheads. It would have been well, comparatively, had their persecutions been only of a passive character. Had it consisted in their exclusion from corporate and other offices, and from corporate and other honours, the fact would have

been very different. These very corporations have been made, both directly and indirectly, the instruments of inflicting on them those positive evils under which they have suffered and groaned so long. The members of these bodies have always been distinguished for converting the powers which these offices conferred into the means of oppressing the Roman Catholic part of the population.

But, apart from religious considerations altogether, the Corporations of Ireland have been the fruitful source of misery to that country. Their gross mismanagement—ofttimes their flagrant, deliberate misappropriation of the funds of the inhabitants— has been of a nature, and has been committed under circumstances of aggravation, with which any of the corporate abuses in this country admit not of a moment's comparison.

But why dwell on the flagrant abuses, and the gross injustice to the Roman Catholics, of which the Irish Corporations have been the prolific parents, when the fact has never been denied even by those well known to be most friendly to their perpetuation? Why the profound silence of all the Tory Irish Members, when these Corporations have been, times without number, charged with the grossest malversation of the public funds, and with making their power the instrument of oppressing those whose religious belief did not chance to quadrate with theirs? Why, we say, this unbroken muteness? For this simple reason, that the abuses were too palpable to be denied and too flagrant to admit of even one word in the shape of palliation.

The Irish Municipal Corporation Reform Bill will be sent to the House of Lords, not only with a large majority in its favour, but with this very powerful additional recommendation—that not one single voice was raised in the lower House either in denial or palliation of those evils, which it is the object of the measure to remedy. How monstrous must be that system of abuse—how glaring and enormous the evils—which could not number one defender in the House of Commons?

Supposing, therefore, that no Municipal Corporation Reform measure had been passed in England, the urgent necessity of such a measure, to remedy the great and manifold evils which are interwoven with the Corporations of Ireland, must be so manifest that no reasonable mind could, for a moment, hesitate as to the propriety of passing it.

But when, in addition to this, it is recollected that England has had

a liberal Corporation Reform Measure conceded to it, though the urgency of the case was incomparably less, the claims of Ireland to a similar measure, become so irresistible that it were impossible for human ingenuity to urge any thing having the semblance of reason why it should not be conceded.

The question which every one asks at the present moment in the contemplation of the possible contingency of the Lords throwing out or otherwise defeating the Corporation Reform Bill for Ireland is---Shall that part of the empire be denied the same justice which has been done to England and Scotland? If so, the fair inference will be that Ireland is not considered by one branch of the Legislature as any thing better than a mere province, and that any system of government, however degrading and revolting to the vast majority of its inhabitants, is good enough for it.

Need we warn the Peers of the danger to themselves as a body, as well as the injustice to Ireland, of treating that country in this way. Should such a course be resolved on, we hesitate not to say that consequences, for which they are not at all prepared, will inevitably ensue. First and foremost will come the repeal of the Union as certain as an effect follows from its cause. What else in the train of consequences, or rather what accompanying events will flow from such a step, it is not for us to point out. O'Connell has been denounced, and justly, by the Lords, for his recent efforts to sever Ireland from this country. Let it not be said that they themselves were the means of bringing about a catastrophe which they have so often and so earnestly deprecated, and which all the exertions of the Agitator, were he to live till doomsday, would have failed in effecting.

Of late, and we rejoice at the circumstance, little has been heard of a collision between the two Houses of Parliament, and equally little of the propriety of abolishing the hereditary branch of the Legislature. If the Lords—apart from all considerations of justice to Ireland—are wise in their generation, in so far as their own rights and privileges are concerned, they will be careful not to afford occasion for reviving the discussion of such topics. It is because we are anxious to see a friendly understanding existing between the two Houses, and because we wish to see the hereditary branch of the Legislature retaining its hold on the affections of the people, that we adjure them on this occasion to be cautious how they act. Let them not lay the flattering

unction to their souls that either the House of Commons, or the nation at large, are at this moment in a mood of mind to suffer a repetition of the bold experiment which the Upper House hazarded last year, without some more unequivocal demonstration of their opinion than they furnished on that occasion. There is with nations, as with individuals, a certain point beyond which human endurance cannot go. That point is now reached in the case of the country and the House of Lords; and, if the latter calculate on the continued forbearance of the former, they will commit a fatal error.

Need we remind the Peers that it is not within the pale of possibility that they can gain any thing either by a conflict with public opinion, or by a collision with the House of Commons. With either antagonist they would find themselves engaged in a most unequal contest. Shall we speak in yet plainer language? Is it necessary we should tell them that the inevitable consequence of clashing on the great measure in question, either with the Lower House or with public opinion—in the supposed case, it would be with both—would be their own destruction as a separate branch of the Legislature? Those are the best friends of their Lordships, who, at such a moment as the present, warn them of the perilous ground on which they stand because of their understood intention of rejecting the Municipal Corporation Reform Bill for Ireland. These are their enemies who would urge and cheer them on to the desperate experiment. Of this fact we do assure them, that the Destructives are at this moment exulting immoderately at the anticipated conflict, because they look for the extinction of the Upper House as the certain result of the collision.

ANECDOTES OF NAPOLEON,

By his confidential Fellow-Student at Brienne, who was afterwards his Chamberlain for many years.

On issuing from a Revolution whence, thanks to our authors, the facts reach us only by passing over victims and executioners, proscriptions, accusations, and atrocious calumnies,—amid this throng of sanguinary narratives would it be irregular or undesirable to display certain facts altogether or nearly unknown, in a less tragic point of view? It would be possible to paint less darkly a terrible and extraordinary man, of whom we unhappily know what he did, but not what he was. Domestic facts, private interviews, certain expressions, outbreaks of sentiment and the heart, depict much better an individual, in my opinion, than all the extended treatises of history. What have I concluded from my observation of Buonaparte? That at fourteen years of age he was a being the most eminently jealous, the most eminently ambitious, that ever trod the globe. Yet a youth, his ambition and his jealousy were proportioned to his age and means. These two passions increased with his years, placed him on the throne of his king, and precipitated him from it. Whence did he derive his jealousy, his ambition, his taciturnity, and his disdain for the human race? He owed these vices to the indigence of his family. Had not his regards been so often and so painfully turned to the enjoyments of his young comrades, almost all sons of good families, he would not have felt those secret chagrins, followed by a gloomy jealousy, which led him to scorn and shun those whom he could not imitate. It was M. de Marbeuf who procured his admission to the school of Brienne. Soon a report became current that this protector was his father, though it be certain that Napoleon was two years old when M. de Marbeuf, for the first time, set foot in Corsica. The pupils did not the less indulge in bitter pleasantries, which the offended youth did not always suffer with patience. Witness the following fact:—Buonaparte had just received a letter and three pieces of six francs from the bishop of Autun, brother of M. de Marbeuf. As he was occupied in reading his letter, Defoulers, a cadet, had the imprudence to say to him, "Well, how is mamma Marbeuf? Is she always Mrs. Joy?"* The young Corsican, indignant at such an insult, threw at him the three pieces of six livres which were in his hand, and the blow was so violent that it struck Defoulers to the ground. His forehead was cut open and a tooth broken. He is still living, and the scar still strongly marked. Napoleon was put under an arrest in his chamber, but obtained his

* Allusion to the Latin word *Lætitia*, which was the Christian name of Buonaparte's mother.

liberty the same day by this answer to the Superior who interrogated him, "Is a son, outraged in the person of a beloved mother, master of a first emotion?" Buonaparte had been five weeks at the school of Brienne when I arrived there. Scarcely had eight days elapsed, before I was desirous to know him more intimately than my other comrades. Though yet so young, he was ruled by the genius of war and destruction. In a retired corner of the court he had built a small fortress, of which the works had some originality without deviating too far from the manner of the celebrated Vauban. This little model seemed to me to denote intelligence, and I complimented him upon it.

Eulogium, merited or not, was at all times the way to his heart. After this epoch, I became attached to him, as much as it is possible to be attached to one who insists on being always in the right. With me only he showed himself less silent and reserved, and suffered less of the constraint which he had imposed upon himself, to procure himself the reputation of a superior being. It was proved to me that his love of solitude and taciturnity was not at all his natural character at that time.

Had I doubted that his keeping aloof from the other pupils originated in the enjoyments of which they partook, and of which he was deprived, I should have been convinced by the following event. Among a number of papers common to us both, I one day found the copy of a letter which he had written to his father, and which I here present exactly such as it fell into my hands.

"*From the Military School of Brienne, April* 5, 1781.

"My Father, if you or my protectors do not give me the means of sustaining myself more honourably in the establishment where I am, recall me home, and immediately. I am weary of publishing my indigence, and of seeing it smiled at by insolent students whose wealth alone makes them my superiors; for there is not one of them that is not immeasurably beneath the noble sentiments which animate me. What, Sir! shall your son be continually the jest of certain noble coxcombs, who, proud of the pleasures they allow themselves, insultingly smile at the privations I undergo? No, my father, no; if fortune absolutely refuses herself to the amelioration of my fate, snatch me from Brienne; give me, if it must be so, a mechanical occupation; let me but see my equals around me; I shall soon make myself their superior. By these offers judge of my despair. But, I repeat it to you, I prefer being the first artisan of a manufactory to being the despised artist of an academy.

"This letter, I entreat you to believe, is not dictated by the vain desire of giving myself up to expensive amusements; I am no way charmed with them. I only feel the want of showing that I, as well as the companions of my studies, have the means of procuring them.

"Buonaparte."

This letter at so early an age, paints him better than any thing that could be said of him. But on no account would I have had him know me to be in the secret of his jealousy; for I was acquainted with his feelings on the subject, and he was one to do me an ill office.

The desire of studying so eccentric a youth attached me to Buonaparte. Assuredly I was his dupe; but, if civilisation has rendered dissimulation an essential quality, Buonaparte possessed it in the highest degree. I must be permitted to assert that Cromwell and Mazarin were sincere and plain-dealing men compared with Napoleon. From his leaving Brienne to his ascending the throne, he dissimulated in every thing, both his moral and physical qualities.

One day, I surprised him at a window looking and very naturally smiling at the amusements of the pupils who were in the courts. On his countenance the desire of mingling with them was apparent. On a sudden he turned, and saw that I observed him. Vexation and shame lowered in his features; but he adroitly strove to impose on me, and for the moment was successful. "I was examining," said he, "this mass of young harebrains, who, in their most precious age, amuse themselves with nothings; and what are their pleasures? They fatigue and emaciate themselves in casting a ball of which they could not even mathematically develop the surface. Certainly their age requires relaxation; but are there none more noble than those they afford themselves? Walking, conversation, the aspect of the heavens, and the inspection of plants, such are the relaxations worthy of youth and susceptible of *casting it in the vast mould of genius*. How I pity them!"

Buonaparte was an atheist in the full force of the word. His godfather, Paoli, wrote to him thus in 1791: "Your father, with whom I combated at San Fiorenzo, was a brave man; I expected yet more from you; but the principles you have just professed in the face of your fellow-citizens prove to me that you do not even respect the God that created you."

Paoli thus expressed himself on the occasion of a discourse which Buonaparte had pronounced in the club of Calvi, Dec. 2, 1791. Here are some extracts from this discourse, found among the papers of the deceased Arena:—

"Friends, truth tears veils asunder, dashes idols down, and unmasks jugglers; thanks to liberty, we know what to determine on with regard to the Divinity. Is there a God? Let us believe it; but let us confess that he regards not our disputes, nor perhaps ourselves. If it were otherwise, never would a tyrant have seen two suns."

Of the hypocrisy of Napoleon, I was persuaded by the events I am about to narrate.

I had become acquainted with a young girl whom I loved with the utmost purity. I know not how Napoleon became informed of my connection; but one day that I spoke to him, he addressed to me this strange discourse: "Sir, in the most precious age of life, I would keep aloof from all which could corrupt my heart and youth: we can no longer see each other; your attachment to a girl who cannot be your wife places a barrier of brass between us. Imitate other imprudent youths—delight yourself with the torments you are preparing for the incautious maiden who is about to believe your oaths and be polluted in your arms—drink deliciously of her tears, and then come to insult my scruples. Treat my severity as

idiotcy—make me the mark for your sarcasms—I consent to it. But call yourself my friend no more, approach me not; I should fear to contract your corruption." "Buonaparte," I answered, "I have need of relaxation of a mild and peaceable kind, I find it with Colombe; her graces, her innocence, are all that attach me to her." "My friend," replied the implacable student, "at our too combustible age, we ought not to approach the torch of beauty. Choose between your mistress and your friend." "It must be confessed," I said, "that you are wonderfully stocked with self-love to think of lecturing a comrade who is six months older than you." "If I am two years older than he in wisdom what has he to complain of? If he is fifty years of age, and subject to go astray, why should he not follow excellent advice? But let us not enter into further details; will you see Colombe no more?" "You exact it?" "Yes, for your happiness and hers." "I yield, I sacrifice her to you; but do not forget that you contract a strong engagement with me." "What engagement, pray?" "Guess it, and do not ask me." I know not if he understood me, but he added nothing.

The victory of the young Corsican was not so complete as he imagined; for I ceased not to see my lovely friend. But my measures were so well taken that the cunning rogue was completely cheated; though, if Napoleon was my dupe as to Colombe, I was sufficiently his on another subject. We were at the close of 1783. The father of Colombe had a country-house two leagues from Brienne, and I had obtained half a day's holiday, which I went to pass with my beloved. It was night when I left her to return. I was about two gun-shots' distance from Brienne, in a by-path bordered with shrubs, when I thought I heard some one speaking. I stole softly to the bush whence the sound proceeded, and was not long without knowing the persons at the other side, and the object of their meeting. "Yes, my love," said a female in the accent of softness and affection, "I bear in my bosom the precious pledge of our mutual tenderness; knowest thou, Buonaparte, that I am proud of being thy consort?" At the name Buonaparte, I started in unspeakable astonishment. "Oh! how lovely," continued the young female, "will be to me the day on which thou shalt ratify at the altar the title thou hast given me in secret. But thou speakest not, my love; why this silence? Am I become less dear to thee?" "Eugenia, I love thee as a portion of myself, I would give all on earth to avow thee as my wife; but, as thou knowest, I am without fortune. I must labour to make one; many suns must rise e'er I can crown thy wishes—thy impatience, thy inquietude, may ruin me for ever. Ah! my beloved, let us unite, heart and soul, to conceal thy state from the inhabitants of this town; thou canst, if thou wilt. Thou hast at la Fère an aunt that adores thee, who hast none but thee. Retire to her when thou canst no longer conceal thy condition from the public. Say to this good relative, 'I come not to confess to you a weakness and hide it here. I am a wife, I have a written promise; and, if it is not ratified by the laws, it is because imperious circumstances are opposed to it; but that sweet day will come, and then my infant and my husband will amply recompense

your goodness to me.'—— And thou too, my Eugenia, speakest not?"— "Thy wishes, my love, are laws; but, if it must be said, I am not in health: pains and general languor menace my life. Thy presence alone sustains me. If I must be deprived of it, I will obey thee; but I fear I shall expire far from thee." "Let us go in, Eugenia; thou grievest me too much. It will not be thus with us; one day I shall freely clasp thee to my heart."

The two lovers had risen and were retiring. I walk rapidly round the bush, and find myself in front of the enamoured pair. "Who goes there?" exclaimed Buonaparte. "Your friend Dangeais," I replied. "It grows late, to-morrow I shall see you again." Saying this, I went away, and re-entered the house.

Sleep had fled my eyes the whole night, and day was scarcely dawning when I descended into the garden. Napoleon, who had the habit of placing himself every morning at his window, no sooner saw me than he made me a sign to go up to him. I was the more astonished at his invitation, as I had not doubted he would avoid my presence, and the sarcasms with which I had meant to overwhelm his hypocrisy. However, I went up to him. "Well, how have you passed the night?" said he. "Do you know, Dangeais, you discompose yourself wonderfully?" This was too much. I own I was put out of countenance; and it was not, till some moments had passed, that I could reply, "Do you know, Napoleon, that of all men you are the most incomprehensible, not to say the most deceitful?" "Poor head! that does not see beyond its nose. A mite, 'tis true, does not believe the existence of an elephant." "Epigrams are not reasons." "Reasons! well, I am going to give you excellent ones, which you will be forced to admit. Hear me. I think greatly, and take pleasure in analysing men and things. I believe myself above the affectations of the human species. I believe not in virtue, though all the universe asserted its existence. If I am wrong, so much the better; I only err from excess of caution. Now, admitting you to my society, I wished to be assured whether you were on your guard against hypocrisy and pretended virtue. I had every thing to gain by this trial. If you had not believed in my temperance, and the severity of my morals, I should have said to myself with pleasure, My friend is a man of penetration and versed in the knowledge of the human heart. But your dangerous simplicity did not give me that satisfaction; and, whilst I tasted the sweets of love, you thought me their most cruel enemy. Certainly, my friend, I pitied you; but how well was this light vexation compensated by the pleasure of seeing a young man, six months older than myself, bending servilely to my *virtuous* juggling! Do you account too as nothing the high place I had in your esteem and the invaluable conviction I obtained? A conviction which will imprint in my thoughts this eternal truth, that, to delude mankind, the most important point is to choose well one's mask and know how to fasten it well on.

"But for the chance which led you to my rendezvous, I should still have been in your eyes the most temperate of men, so short-sighted were you. How could you lend any faith to the harangue I declaimed to you? Had your pleasures enfeebled your health, you

would have been culpable; for, at our age, every inclination which tends to injure the pith of our growth is a crime towards ourselves. If, however, you had nothing to reproach yourself with, in respect to this, is it the same as to the publicity you gave to your love? Do you know the inconveniences of it? They are these: your superiors will be informed of it—thence cabals, reprimands. However pure be your passion, your reputation is hurt by it, your conduct is equivocal, and you are watched. What advantages have not I over you, though I am more reprehensible! I offer to my superiors a front that does not alter. I meet their glances which have no power to depress mine. I am a being apart, of whom they say he is an excellent character. What matters it to me that I do not merit the praises they bestow? I receive, and do not the less profit by them, in fit time and place. These praises, besides, are not what most flatter me. There is in this affair a much greater pleasure to me. Do you know this ineffable pleasure? But no: you are yet too common-place in your ideas; it is not granted but to privileged beings to enjoy it fully. Listen then. To deceive mankind, to make them suppose you are virtuous when you are all the contrary, so to captivate their confidence and establish oneself their superior, this, of all luxuries, is the one I most enjoy, and I would not exchange the art of procuring it for all the virtues of a saint. Dangeais, forty-nine men out of fifty will tell you that my reasoning is sophistry; but beware of believing them, if you wish to make your way. My head is already an encyclopedia of truths with regard to society. If fortune smiles upon me, I shall not publish them to the world; I will do better—I will profit by them. This system will conduct me on, if I am enough above the vulgar not to deviate from it. He who knows other men by heart of necessity precedes them; and, thanks to constant observations, I am in that state.

"It is already proved to me that of virtue men cherish nothing but the appearance. This preference too is a consequence of selfishness, and because it is natural to prefer a rose to a briar. This appearance, so requisite, I possess. I shall possess it much better still, when the occasion for developing myself shall arrive.

"Do not believe, my friend, that it would not be more pleasing to me to raise the edifice of my existence on a less rugged soil; but in short, such is the age, and such must man be: so well have I felt the urgency of it! Dangeais, I secretly spurn the human race; and, what is more, I do them justice. However narrow be the scene of the world here, I can appreciate its actors, and all have proved to me the excellence and the necessity of my system of hypocrisy and dissimulation. I have found you, my friend, credulous and confiding; and you were in my eyes such as all other men, weak and limited. A chance, a luckless meeting has torn away the veil. Well! which of us is the higher in this affair? Not he, I think, that was the other's dupe. I have given you a lesson which of itself is worth all those of our teachers of morality, and henceforth you will be upon your guard against others that might resemble me."

I do not think any man could feel greater surprise than mine. But to my youth and inexperience the character of the deceiver appeared

colossal. I took his audacity for noble pride, and the opinions he advanced for daring truths, drawn from the study of men and events. Whoever may condemn my weakness, would not, perhaps, have been wiser, if placed as I was. The deluder had something so extraordinary about him, that he might have been admired by persons of more experience than I. I asked him, however, whether the secrets he had just disclosed to me, it was not imprudent to declare. "In the first place," said I, "I shall not believe in any good qualities you may display." "What matters it to me," replied he hastily; "I must only employ a little more artifice in my deceits with you." "If I were to unmask you to the whole establishment?" "Scholars and masters would tax you with imposture. They would say to you, 'Such a being at sixteen is not in nature;' and they would be right in their sense. All here is only of human stature, and I am already some feet higher. Are you sure yourself that I am not deceiving you as to the maxims I have just cited? Who has told you that they are not a new snare I am laying for you, by thus giving myself an extraordinary character here? Are you not sadly perplexed, my dear Dangeais? How will you settle your ideas of me? What am I? What shall I be? Come, do not torment yourself. Live with me from day to day. I am, my friend, the first word of an enigma which time can only solve."

I was, however, curious to know his intention with regard to his mistress. "It is not probably your design to marry her," said I to him. Did you ever see a fierce young bull touched by the goad? The fiery animal bounds, turns, and menaces; such was Napoleon on this question being asked him. "Dangeais," replied he, with a forced calmness, "if, in the conversations we have had together, certain unpleasing expressions have escaped me, the question you ask sufficiently avenges you. I am willing to believe that you did not foresee the blow it would inflict on my self-love, otherwise I should never pardon you. Eugenia partakes of much more fortune than I; but there is a title wanting to induce me to make her my wife at this period, that of Queen of France. At that price only would I sacrifice my liberty. What! shall I immolate myself before attaining my sixteenth year! Marry at sixteen! And whom! The daughter of a mere private man. And where? In a corner. Dangeais, confess thou hast never thought me capable of such modesty. Wretch! if thou didst—but no, thou dost not think me made for a peaceful citizen, who lives tranquilly on a modest patrimony. Has nature, in short, formed me to be pleased with mildly cultivating the earth, and then noiselessly and namelessly gliding into the torrent of eternity? No; I believe not that either physically or morally, there is aught in me announcing such inclinations. Yes, Dangeais, if I knew that I should never be more than now, that I should be compelled to pass days of calm and stillness, I would isolate myself on a pointed rock in the bosom of the ocean. There at least I should be nearer to the thunder's growl; my ear would catch the roar of the billows breaking against the rock; I should witness the torments of the deep; I should behold shipwrecks; the cries of the perishing would reach me; I should count the fragments. Now, ask me if I

will espouse Eugenia!" "But if her aunt wrote to your masters, that might hurt you much." "Once more, Dangeais, observe, I never hazard any thing without foreseeing and providing for the consequences. Prudence and precaution are the strength of the weak. The misfortune you have a glimpse of cannot reach me. Before forgetting myself in the arms of Eugenia, I trained her to my interests, my will. Her wishes, her sensations, her chagrins, her pleasures, her sighs, her joys or tears, take their source in my commands alone; she is less herself than she is me. If thy aunt, I have said to her, asks thee who is thy destined husband, and the father of thy child, reply to her, He is a man of honour. As to his name, he only at the altar's foot will inform you of it. Eugenia, add not another syllable! Such was the order I imposed upon her. Not all the powers on earth would induce her to infringe it. Besides, had she not proved herself entirely mine, I had never loved her. I have said within myself whoever would attach himself to me must utterly renounce himself, or he is nothing to me."

We were at the beginning of 1784, when both he and I were fixed upon to be admitted to the military school of Paris. If this news caused great pleasure to Napoleon, it reduced his mistress to despair. This unfortunate was the more to be pitied, as she was constrained to hide her tears, which her lover would have condemned as inimical to his interest and advancement.

Eugenia was only sixteen, and was really love in miniature; so slight and beautiful did she look. The lungs of all the females of her family had been diseased, and they had died very young. I have thought these observations requisite because it has been publicly asserted that Buonaparte poisoned his first mistress. I know not what could have occasioned this imputation, which falls to the ground before the physician who attended the invalid to the last moment. I pretend not to justify Buonaparte, but let us not attribute to him imaginary crimes; there are enough of real ones to lay to his account.

When Buonaparte received the order to prepare himself for the capital, M. de Marbeuf was dangerously ill, which circumstance prevented the young student from corresponding with his patron, and obtaining from him the pecuniary assistance which he needed for his removal. He had written concerning it to his father, who did not answer him. Embarrassment and discontent were visible in his smallest actions. I thought I had penetrated the cause of his chagrin. "If you have occasion for a few louis," said I, "I can prevail on my uncle to lend them to you." "Who told you I was in want of money?" replied he angrily, then walking a few paces with his hand on his forehead. "Dangeais, your pardon. Yes, I want money; my family neglects me. Would I were dead. But this will not last long, I am going to write to them. What can you lend me? I will give you my note. I will not see your uncle. If you are not paid within a month, I will give you my watch, a part of my linen, forty or fifty volumes which belong to me; I will fly, I will throw myself on board the first vessel, no matter of what kind, that is leaving Europe, and bid an eternal farewell to my ungrateful relatives."

I knew how useless it was to reason with him. I merely promised to bring him the sum he wanted the next day but one after, which, thanks to my uncle, I was enabled to do.

Never was a loan more cordially made nor more ungraciously received. Instead of giving me friendly thanks Napoleon only said, "You shall be reimbursed in a month." "Why fix a period?" replied I. "Are you hurt that for a moment smiles more on me than you." "Yes," hastily answer my harsh friend, "Dangeais, I would give double this sum not to have the humiliation of borrowing it from you. It is a tittle of pre-eminence over me." "What! do you believe me capable ——?" "I believe you to be a man, and consequently susceptible of profiting by the advantages which are offered to you. If, during this month, any difference should arise between us, you would say to yourself in secret, if indeed you did not say it aloud, 'He was too happy that I was willing to lend him those twenty pistoles.'" "A bad manner of thinking; it is painting society with a pencil of iron." "It is painting it such as it is. Look at my relatives; what are they to me?—selfish and pitiless. But, if they forget me, I am about to recal myself to their remembrance in a terrible manner." Saying this, Buonaparte quitted me and hastened to his chamber to write to his father.

Some street pamphleteers have asserted that Napoleon did not know a word of French, and was utterly ignorant of the principles of our orthography—trivial assertions, sufficiently disproved by the education which was then received at the school of Brienne, and the trials to be undergone before entering the military school. But, if he knew of our language all that a Frenchman brought up in a royal college could not avoid knowing, I confess that his style was feeble and colourless, if neither passion nor interest guided his pen. But this impetuous mortal was so rarely tranquil in the course of his life that is diction, written or spoken, was at once abrupt, vehement, cutting, and gigantic. Led away by the force of his ideas, and unable to express them, more than once he violated the rules of syntax, and created phraseology that belonged to himself alone.

I sometimes ventured to reprehend such licences. He answered, "Neither thinking nor acting as other men, experiencing thousands of sensations more than they, I must of necessity construct my phrases differently and seek for new expressions to render ideas never before expressed. Our language in relation to my feelings is in a state of beggary."

The mood in which the young scholar left me was a sure guarantee to me that his letter to his father would be imprinted with the resentment he bore his family, which letter he gave to the porter that afternoon with an injunction to put it instantly into the post. I was young, and curious in the extreme to know all that concerned my fellow-student. As Napoleon never wrote without making a rough copy, I resolved to seek in his box for that of the letter he had just despatched, to learn in what style he wrote to his family. I found and copied it in short hand, and give it here as transcribed from the original. It is different from one printed at Padua with the same date and from the same original; but the following

is the exact epistle of Napoleon, and must be read with much interest:—

From the School of Brinne, April 23d, 1784.

"From the day that M. de Marbeuf procured my entrance into the royal school of Brienne, you thought probably, my dear father, that you owed nothing further to your son; if such be your opinion, suffer me to deplore it both for your sake and mine. You thus lose the pleasure of seeing me happy in your benefits, and that of being grateful for them. Form, I beseech you, an idea of my position, and justify, if it be possible, the silence you observe to the requests I have made you. Extreme necessity, doubt not, has constrained me to make them. Oh! happy he who can dispense with others, who has nothing to ask even from those most near him! Who obliged you to transplant me hither? Why did you not consult your means? He who cannot make his son an advocate, makes him a tradesman. Ought not your self-love, too, to be wounded by the ignoble part I play among the brilliant youths who surround me? Your son necessitous among young men who want nothing! My father, this order of things cannot long exist. You have a house at Sartena, sell it. Let the education of my brothers be limited, let my sisters labour to maintain themselves, in a word, sustain me honourably at the post where you have placed me. I am on the eve of departing for the capital. This removal cannot take place without expense. I have borrowed two hundred francs on my bill at a month. I am willing to believe that, on receiving this, you will afford me the means of meeting it. If I fail in this restitution I am completely dishonoured, and perhaps lost to you. As to the style of this letter, have the goodness to pardon its rudeness, in consideration of the humiliations that I feel in secret, and above all of the noble pride of my sentiments. Your son, sir, is only sixteen, but the vastness of his ideas embrace the amplitude of half a century. While honouring you as the author of my days, I cannot, it is true, express to you an infantine respect. If you can presage the results that this manly and powerfully formed character may have, you will see in them the assurance that your son will one day repay you a hundred fold, the sacrifices you have made for him. If you hasten your reply in proportion to the urgency of the motives which dictates this, I shall receive it before my departure for the military school. Say all that is becoming to every one interested in my happiness. NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE."

Compare this style to that which he used twenty years later, in writing to Joseph, Louis, and Jerome, whom he had embarrassed with crowns, and you must allow that is the same pen and the same personage. M. Buonaparte was at Bastia when this letter reached his consort, who, notwithstanding the excessive tenderness she felt for Napoleon, to the prejudice of her other children, sent him the following answer.

"I have received your letter, my son. If your hand writing and your signature did not prove it, I could not have believed this letter to be yours."

RECOLLECTIONS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.*

I was introduced to Sir Walter Scott, in 1821. The introduction took place in the house of Mr. D. Sir Walter was then on one of the few visits he paid to the metropolis. Mr. D. had asked a party of literary gentlemen to meet Sir Walter at dinner, several of whom, like myself had never seen him before, though they were among the most ardent of his admirers. I never was a physiognomist. Had I been so at this time, the more intellectual character of Sir Walter, contrasted with the expression of his countenance, would at once have shaken my faith in the system, if indeed it had not made me formally renounce it. His face had a remarkably dull appearance, something, in fact, which was calculated to make any person who was a stranger to his intellectual character to associate with it the attribute of stupidity. This I know has repeatedly been the case where persons have met with Sir Walter without knowing who or what he was. A few minutes' conversation with him, however, was generally found sufficient to rectify the erroneous impression. He had great conversational powers .Perhaps, with the exception of Coleridge, and two or three others, none of his contemporaries excelled him in this respect. His matter was almost invariably racy—his manner pre-eminently pleasing. On the evening in question we sat for at least six hours, during which time the conversation scarcely flagged for a single moment. Sir Walter in this, as in almost every other similar case, had a comparative monopoly of the talk. Not, certainly, that he wished to engross the right of speaking to himself, but because we were all so fascinated with what fell from his lips as to forget what, at other times some of us, perhaps, are to oapt to remember—that we have or imagine we have—"most sweet voices" of our own. The topics introduced into the conversation in the course of the evening were exceedingly varied, and Sir Walter seemed agreeably at home on them all. Scottish poetry—modern literature in general—the difficulties with which genius has often to struggle, and which in many instances prove more than a match for it—the king's † visit to Hanover, and his promised visit to Scotland, &c., were subjects which were all introduced and discussed at some length. Sir Walter was, perhaps, one of the greatest admirers of kings that ever lived. Indeed, I doubt not that he went fully into the "right divine" notion. Still his attachment to his country, occasionally got the better of his loyalty. He seemed to think that George the Fourth had sinned against kingly propriety, if not against morals, in giving the preference to his Hanoverian subjects, by visiting his German dominions be-

* It may be proper to mention that this paper consists of "the Recollections" of two friends of Sir Walter Scott, but that for the sake of greater convenience they are given as if the "Recollections" of one.

† George the Fourth, whom Sir Walter as much admired for the elegance of his manners as he respected him on account of his high station.

fore he had seen "his kingdom of Scotland." Though Sir Walter Scott did not choose to be very severe, in so far as words went, on his royal patron for what he conceived to be a slight to Scotland, yet it was clear to all present that he felt very sore on the subject. There was something very peculiar and expressive in his tone and manner when he observed, "He might as well have come to Scotland first; his loving and loyal subjects on our side of the Tweed will be grievously disappointed when they hear of his going to Hanover before coming to them."

Of the many brilliant things to which he gave expression on the evening in question I unfortunately did not take any note on my return home, and consequently, though recollecting the general tenour of his conversation, am unable to give any thing like his words, and without these his sentiments would lose half their charms. It was two years after this before I met him again. That was in Scotland, where I had occasion to be for a short period at the time. He had exacted from me a solemn promise, on the evening of our first meeting, that if I ever crossed the Tweed I should make it one of the first things I did to visit Abbotsford. I had seen too much of the world not to know that invitations of this kind were often given, when the person giving them never meant, or wished, they should be accepted; but there was the appearance of so much earnestness and sincerity in Scott's invitation that I at once not only promised I would gladly avail myself of it—which, in many instances, are only so many words of course—but at once made up my mind that I would, whenever circumstances should admit of my enjoying the gratification. I reached the modern Athens in the evening, and started next morning for Abbotsford. On approaching the plantation, in front of the mansion, I observed Sir Walter moving about at a slow pace among the trees. He was very carelessly dressed, and had, altogether, what is called a "countryfied" appearance. In his right-hand he had a small hand-saw, with which he had evidently been lopping off the branches, where they appeared too prominent, from the young trees.

I was within twenty yards of him when he first saw me. He recognized me at once. "Ou, Mr. ——! Foo's a' wi' you! I am truly glad to see ye at Abbotsford," was the salutation with which he greeted me. As he gave utterance to these words he advanced hastily, and, placing his saw under his left arm, extended to me his right hand. "I hae just been amusing myself here with these little sticks" (pointing to the young trees), said he, after making the usual enquiries about my own health and about that of several of our intimate acquaintances in the metropolis. I paid him some merited compliments on the beauty of the plantations, with which he seemed highly gratified. In fact he was always much more delighted with the commendation of the taste he displayed in laying out his grounds at Abbotsford than with the universal and unqualified admiration which was expressed of his literary works.

After being shown the grounds around Abbotsford I was conducted to the house, where, as a matter of course, I was introduced to Lady and Miss Scott. With the appearance of Lady Scott I was much struck. Though diminutive in stature, her person possessed

much symmetry, which, added to handsome features and a profusion of ringlets of the most beautiful jet-black I ever saw clustering about her neck, made her what the late James Hogg somewhere calls her, "a bewitching creature." She was remarkably kind and affable in her manners. She seemed particularly anxious, as did indeed Miss Scott also, that I should enjoy myself. She had much of the manners of the French, and it would have been easy to discover from her accent, though I had not before been aware of the circumstance, that she belonged to that nation. After a half hour's conversation with Lady Scott and her daughter, Sir Walter proposed that we should inspect the different apartments of his splendid mansion. The armoury, the library, and the study were to me, as I doubt not they were to most other visitors, the principal objects of attraction. The armoury it were impossible to describe. The study has been described a hundred times over. The library was a spacious room. The number of books in it has been variously estimated from 20,000 to 30,000 volumes. It is unnecessary to say Sir Walter never purchased all these; the greater part of them were presentation copies, either from personal friends, or from authors naturally anxious their works should meet with his approbation. Of course he had not time to read a tithe of those thus sent him. He was often too waited on by young authors anxious to learn his opinion of their manuscript before committing it to the press. His kindness and condescension on such occasions exceeded all praise. To the serious interruption, ofttimes of his own literary labours, he would wade through the manuscript works of such persons, and give them such advice, in the most friendly spirit, as he thought the circumstances called for. At the very moment he was busy pointing out to me a number of literary works, with several paintings, which were his chief favourites, the servant knocked at the door, and, on being desired to "come in," intimated that a person, of the name of Buchan, from the north of Scotland, was anxious to see him for a few minutes. Sir Walter desired the servant to show the individual into a certain room, and to say that he would be with him presently. Sir Walter then begged my pardon for a few minutes. He returned in about fifteen minutes. He mentioned to me that he had been just looking over an immense collection of the traditional unpublished ballads of the north of Scotland, collected, he said, after ten years' hard unremitting labour, by a humble printer, of the name of Buchan, residing in Peterhead. Sir Walter spoke in terms of warm encomium* of the enthusiasm of Mr. Buchan in collecting so many of the traditionary ballads of the olden time amid so many difficulties, not the least of which arose from his limited pecuniary means. He desired Mr. B. to call again on a day he men-

* The writer of these Recollections of Sir Walter, met, by the purest accident, with Mr. Buchan, since the interview in question. He then saw the collection of ballads of which Sir Walter spoke so favourably; and really they will constitute an enduring memorial of the admirable taste, as well as singular industry of an individual collecting them under such unfavourable circumstances. The ballads were published in 1828, in two volumes, at one guinea; but, I am sorry to say, the sale never paid the expenses. Sir Walter engaged to write a lengthened notice of the work in the Quarterly Review; but his promise was never fulfilled. Most probably, amid the multiplicity of his other avocations, the subject slipped out of his recollection.

tioned, when he would see of what further assistance he could be to the laborious compiler of the ballads of his native district in the way of forwarding his views of publication.

Having inspected the interior of Abbotsford, with its costly furniture and valuable curiosities, we proceeded to the outside to view the exterior of the building. It is altogether a unique superstructure. No description can give the reader any distinct conception of it. Of the pleasure grounds, which next claimed our attention, I do not well know how to speak. Any thing of the kind more admirably laid out, I have never seen. What consummate taste did Sir Walter here display! I saw them under particularly favourable circumstances, it being then the month of June.

The dinner hour insensibly stole upon us. Mr. James Ballantine and another gentleman from Edinburgh, of some literary distinction, were engaged to dine at Abbotsford that day. Mr. Ballantine kept his appointment; the other gentleman, owing to indisposition, did not. I never spent a happier evening in my life. Sir Walter, as I afterwards learnt from Mr. Ballantine, outdid himself in the brilliancy of his conversation. What a store of rich anecdote did he that evening prove himself to be possessed of! And with what infinite ease and zest were they, one after another, poured from his lips! One* I shall never forget. When Duke Charles of Buccleugh was alive, he on one occasion, invited a number of his personal friends and most respectable tenants to what is called a general feast. The company being unusually numerous, two tables were necessary for their accommodation. The Duke himself presided at one table, and Sir Walter at the other. A splendid entertainment, in the shape of a dinner, was set before the guests, and done ample justice to. Wines of every variety followed in abundance, the qualities of which were sufficiently tested by all present. Toast followed toast, and song succeeded song without interruption. The company, in a word, had exceeded the happy medium of Burns' Tam O'Shanter,

"Who was not fou', but just had plenty."

They were fou' or were at least bordering on it. Morning came, but, instead of parting, the Duke volunteered a song which he was to give standing in a peculiar position. He insisted, before presenting the company with the vocal treat, that they should all stand in precisely the same position as himself and duly join in the chorus. His will of course was a law. His Grace then setting one foot on the table and the other on the chair—which singular position was instantly assumed by all present—commenced singing the well-known song of "Hey Johnny Cope, are ye waking yet?" The Duke got through his song, and kept his station till the end of it. Not so all his guests. Sundry of their persons were rolling on the floor before his Grace had reached the end of the first verse, and consequently were unable to join even for once in the chorus—unless indeed the wild sounds they growled out as their bodies came in contact with the floor deserved that name. The bursts of laughter from

* In a small work which the Ettrick Shepherd has published since these "Recollections" were in manuscript, Mr. Hogg has given a version of this anecdote, but it omits several of the most amusing circumstances.

most of those who retained their equilibrium a little longer than their less steady associates in the mirth and follies of the evening, as the wights were sprawling horizontally, were quite astounding, and completely drowned both his Grace's voice and the voices of the few who were still able to join in the chorus. Nay, in several instances, the very violence of the laughter of the first class, soon brought them to a level with the second; so that, before the Duke got to the end of the song, he had only Sir Walter and one or two others to join him in the chorus. Most of those who had been lying horizontally, having by this time recovered their perpendicular position, Sir Alexander Ferguson, who was one of the guests, insisted they should all show their sense of the good example his Grace had shown them, by an immediate imitation of it under another leader. In this last capacity Sir Alexander volunteered his services. He mounted, putting one foot on the table and the other on the chair. The company put themselves in the same position. Sir Alexander commenced his song, but had not finished the third line when all at once one of the tables was upset, and down went men, glasses, wine, &c. all in "glorious confusion." The scene on the floor, which now ensued would have defied the pencil of Hogarth himself. Sir Walter declared that never in his life did he laugh so immoderately.

It is nothing to read this anecdote as here related; but to have heard Sir Walter tell the story was, as the reader will readily believe, a somewhat different matter. Mr. James Ballantine, though perhaps more in Sir Walter's company than any other man, mentioned to me the next day that he never saw the illustrious baronet enter with so much spirit or with so much effect into the narration of any story whatever.

(To be concluded in our next.)

A DIRGE. FOR MUSIC.

BY MRS. G. G. RICHARDSON.

My lover lies beneath the wave
In ocean deep!
No tempests that above him rave
Can harm his sleep!
I thought it sad for him should be
No funeral knell.
That where he lay, no eye could see,
No marble tell.

O, idle sorrow! He is gone—
Where'er the spot!
I am the desolate, the lone—
He heeds it not.
Wherever flows that trackless sea
In billowy swell,
I see his grave, and Memory
Repeats his knell.

THE PROSCRIBED.

No. 3.

Translated from the French of M. de Balzack, by Miss Margaret Patrickson.

Godfrey, struck with respect, regarded by turns the elderly stranger and the doctor Sigier, who were conversing together in a low voice.

—"Glory to the master!" said the stranger.

—"What is a passing glory?" replied Sigier.

—"I should wish to eternalize my gratitude," said the other.

—"Well then, one line from you," resumed the doctor, "would doubtless be precious to me in the future, it would be to bestow upon me human immortality."

—"Ah! can one give that which one has not?" cried the unknown. Accompanied by the crowd which, like courtiers around their kings, pressed upon their steps, still leaving between them and these three personages a respectful distance, Godfrey, the aged stranger, and Sigier proceeded towards the miry shore, on which no houses had then been erected, and where the ferryman awaited them. The doctor and the stranger conversed neither in Latin nor Gallic; they discoursed gravely in an unknown language. Their hands were directed by turns towards the heavens and towards the earth. More than once Sigier, to whom the turns of the river were familiar, guided with particular care the old man towards the narrow planks thrown, to serve as bridges, upon the mud. The assemblage watched them with curiosity, and several scholars envied the privilege of the youth who was following those two masters of eloquence. At length the doctor saluted the stranger, and saw the ferryman push off his light and slender bark.

At the instant when the boat floated gently in the midst of the broad expanse of the Seine, imparting its quivering agitations to the soul, the moon, which was rising red and radiant, like to a conflagration lighted at the horizon, cast its rays through the crevices of some light clouds, shed over the fields torrents of light, coloured with its red tones and its brown reflexes the slated roofs and humbler thatch, bordered with flame the towers of Philip Augustus, decked the houses with a coating of gold, inundated the heavens, tinged the waters, rendered the grass and the herbs resplendent, and awakened the half-sleeping insects. This long sheaf of light embraced the clouds. It was as the first verse of its hymn. Every heart must have thrilled, for nature was then sublime. After con-

templating this spectacle, the eye-lids of the stranger were moistened by the feeblest of all human tears, a tear excited by powerful recollections. Godfrey was weeping also as he gazed admiringly on the heavens. His palpitating hand encountered that of his aged companion, who, turning, suffered his emotion to be seen, and probably to save his dignity as a man, which he might fear to have compromised, he said to him in a voice of deep emotion, "I weep my country! I am banished! Young man, at this very hour I quitted my country. But there, at this hour, the glow-worms were issuing from their frail dwellings, and suspending themselves like so many diamonds to the stems of the glader. At this hour the breeze, sweet as the sweetest poesy, arose in a valley steeped in light and exhaling the most delicious perfumes. I could see on the horizon a city of gold, like to the celestial *Jerusalem*, a city whose name my lips would refuse to pronounce in a stranger-land. There, also, wound a river in its serpentine course. This city and its river, of which the buildings, the ravishing perspectives, the sheets of sky-tinted water, were successively commingling, uniting, separating—harmonious contest, which rejoiced my eyes and inspired me with love—where are they? At this hour, the waves assumed, under the luminous heaven of the setting sun, fantastic tints, and were figured with capricious pictures. The stars were distilling a caressing light. The moon spread every where her gracious snares, and gave another life to trees, colours, and forms. She was diversifying the brilliant waters, and mute hills, animating rocks and edifices. The tapers were lighting at that moment in the palaces and mansions of my country! My country, my beloved, to which I was saying adieu! The city was speaking, sparkling, and recalling me. Columns of smoke were rising beside antique columns whose marbles glistered with whiteness in the bosom of the night. The lines of the horizon might still be traced through the vapours of the evening. All was harmony and mystery. Nature did not bid me adieu, she wished to retain me. Ah! it was all to me: my mother and my child, my spouse and my glory! The hills themselves lamented then my proscription. O marvellous land! it is lovely as heaven itself! Since that hour I have had the universe for my dungeon. My beloved country, why hast thou proscribed me? But I shall yet triumph there!" he exclaimed, throwing into his words such an accent of conviction, and with a tone so clear and penetrating, that the boatman started, imagining he had heard the sound of a trumpet.

The aged exile was standing in a prophetic attitude and looking in the air towards the south, while he pointed with his finger towards his country, through the cerulean fields above him. The ascetic paleness of his visage had given place to the red flush of triumph, his eyes sparkled, and he was sublime as a lion erecting his terror-striking mane.

—"And thou, poor child!" he resumed, looking at Godfrey, whose cheeks were bordered by a chaplet of shining drops, "hast thou then like me studied life upon its bloody pages? Why weep? What canst thou regret at thy age?"

—"Alas!" said Godfrey, "a country more beautiful than all the

countries of the earth, a country that I have never seen and of which I have no remembrance. Oh! if I could cleave the air on outspread pinions, I would go——."

—" Where?" asked the proscribed one.

—" On high," replied the youth.

On hearing this word, the stranger gave a sudden start, fixed his powerful eye upon the young man, and rendered him silent. But they understood and held communion with each other by an inexplicable effusion of soul, by reading in and, as it were, listening to each other's eyes, while rapped in a fruitful silence; and were travelling in mental brotherhood, like two doves soaring towards heaven on the same wing, until the moment that their bark touched the sand of the shore. Buried in their thoughts they proceeded in silence to the house of the serjeant.

—" And thus," said the tall stranger to himself, " this poor boy imagines himself an angel banished from heaven. And who is he among us who should have the right to undeceive him? Shall it be me? I, who am so often elevated by a magic power above the earth. I who belong to God. I who am a mystery to myself. Have I not seen the loveliest of the angels living in this vile scene? Is this youth then more or less insensate than I am myself? Has he made a bolder step in the faith? He believes! This belief will conduct him, beyond a doubt, into some luminous path similar to that in which I walk. But, if he is beautiful as an angel, is he not too feeble to resist the effects of such rude combats!"

Intimidated by the presence of his companion, whose awe-inspiring voice expressed his own thoughts, as the lightning translates the will of heaven, the youth contented himself with gazing upon the stars with the eyes of a lover, overwhelmed by a luxurious excess of sensibility, which swelled and oppressed his heart. He was there, feeble and fearful, as a young fly inundated by the ardent rays of the sun. These two noble natures comprehended in the other, Godfrey the force, and the old man the feebleness, the celestial voice of Sigier had deduced to them the mysteries of the moral world. The grand stranger seemed destined to invest them with glory, and the youth to feel them. The three transfigured by living but by noble images, science, poesy, and sentiment.

On returning to the house, the elder stranger shut himself up in his chamber, lighted his inspiration-bringing lamp, and, confiding himself to the demon of labour, demanded words from silence, ideas from the stillness of night. Godfrey, seated by his window, contemplated by turns the reflections of the moon in the water, or studied the mysteries of heaven. Delivered up to one of these ecstasies, which were familiar to him, he travelled from sphere to sphere, from visions to visions, listening and imagining that he heard low flutterings and murmurings of angels' voices, seeing or believing that he saw divine lights, in the bosom of which he lost himself, endeavouring to attain the distant point, source of all light, principle of all harmony. Soon the grand clamour of Paris, borne from afar by the waters of the Seine, subsided, and the lights were extinguished one after another in the houses; and before long silence

reigned in all its immensity. The vast city slept like a giant after his fatigue. Midnight struck. The slightest noise, even the fall of a leaf, or the flight of a *jack-daw* changing its place in the towers of Notre-Dâme, might then have recalled the spirit of the stranger upon the earth, or the soul of the youth from the celestial heights towards which it had mounted on the wings of ecstasy. At this moment the exile heard with horror the heavy groaning of a dying person in the adjoining chamber. The funereal cry was confounded with the fall of a heavy substance ; and, by the manner in which it fell, the experienced ear of the proscribed stranger enabled him to recognise it as that of an inanimate body. He quitted his own room instantly and entered that of Godfrey, where he saw the poor youth lying like a shapeless mass, and perceived, by the light of the moon, a long cord twisted like a serpent on the floor, and when he had loosened the noose by which it had been fastened round his neck the youth opened his eyes: "Where am I?" asked he with an appearance of pleasure.

—"In your own apartment," replied the old man, regarding not without surprise, mingled with curiosity, the neck of Godfrey, the cord, and the nail to which he had attached it, and which still remained at the end.

—"In heaven?" asked the youth, in the sweetest tones.

—"No, upon the earth," replied the exile.

Godfrey walked in the girdle of light traced by the moon through the chamber, the window of which was open, and he saw the Seine rippling, the willows and the weeds upon the bank. A cloudy haze rose above the waters like a canopy of white smoke. At this sight, desolating to him, he crossed his arms upon his breast and sunk into an attitude of despair. His aged companion approached him, astonishment painted on his countenance.

—"You wished to destroy yourself then?" he asked.

—"Yes," replied Godfrey, allowing the stranger with perfect indifference to pass his hand repeatedly over his throat, in order to examine the spot on which the cord had pressed the most severely.

Perceiving that, with the exception of some slight contusions, the youth had not sustained any injury, the exile concluded that the nail, having little hold, had quickly yielded to the weight of the body, and the fatal attempt had terminated by a fall of little consequence.

—"And why, my dear child, did you wish to die?" asked the stranger.

—"Ah!" replied Godfrey, no longer retaining the tears which had been rapidly gathering in his eyes, "I heard a voice from on high! It called me by my name! O, I know it! it had not before named me; but this time it invited me to heaven. Oh how sweet that voice is! Not being able to spring up into the heavens," he continued, with infantine simplicity, "I took, in order to seek God, the only road that we have."

—"Oh, child! sublime child!" cried the old man, enlacing Godfrey in his arms, and pressing him with enthusiasm to his heart, "thou art a poet, thou canst mount intrepidly upon the hurricane! Thy poesy, truly thine, issues not from the depths of thy heart!

Thy living, ardent thoughts, thy creations advance and become grand in thine own soul alone. Go on, give not thy thoughts to the vulgar. Be at once the altar, the victim, and the priest! Thou knowest the heavens, dost thou not? Thou hast seen the myriads of angels with their snowy pinions and golden citherns, who all keep an equal flight towards the throne ;—and thou hast often admired their wings, which, under the voice of God, quiver like the tufts of the forest under the tempest. Oh, what beauty in the boundless expanse! Speak thou!"

The old man strained Godfrey's hand convulsively, and both contemplated the firmament, from which the stars seemed to hold converse with them.

—"O! to see God," murmured Godfrey softly.

—"Child," resumed suddenly the stranger, in a severe tone, "hast thou so soon forgotten the holy instructions of our good master the doctor Sigier? In order to return, thou to thy *celestial country*, and I to my *terrestrial country*, ought we not both to show submission to the will of God? Let us walk with resignation in the rugged paths where his powerful finger has traced our route. Dost thou not shudder at the danger to which thou hast exposed thyself? Appearing without order, having said, *I am here!* before the time, wouldst thou not have refallen into a sphere inferior to that in which thou existest at this moment? O, poor cherub, oughtest thou not to bless God for having placed thee in one where thou hearest but celestial accords. Art thou not pure as crystal, young and lovely as a flower! Ah! if, like me, thou knewest but the city of dolours! I have wandered in it till I have consumed my heart. O! to dig into the tombs, to demand their horrible secrets,—to dry the blood-stained hands, to count them every night, to contemplate them all raised towards me, imploring a pardon that I cannot award,—to study the convulsions of the assassin, the last cries of the victim,—to listen to horrible noises and to frightful silences, the silence of a father feeding on his dead sons,—to interrogate the laugh of the damned,—to search for some human forms among the discoloured masses that crime has rolled and twisted,—to learn the words that living men hear not without dying,—always to invoke the dead, in order always to judge them,—to expose them, in order to translate them,—is it then to live?"

—"Stop," cried Godfrey, "I could neither look at you nor listen to you longer. My reason is wandering, my sight becoming dim. You raise in me a devouring flame."

—"And yet I must speak!" resumed the stranger, shaking him by the hand with an extraordinary movement, which produced upon the young man the effect of a charm. For an instant, the stranger fixed upon Godfrey, his large, dim, and dejected eyes, then extended his finger towards the earth. And you might have believed that you saw a great gulf opening all at once at his commandment. He remained standing, seen only by the undivided and vague reflections of the moon, which rendered his forehead, where heaven beamed, still more resplendent. A species of light seemed to radiate from his features. If an expression, almost of disdain, seemed at first to lose

itself in the numerous lines of his face, his look soon acquired that fixity which seems to indicate the presence of an object invisible to the ordinary sight. Certainly his eyes contemplated then the distant pictures that the tomb reserves for us. Never, perhaps, had this extraordinary man borne so fantastic an appearance. A terrible struggle, tearing and violently agitating his soul, reacted upon his external appearance, and, however powerful he might seem to be, he bent as a plant which bows to the breeze, forerunner of the storms. Godfrey remained silent, motionless, fascinated. An inexplicable power seemed to have nailed him to the floor. As when our attention is so powerfully arrested as to make us forget ourselves, in the spectacle of a conflagration, or of a battle, he no longer felt his own existence.

" Dost thou wish that I should tell thee the destiny, to meet which thou art on the road, poor angel of love? Listen then. To me it has been given to see the immense spaces, the endless abysses, in which are to be swallowed up all human creatures, this shoreless sea to which runs a great flood of men and angels. In overrunning the vast regions of eternal punishments, I was preserved from death by the mantle of an immortal being, by this vestment of glory and genius so little regarded by the world,—I, poor and feeble. When I journeyed by the mansions of light where the *blessed* throng, the love of a woman, the wings of an angel, supported me. Borne upon her heart, I was enabled to taste these ineffable pleasures whose grasp is more dangerous for us mortals than all the sufferings of this bad world. In accomplishing my pilgrimage through the sombre regions below, I had arrived from dolour to dolour, from crime to crime, from punishments to punishments, from atrocious silences to agonizing cries, upon the gulf superior to all the circles of the infernal regions. Already I could distinguish from afar off the light of the paradise which shone at an enormous distance. I was in the night, but on the limits of the day. I was flying, carried away by my guide, drawn onward by a power similar to that which, in our dreams, transports us into spheres invisible to the eyes of the flesh. The glory with which our brows were circled put to flight all the shades upon our passage, like an impalpable dust. Far from us the suns of all the universe scarcely yielded the feeble light of the glow-worms of my country. I was about to attain the fields of air, where, towards paradise, the masses of light are multiplied, where the pure, clear azure is easy to cleave, where innumerable worlds spring forth like flowers in a meadow. There, upon the last circular line which still belonged to the phantoms that I was leaving behind me, like to afflictions that one is willing to forget, I saw a tall shade. It was standing erect, in an eager, ardent attitude, and seemed to devour the immeasurable space at a glance. Its feet remained attached by the power of God upon the furthest point of this line. There the shade accomplished, without respite, the painful tension, painful because ceaseless, by which we project our strength when we wish to spring forwards, as birds ready to take their flight. I recognised a man. He saw us not, heard us not. All his muscles were quivering, panting. It seemed as if, that by each particle of time, he

experienced anew, without taking a single step, the fatigue of traversing the ocean which separated him from paradise,—from paradise into which his eye sought to dive without ever relaxing its effort, and where he sought to catch a glimpse of a cherished image. Upon the last gates of hell, as upon the first, I read an expression of despair in the hope. The unfortunate wretch was so horribly crushed, by I know not what force, that his dolour passed into my bones and congealed the marrow within them. I took refuge by my guide, whose protection restored me to peace and silence. Like to the mother-bird, whose piercing eye sees the kite in the air, or feels a presentiment that he is there, the shade gave a joyful cry. We looked where he looked. We saw a bright speck, like a sapphire, detach itself from the little blue circle which floated above our heads in the abysses of light. This glittering star descended with the rapidity of a ray of the sun when he appears in the morning upon the horizon, and that his first beams dart furtively upon our earth.

(To be continued.)

A MADRIGAL

BY MRS. G. G. RICHARDSON.

She was bright, like an apple blossom.
  She was like the wild rose flower.
She was like the young Aurora
  Of May morning's dewy hour.
The sweet-briar round her dwelling,
  And the jasmines on the wall,
They were whispering still, and telling
  She was sweeter than they all.

She was nurtur'd in a valley,
  And a river wander'd through,
Where you saw each shining pebble
  Smile unhidden, fair of hue.
That river in its welling,
  With its waters pure and clear,
It was whispering still, and telling,
  "See sweet Anna's emblem here!"

THE FISHERS OF STOTFIELD.

A Tale founded on Facts.

The 25th of December, 1805, is one of those days which will long be remembered with mournful feelings on the Morayshire coast. It was ushered in by one of the most calm and beautiful mornings which ever visited our northern climate. There was indeed a peculiar geniality in it. Not a breath of wind made the smallest conscious undulation in the air. It appeared as if nature had shed a special freshness on all her works. The sky wore that indescribably beautiful appearance which is produced by an admixture of a blue with a lightish gray colour, and which imparts something resembling a golden tinge to the sun's rays when emitted through it. If there be such a science as the physiognomy of nature, the greatest proficients in that science would, on perusing the appearance she presented on the morning in question, have laid it down as a settled point that for that day, at least, there was not the least chance of unpropitious weather.

For some days preceding the 25th of December the weather had been so inclement and boisterous that the fishing boats were prevented from putting to sea; and accordingly the favourable auspices, under which the morning in question dawned upon them, were looked upon by the fishermen as a special boon from heaven—as one of the countless proofs which are daily furnished to mankind, that the gifts of Providence are conferred with a lavish hand on our earth, notwithstanding the ingratitude of man. With the first streaks of the morning's light every fisherman in the village of Stotfield arose from his bed, and against nine o'clock had completed the requisite preparations for going to sea. The number of boats belonging to this village at the time was three, and these three contained twenty-one hands, being all the able-bodied male persons belonging to the place who were thus employed for that day's labours on the face of the great deep.

Just as the men had taken their respective stations in the boats, and were about to commit themselves to the watery element, Charlotte Bain, a young girl, of about twenty years of age, and who all her lifetime had been both deaf and dumb, came running from the village to the shore in breathless haste. She instantly jumped into the boat in which her father was, and, seizing him by the breast of his coat, motioned him to return on shore. The unfortunate creature's father, imagining it was some foolish notion she had taken, to have him out of the boat, wished to take no notice of her dumb but expressive entreaties. On perceiving this, she at one time clung to him, her manner displaying a striking union of the piteous with the frantic; while at another she dragged him with an almost superna-

tural force out of the boat. The father was afraid that, if, when his daughter was so warmly opposed to his going to sea, he should disregard her wishes, the first thing he should hear on his return would be her bereavement of reason, or perhaps that she had committed the crime of self-destruction. He therefore left the boat, intimating to his fellow-fishermen that he would that day remain at home.

The dummie—the name by which the young woman was usually designated—then expressed, by every sign she could employ for the purpose, her anxiety that none of the other fishermen should put to sea on this occasion. Among other methods by which she conveyed to them this anxiety, and forewarned them of the danger of persisting in the resolution to fish which they had that morning formed, she took her father's hat off his head, and, laying it down on the ground, shook it backwards and forwards, and then upset it. All the spectators understood perfectly that the impression which had somehow or other been produced in her mind, and which she meant to convey to theirs, was that the loss of the boats would be the consequence of the short voyage they were about to make. Regarding it, however, in no other light than as the consequence of some temporary mental hallucination, they sneered at the dismal forebodings of the dummie, and with joyful hearts left the shore for their fishing occupations on the face of the deep.

The dummie and her father, and all the other persons who had witnessed the departure of the fishermen, returned to their homes, after wishing them an abundant "take, and weel back again."

The village of Stotfield is situated on the northern section of a hill of great circumference, and of considerable altitude. It commands a most extensive prospect both of land and sea, particularly of the latter. In an eastern direction no object whatever occurs to limit your vision. The eye is literally lost in the immensity of distance while trying to take in as much as possible of the German Ocean. Casting your eye in a south-east direction, along the margin of the world of waters, you will, in a clear atmosphere, distinctly recognize the town of Peterhead, although more than fifty miles distant, jutting out, promontory like, into the mighty deep. Directly northward your vision rests on an extensive ridge of mountains in Sutherlandshire, a distance of upwards of twenty miles. In a north-westerly direction, again, your eye glides over a surface of water until it is interrupted by the hills of Caithness and Cromarty shires, the nearest of which is at least little short of thirty miles' distance. The eye may range through this vast extent of space without one's moving from the threshold of any of the doors of Stotfield; but, if you ascend the most elevated spot on the hill, you have a landscape spread as it were beneath your feet, which for its extent, its strikingly diversified aspect, and general beauty, can be surpassed by few similar prospects in Britain. In regard to the extent of what may not perhaps be inappropriately designated *terra firma* space, which the vision of the astonished beholder grasps from the eminence in question, it were not easy to form an accurate estimate; but, while situated on it, I have more than once imagined that I then realized in miniature that

striking and beautiful portion of scripture narrative, in which the Saviour is represented as being led up by the prince of fallen angels to the highest situation of a great mountain, whence was shown him at one comprehensive glance all the kingdoms of the world and the glory thereof. Here your eye ranges, without being molested by any intervening object, over a great proportion of Aberdeen and Banffshires, and over the largest portion of the lower districts of Morayshire—and the landscape is interspersed in beautiful proportions with the lights and shades of hill and dale, and wood and vale; with the half gloomy majesty of towering rugged mountains, whose summits seem to embrace the canopy of heaven—and with the richest and most luxuriant plains of which Scotland can boast,—altogether producing an effect on the spectator, who possesses any relish for the beauties of external nature, which must be felt before it can be imagined.

It is unnecessary to say that, with the sea continually before them, the villagers of Stotfield who remained at home were at all times accustomed to look with an anxious eye to the movements of those of their relatives and friends who, in the prosecution of their usual vocation, had in the little barks cast themselves on the bosom of the mighty waters. On the morning in question, they were not indifferent observers of their progress to and fro on the surface of the sea. After being some time "out," they saw them hoize their sails and prepare for their return, most probably after having had a successful take. They proceeded gradually homewards, as the slight breeze, which by this time stirred the air, enabled them, until within about a quarter of a mile of the shore, when a tremendous gale from landward sprung up with what may be termed an instantaneous suddenness. The sails were in a moment taken down, and every oar was immediately put in requisition, in the hope of being thereby able to make head against the wind. Every hand exerted himself with more than supernatural strength; but all their endeavours did not enable them to make any perceptible progress towards land. Although the sky was perfectly clear, the gale had by this time increased to a perfect hurricane.

Those in the little village now saw the imminent danger to which the fishermen were exposed; and in a few moments its entire population, old men, women, and children, were at the shore. But what could they do? What could a legion of the most able bodied men in the kingdom, though present, have done for the unfortunate beings exposed to the relentless fury of the raging element? Nothing at all. The loud roarings of the sea—its mighty swells—combined with the number and magnitude of its breakers, constituted a striking specimen of the terrifically sublime. The scene which was by this time presented on the shore was scarcely less affecting to behold than that of the boats in distress. The number altogether standing by the sea-side may have been about ninety. Never shall we forget the agony and despair depicted in the most legible characters on their countenances, as they every moment expected to witness their fathers, husbands, brothers, and others related to them by the ties of the closest consanguinity, precipitated into the midst of the travailing ocean. The women ran about with dishevelled hair, uttering

shrieks, to which one would have imagined that even enraged inanimate nature could not have been deaf; and heart-rending exclamations of "My father!" "My brothers!" &c., which proceeded from the younger portion of those present, mingled in mournfully rapid succession with the dismal howlings of the winds, and the surly thunderings of the waves. All the spectators, in fact, young and old, seemed to be every thing but absolutely frantic. At this moment one of the boats upset, and in an instant the yawning deep received into its insatiable bosom all who were in it. One only rose again. He was a young man about the age of twenty. He caught hold of the boat, and for about a minute adhered to it; but while in the act of making a wafture of his hand, as if recognising and bidding a final adieu to those on the shore, one tremendous wave forcibly swept him from the keel of the boat to which he was clinging, and buried him to rise no more. No description could do adequate justice to the scene, which followed this dreadful catastrophe, among the spectators on the shore; but there was one, a young and interesting woman of the age of twenty, on whose mind it produced a temporary frenzy or madness. In the frantic feeling of the moment she was in the act of plunging herself into the sea, from out of which, in its then tempestuous state, no earthly hand could have rescued her—when a young man from the neighbouring village of Lossiemouth, the greater part of whose population were by this time on the spot, caught hold of her, and carried her, with the assistance of others, to the nearest house, where every attention was paid to her until the momentary cloud which obscured her intellects had passed away.

The tempestuousness of the wind, if possible, increased; and the ocean raged and lashed herself without any abatement of her fury. In less than two minutes from the "going down" of the first boat, a second, with every hand in it, sunk in almost the same spot; and in a few seconds more the third and last, with all it contained, shared the same fate. Three of the fishermen rose above the water, and swam for several minutes; but then, like those before them, they sank to perish. If any thing could by possibility have rendered the mournful scene of so many human beings perishing, in the manner it has been attempted to describe, more distressing, it would have been the circumstance of one of the three men who kept themselves above water some minutes after the sinking of the boat struggling with the destructive element with his son, a boy of about eight years of age, and who had never been at sea before,—in his arms, until both went down and perished together.

The scene which the sea-side now exhibited is left for the reader to imagine, as any attempt to describe it would be doing it an evident injustice. It is, perhaps, however, but proper to remark that, but for the providential presence of strangers, some of those more nearly related to the unfortunate men now stretched on the bottom of the sea might, in the overpowering feelings of the moment, have fallen victims to their immeasurable sorrow.

By the exertions of others, all the remaining villagers of Stotfield were got conveyed from the shore to their houses; but during the

remainder of the day there was nothing to be seen or heard there but the visible and outward signs of that grief which pressed with so powerful a force on the hearts of their bereaved inmates. The voice of lamentation, emphatically speaking, was heard resounding from every abode, in accents loud and affecting enough to have superinduced a feeling of tenderness and heartfelt sympathy in the breasts of any one in the composition of whose nature there was a particle of humanity. What a striking illustration did Stotfield that day furnish of the beauty and force of that scripture passage which represents Rachel in the attitude of weeping for her children, and "refusing to be comforted because they were not." Night came; but to the widowed, and fatherless, and brotherless villagers of Stotfield, it was a doleful night indeed. It was one of pitchy darkness. The rains too descended in copious torrents, while the winds blew with great fury, producing altogether an effect which was in melancholy keeping with the overwhelming sorrow which pressed on the heart of every surviving villager. The plaintive moanings of the winds, and the heavy rains which fell in such rapid succession from the heavens, were so strangely blended with the deep-fetched sighings, the loud lamentations, and the gushing tears which streamed down their cheeks, that the human mind could not by possibility picture to itself a scene more mournfully affecting than the lately happy village of Stotfield presented on this memorable night. One would have thought, indeed, that Nature herself had become repentant—had felt the agonies of deep contrition, when she witnessed the amount of human woe which had been produced in so circumscribed a space by the ravages on human life she had that day so unfeelingly and so lavishly committed. And no wonder although Nature had thus sorrowed at the scene of misery which the interior of the cottages of Stotfield exhibited to her gaze on the night in question. We do not overstep the limits of actual fact when we say that sleep visited not the senses of one individual in the village,—that not one eye closed for a moment during any part of the whole night. So overwhelming was the measure of their sorrow, that they could not even sufficiently compose themselves to recline on their beds. As if the extent of their grief had verged on absolute distraction, they alternately laid themselves on their couches, and arose and paced their apartments until the approach of morning. Daylight, after the lapse of a night which in length appeared to them like an age, did at last come; and such of them as were able to travel the distance went down with many of the inhabitants of Lossiemouth to the sea-side, in order that the rite of Christian sepulture might be given to such of the bodies as had been washed ashore. Seven were found that morning, and the remainder in the course of that and the two following days.

Among the first seven was the body of the young man who has been already mentioned as the one who caught hold of and clung to the keel of the first boat after it had been upset, and who, at the very moment of his being swept off for ever by a tremendous surge, had made an expressive wafture of his right hand, as if bidding a final earthly adieu to those on the shore who were doomed to be the

spectators of so mournful a catastrophe. When his body was placed in the cottage which had so lately been his happy home, the interesting woman who immediately on his perishing, on the preceding day, had only been prevented by the timely interference of a stranger from voluntarily plunging into the sea and sharing the same fate, pressed through those who had carried it thither, took it in their arms, and embraced it. And what, reader, think you was the reason of this young girl's feeling a peculiarly deep interest in the unhappy fate of "the lost." Why, she was his *betrothed*—nay she was his *bride*—nay, more still, she was on the afternoon of this very day to have been his *wife*. How painful the contemplation, that he, whom she was that evening to have called by the endearing appellation of husband, and whom in that character she would have clasped that night in her affectionate embrace, was now lying before her a lifeless corpse, alike insensible of her ardent affection and her illimitable sorrow! What an affecting sequel did this prove to the bright anticipation of many a year of future bliss, which but so late as yesterday morning her young heart had so fondly cherished, from the apparently close approach of the hymeneal union together! The preparations for the marriage had been completed; and the cheer—consisting, as usual in similar cases, of a large bride cake, bread, and spirits—provided for those invited to the wedding, was made to answer the purposes of the bridegroom's funeral! The duties, too, of the worthy clergyman of the parish were on this occasion, strangely metamorphosed: instead of being present in the bridegroom's apartment that afternoon, agreeably to a request made to him some days before, to pronounce in the hearing of the light-hearted and joyous spectators that benediction which would at once have sealed the earthly union of the betrothed pair, and expressed his holy wish and uttered his fervent prayer for their future felicity,—he had to stand up in a company of heart-felt mourners, and, in that dignified and almost heavenly attitude which he so well knew how to assume, pour into the hearts of the numerous bereaved and sorrowing individuals who surrounded him, the balm of Christian consolation.

But the death of her apparent husband was not the only bereavement which this young woman sustained by the loss of the Stotfield boats. Along with him, and in the same boat, perished her father and only brother. The consequence of these accumulated bereavements was an extremity of sorrow which engendered consumption, of which she expired in the space of a few months afterwards.

While in the act of interring in the churchyard of Dranie the last body, which was that of an old man, John ————, which had been washed ashore, an apparently middle-aged man, dressed in the habiliments of a soldier, came up to those who were present on the occasion, as if just come from Elgin. Not one of those at the funeral had any idea of who or what he was; and he looked about among the persons beside him as if they had been all equally strangers to him. At last he enquired the name of the person to whom they were performing the last offices of humanity. He was informed that the deceased's name was John ————, a fisherman of Stotfield, who was drowned on this 25th instant. This simple annunciation

broke on his ear with a withering power to which no description can do justice. The person whose remains had just been deposited in the grave, and whose coffin was not yet covered with the earth, was none other than his father. For upwards of twenty years the stranger had been in the army, performing many laborious and perilous services for his king and his country. He had met with many "moving accidents by flood and field," and had made many hair-breadth escapes with his life, both when in and out of battle. The last scene of his services had been in India, from which he returned, bearing about with him palpable proofs of the scars and wounds he had received in the course of his engagements with the enemy. He had procured his discharge; and, as a partial remuneration for the valorous exploits he had achieved in the course of his military career, government had settled on him a handsome pension. He had returned home with a joyful heart, fondly hoping that his father would be still alive (he had heard of his mother's demise some years before), to share with him, in his old age, that liberal pension with which his king and country had been pleased to reward his services to both. But in one fell moment all his fond hopes were blasted, and all his kindly wishes proved impracticable. He proceeded to Stotfield with the persons who had accompanied the funeral of his father; and the depopulation and sorrow he there witnessed only served to augment his own grief. He staid only a few days in his native village—longer he could not remain in a place which, so far from possessing any charm to him, presented nothing either to his eyes or his ears but the ebullitions of that sorrow which still pressed heavily on every heart. He left the village with the intention of going to reside, at least for a time, in a small town in the north of England, in which he had been stationed for some time during the earlier part of his military service; but his departure he was heard of no more.

J. G.

From a Chinese Work, entitled Pih-mei, "Hundred beautiful Ladies."

By Lady Fung-seang-lin.

Accept the thanks for every gentle token,
From one yet mindful of a former fire;
Seek'st thou to know if this sad heart be broken?
Oh! look for answer on this broken lyre.

By Lady Mei-fe.

The tears are dropping down like rain,
All unadorned my hair and eyes;
Since still I seek thy love in vain,
Think not that I thy pearls will prize! E. P. T.

THE LOYAL AND FAITHFUL MINISTER MEI-KWEI.

(*From the Chinese, resumed from the September Number.*)

Mei-kwei, perceiving that he had abruptly responded to his lady's good advice, on taking a glass of wine, said, "As you will return home to-morrow, we ought to retire early to rest." He then called to the servants to take away the wine, and enjoined on his son the necessity of taking care of his candle, when he bade him good night. The young gentleman repaired to his study; when, aided by his domestic, he packed up his kin (an instrument of music), his sword (which at this period was worn by the *literati*), and all his books. Early next morning, while Mei-kwei and his lady were dressing themselves, the young gentleman entered their room. The lady, on seeing him, said, "My son, how is it that you have risen so early?" The youth replied, "This being your birth-day, your son has come to congratulate you thereon." Mei-kwei, surprised, said, "Really this is your natal day; it had escaped my recollection." He then called to the servants to prepare the fragrant lights (incense), and to be in waiting. On Mei-kwei and his lady entering the hall, and congratulating each other on the happy occasion, the son came forward to pay his respects, and was followed by the domestics, who, kneeling, made their prostrations. The lady, on lighting up the incense, worshipped the gods of the house (the penates), and her ancestors. This ceremony having been gone through, the early meal was provided. While Mei-kwei and his lady were breakfasting, the servants took the luggage on board, as she was returning to her family. On breakfast being removed, the lady and her son took leave of the several persons who were waiting in the public court, and then repaired to the inner apartments, to take leave also of the Shin-che (implying "God's manifestation," the family altar), at which she worshipped; she then bade farewell to her husband. On the son taking leave of his father, the lady again admonishing said, "Laou-yay, 'Venerable Sir,' while travelling do take care of your person; when cold add to your apparel, when hungry refuse not to eat." Before she had finished speaking the domestics came to take leave of the young gentleman. The lady enquired, "Sir, how many servants do you take with you to the capital?" Mei-kwei replied, "I shall not require many—Mei-pih is the only person who will accompany me, the rest will attend on you." While thus conversing, a noise was heard from without, as though a thousand persons were wrangling. Mei-kwei, the lady, son, nor domestics could imagine the cause. The ode says:—

> "The black-haired people, on the promotion of their virtuous magistrate,
> Fail not to shed a profusion of tears, as they drag along his carriage.
> On account of his many virtues and unimpeachable integrity,
> The whole road is perfumed with his fragrant name."

During their consternation they saw the porter enter, who said, "There are several writers belonging to the public courts without side, who are desirous of seeing you, Sir." Mei-kwei, on requesting his lady to retire, bade them come in. On their entering, Mei-kwei asked, "Who were the persons that made such a noise without?" The writers replied, "We have an affair to communicate to your Excellency. The people having heard that your Excellency has been promoted, and desirous of detaining you among them, they have closed the city gates, with the market." Mei-kwei, on hearing which, replied, "Since that is the only cause, you will go and tell them to cease causing a disturbance; that the Hëen magistrate will enter the court and give his instructions." These writers went and did accordingly. Mei-kwei, addressing his lady and son, said, "The people being unanimous that I should remain among them it is difficult to decide what course to take." The lady replied, "This results from your having invariably commiserated the people, and by not seeking their wealth. It is really distressing to withstand the gratitude of ten thousand of the people." Mei-kwei replied, "You must wait till I have dispersed the people before you can go on board. The city gates being shut against you, how can you leave?" He ordered the branding instrument to be taken into court. The people, as soon as they heard the noise of that instrument, were submissive. On drawing aside the screen, and taking his seat, Mei-kwei said, "If there be any respectable (aged persons) among you, let such come forward, as I am desirous of asking a few questions. Several persons instantly advanced, who, bowing, thus spoke, "We little, or mean persons, are grateful for those heavenly favours conferred on us by your Excellency, we can never forget them. For these ten years past, during your Excellency's residence among us, really we have had no occasion to shut our doors at night, nor fear aught on the highways. The bold and daring have become virtuous, while the designing and artful dare not wound honourable principles. As to the influential, your Excellency has governed them by harrowing out from their midst those who were disaffected. In supporting and aiding the weak, making no distinction between the wealthy and such as are not so, nor coveting their wealth, you have gained the love of the people. In all your judicial affairs, without due deliberation you have not inflicted punishment, and never the extreme penalty of the law. Further, all those persons whom you have employed about your court have been men who have not dared to insult the people; despising gain, they have been intent on expelling the mean. Really, Sir, you have acted as the father and mother of your people. Hearing that your Excellency has been promoted to an important office, we, persons of no note, are desirous of petitioning the Too-tang officer, with all the senior magistrates, to allow you to resign your new appointment, that you may preside over us. Should you be intent on proceeding to the capital, to have an audience with his Majesty, we are willing to bear your expenses, and despatch a memorial petitioning his Majesty that you may be re-appointed over us." Mei-kwei, with a sigh, said, "Gentleman, and virtuous people, arise. Your motives are honourable to you in endeavouring

to detain your magistrate; but, since the government has made known its intentions, you should each attend to your several duties, and not create a disturbance. Your magistrate, by filling the present situation, cannot exert himself for the good of his prince, evince his loyalty, nor commiserate the black-haired (Chinese) people. You say, I have not been afraid of those who have assumed power, and, by enforcing the laws, the vicious have been reformed. This is no other than what every magistrate may effect. When you, the people, make filial piety an important part of your domestic arrangements, you will ever be esteemed and respected. Before I leave, my successor must arrive; I will impress on him the necessity of compassionating you, his people."

These persons, perceiving that Mei-kwei was intent on entering the capital, said, "Laou-yay! how it is that you are not acquainted that there are artful, traitorous persons at court, who not only dispose of office and rank, but who will oppose your Excellency on account of your integrity? with such you cannot accord. Such contemptible persons will plot the destruction of the virtuous. This requires your consideration. Your Excellency should show that you are acquainted with the old adage, how to advance and when to recede; for, if once accused by traitorous persons, you will never return to your native village. Should you consent, with your wife and son, to remain at Lëë-ching, you will be happy. Here you will have nothing to distress your mind, for all the people will aid you in the discharge of your duties." Mei-kwei replied. "Respected and virtuous people, all your statements are in accordance with reason. With your magistrate it is a matter of loyalty. Since his Majesty has called me to attend on his person, *the Emperor becomes the heart of your magistrate* (that is, the Emperor is to him what the heart is to the human system—the source of life), how dare he then not imitate the docility of the horse and dog? The kindness of the Emperor is immense! How are you not aware of it? Your magistrate advises you to return home, and strenuously instruct your sons and grandsons, causing them to be dutiful to their fathers and mothers, kind to their senior brothers, and considerate towards the junior members of the family; thus exemplifying the principles of filial love and respect. You should constantly be instructing your sons and grandchildren, and inculcate on the man of letters, the husbandman, the mechanic, and the merchant, the importance of learning. Your magistrate has a Tuy-tyze, 'a couplet,' which he gives to each individual, that he may keep it in remembrance of him:

> The business that nourishes the body accords with the mind:
> The business that does not, does it not bring vexation and trouble?"

When he bade them leave.

The people, perceiving that Mei-kwei was determined on leaving them, one and all, with tears, exclaimed, "Since your Excellency will go, we are desirous of defraying your expenses on the road, as a small mark of our respect." Mei-kwei replied, "Virtuous people, your magistrate is aware that your generous offer extends beyond his merely making it known among his relations and friends, or that his complying with your wishes should involve them in trouble. It

proceeds from your heart; but your magistrate is required to be dutiful to his prince as well as considerate towards the people over whom he has presided—this he dares not forget. Should it be known to the rebel Loo, at court, that presents have been received, your magistrate would doubtless be accused of buying the people's affections to oppose the Emperor's will. It would be ten thousand to one but what the rebel and his partisans would present a document accusing Mei-kwei of having purchased the hearts of the people, that he might insult his Majesty and violate the nation's established usages. Such an accusation would cause the dragon's (the Emperor's) countenance to frown—with loss of life, I should be allowed no place of interment." Mei-kwei having thus spoken, the people, interrupting him, said, "After what your Excellency has said, how may we dare bring calamity hereafter on your person! It will be our misfortune that we shall never again meet with any one who will resemble your Excellency for disinterestedness and honourable feeling; however, on your leaving, we will each of us erect a tablet, and inscribe your name thereon, before which we will offer incense, which shall be to us instead of your person." Mei-kwei replied, "I receive your expressions of gratitude, and will not fail to speak to my successor in your behalf."

Mei-kwei now repaired to the inner apartments, where his lady and son were waiting to take their leave. They all wept. The mother and son entered the sedans and were carried on board, who were accompanied to Chang-chow by all the domestics. Mei-kwei remained at court with only Tsang-tow Mei-pih, who had charge of his luggage. On the following day, Mei-kwei, accompanied by his clerk, went and took leave of his superior officers and of the gentry. A day had not elapsed before his successor arrived. Mei-kwei immediately delivered over to him the imperial measures, the standard weights, and plan of the city ditches (their boundaries), and all books and documents belonging to the court. In consequence of Mei-kwei's promotion, the new officer durst not oppose this hasty mode of proceeding. Mei-kwei having nothing that he wished to conceal, no difficulties presented themselves. In a few days the whole business was arranged, when he prepared to proceed to the capital. As he left the court the people brought large presents, which they gave to Mei-kwei, exhibiting, at the same time, the greatest decorum. In their houses they had set up a tablet in honour of him, before which incense was offered and sacred candles burning. Mei-kwei requested the people to return home, for he was going to the temple that he might offer incense. The people instantly rushed to the temple. The priest came out to receive Mei-kwei and conduct him into the temple, and to assist him in offering incense. When he had done offering incense and making prostrations, the people, with the presents of clothes which they had brought, dressed Mei-kwei, even to the changing of his boots, and then, with three glasses of wine, drank prosperity to him, while some remained weeping on their knees (probably before the altar of the temple). Mei-kwei bade such arise, and took an affectionate leave of all present, when he left the city.

Mei-pih, mentioned above as Tsang-tow Mei-pih, had by this

time proceeded several miles with the luggage, where he halted. Here he saw assembled a number of respectable persons, with multitudes of the people, who had spread a table with delicacies. In a short time Mei-kwei arrived, when all went forth to meet him. Mei-kwei, on seeing the sedans as he approached, said, "I perceive there are several officers who are my superiors. Gentlemen, why you violate established usages?" When, in a body, they rushed forth, and, seizing him by the hand, replied, "Venerable Sir, besides coming to offer you congratulations on your promotion, your brother officers are desirous of partaking with you, Venerable Sir, a parting repast; why talk of disturbing established usages?" When they all repaired to the table. It was with difficulty they could induce Mei-kwei to take three glasses of wine. After a little general conversation he arose and took leave of each of his brother officers. On passing the tables of the respectable inhabitants, from respect, he was compelled to take three glasses with them also. On taking leave of them the people rushed forth and requested that he would not decline to drink with them. Mei-kwei said, "Virtuous people, I beg you will rise, for your magistrate wishes you every comfort." On drinking with them he said, "How could I endure to separate from you, were it not for his Majesty's command; but I dare not disobey. Return to your families. Respect your parents. Be diligent in your callings, whether it be the cultivating of the land, or literary pursuits. Be not extravagant." The people unitedly replied, "We dare not but revere, Venerable Sir, your golden counsel." Mei-kwei, in leaving these affectionate people, was unable to refrain from shedding tears.

Mei-kwei and Mei-pih having taken leave of the people, both felt their minds depressed, when the former broke silence by detailing the pure motive that influenced his conduct during the ten years he had filled his late appointment. This was the principal topic of conversation from morning till night. One day, as they were proceeding, they observed four persons on horseback approaching towards them, whose dress indicated that they belonged to the public offices. They rode close to Mei-kwei's sedan, and, addressing him, said, "I beg to ask from whence you come?" Mei-pih replied, "*I* am from the province of Shan-tung." The four persons immediately alighted, when they asked, "Sir, do you know whether Mei-kwei, the magnate, has yet commenced his journey or not?" Mei-kwei asked which "Mei, the magnate?" That person replied, "The magnate Mei, who presides over the district Leih-ching of the city Tse-nan, of Shan-tung province, who has been promoted by the Le-poo board of magistracy." Mei-pih replied, "Is this not Mei, the magnate?" These persons on leading their horses beneath the trees for shade, advancing, desired the sedan to stop, having something to communicate to his Excellency. On the bearers halting, these persons said, "We mean persons have been sent by the heads of the courts to pay our respects to your Excellency." Mei-kwei asked, "Do you say you are persons despatched to wait upon me?" They replied, "Yes." Mei-kwei said, "As I do not want you on the road, you will precede me, and obtain at the inn a clean room, where I may put

some questions to you." The four persons acquiescing mounted their horses, and were about to proceed, when he called to them not to put up at an extravagant inn, a mere lodging would do. They replied, "We understand," and proceeded. After proceeding at a regular pace for several hours, Mei-kwei was met by one of those persons, who informed him that his apartments were ready, when Mei-kwei told him that he and his bearers would occupy the same room. At this time the landlord made his appearance, who, on making his bow, said, "I am come to pay my respects." Mei-kwei on entering took particular notice of every thing observable. On entering the great room, he saw three smaller rooms, which, besides having chairs arranged, there was the honoured seat with the necessary articles for writing, as well as for punishing persons, all in readiness. Mei-kwei next proceeded to the back apartments, when, looking over the screen, he saw three other rooms appropriated as a library, with a bed in each, with tables all arranged in order, respecting which he did not say a word. While Mei-kwei was resting himself, the servant brought some water, which Mei-pih received. By the time that Mei-kwei had washed himself tea was brought, which was soon succeeded by candles, when Mei-kwei, taking the honoured seat, enjoined "That there be not any unnecessary preparations made, that he will be pleased with any mere trifle; but not so, if the palate be pampered with what is expensive." Mei-kwei, while taking wine, called for the four persons to come in, when he thus addressed them, "As you have, you say, attended on persons who have been called to assist in the government, you must be acquainted with Loo-ke, of the Le-poo Board of Rites, and Whang-kaou, with his cabal of traitorous ministers, who are endeavouring to subvert the throne, I will thank you to inform me minutely respecting them." The four men replied, "Loo-ke, the Tae-sze officer, is highly beloved by the Emperor, and Whang-kaou is his principal assistant. As they have the power of promoting persons, every one pays them homage; there are none among all the officers of government that dare oppose them. Since your Excellency is about to enter the capital, you must ingratiate yourself with the Tae-sze officer, and with Whang-kaou, of the Le-poo board. We beg that your Excellency will follow our advice, then your Excellency will succeed." Mei-kwei indignantly replied, "Why give such treasonable advice? Do you think I will imitate them in forming cabals, or submit to them? I will enter the capital without showing them the least respect. Should they offer me the least insult, I apprehend that cabal of intriguing persons will not sleep comfortably on their pillows." The more he spoke, the more he railed at them. On rising, he bade them early to retire to rest, that they might attend on him in the morning.

As soon as Mei-kwei had dressed herself, the landlord introduced tea, which as soon as it was taken, wine, &c. were brought in, and he waited at the table. Mei-kwei, addressing him, said, "Did I not enjoin on you not to pamper the palate; wherefore this unnecessary preparation?" On finishing the early meal, Mei-kwei walked forward, when he saw depicted on the wall the two ancient virtuous

ministers Pih-e and Shih-tse, who, in maintenance of noble principles, died of hunger; with one Yang--shan, who was represented as endeavouring to dissuade persons from the maintenance of similar principles. Perceiving that a pencil laid by its side, he took it up, and wrote the following lines:—

"Ah, ye brothers! who for loyalty died of hunger at Shan-yang,
Whose honoured [fragrant] names have been transmitted,
If alive, would you not collect the flowers of the age,
Rather than suffer tyrants a place in the national temple!"

Mei-kwei, having written the above, threw down the pencil, at which time Mei-pih informed him that the sedan had been waiting for him for some time. Mei-kwei, on thanking the landlord, entered it. He had not proceeded far before he beheld several persons belonging to the public courts coming towards him, who, as soon as they approached him, kneeling, said, "We clerks, and attendants on the public courts, have come to pay our respects to you, Sir." [It is probable that these persons had attended on his predecessor.] Mei-kwei bade them rise, and enquired of them if they were acquainted with the usages of the public courts, to which they replied in the affirmative. After a few hours' journeying, these persons, with Mei-kwei arrived at the capital, and put up at an inn, when Mei-kwei called in the clerk, or secretary, and made enquiries of him as to his knowledge of the required ceremonies and usages. Having satisfactorily replied, Mei-kwei informed him that after the lapse of five days he should enter on his official duties. I shall immediately proceed to the Le-poo Board of Ceremonies, and announce my arrival, and to-morrow I shall repair to court. The writer said, "The four boards or courts have different usages, the military board require their cards to be red." Mei-kwei replied, "I shall make no distinction." The writer then withdrew. Mei-kwei next beckoned to the other persons to approach him. When he said to them, "I shall require you at all times to be attentive and diligent, and exemplary in your conduct." These persons, having retired, said one to another, "This will be a felicitous year for us, being engaged by a newly appointed minister," and were exceedingly elated thereon.

Mei-kwei next enquired after a compradore (a person who takes on himself to purchase all things that are requisite for house-keeping,) when entered eight persons, who said they were desirous of serving his Excellency. Mei-kwei, surprised, said, "So many compardores! why, one will be sufficient! The rest had better return home to their families, or merchandise, that will be far better than remaining here eating bitter herbs, of what use will you be?" On their retiring, they said among themselves, the new minister requiring only one compradore, he resembles not the other ministers of state.

Mei-kwei having taken a little rest, he rose next morning at the sound of the fifth drum (five o'clock), and repaired to court. On entering by the main gate he proceeded to the hall of audience, where he saw all the ministers assembled in their full dresses, each in his place, according to their standing in the government; and he conversed with all those who entered on office the same year with him-

self. On the ringing of the bells, his Majesty entered, and gave audience to all the civil and military officers, and received what advice they had to submit to him. The general business having been gone through, the ministers arranged themselves into a line on the right and left of his Majesty, when Mei-kwei, bearing his rank and the number of his promotions before him, kneeling, thus addressed his Majesty, "Your minister, who has held the appointment of Che-hëen, at Leih-ching, in the district Tse-nan-foo, in the province Shan-tung, has recently been appointed a member of the Le-poo Board of Ceremonies. Mei-kwei, on beholding your Majesty's countenance, wishes that your Majesty may live for ten thousand times ten thousand years! Your minister, though wanting in talent, hopes and entreats your Majesty will not cast him forth as mean and worthless. Should he hereafter merit promotion, though his body and bones be reduced to powder, he will be unable to recompense your Majesty one instance in ten thousand of your Majesty's munificence." His Majesty, in reply, thus spoke, "Minister Mei-kwei, this is the first time that I have seen you, a person of distinguished merit. Considering that you have for upwards of ten years held office at Tung-choo, I have conferred on you, Minister, an appointment by which you are permitted to speak directly to your Prince (a Privy Councillor). Doubtless you possess a soul for cherishing the talent of the age." When Mei-kwei had bowed, and made the usual prostrations, he returned to his place. On his Majesty retiring to his palace, the ministers repaired to their several courts.

Mei-kwei, on retiring to the tavern, and taking breakfast, entered his sedan, and went to visit the several ministers. His Secretary, addressing him, said, "I have to beg that you will not proceed in your sedan." Mei-kwei enquired, "Why not?" The Secretary not daring further to advise, the bearers proceeded and entered the enclosure before the public courts. Mei-kwei was aware, that from the number of horses and sedans that were arranged along the palisades, that many officers were making their calls; he, notwithstanding, ordered his bearers to proceed to the grand entrance, and there to be set down. But he found the door closed, while at the side entrance there were a number of retainers, who bawled out, "What officer is that that presumes to stop at that gate?" The Secretary, on presenting Mei-kwei's card, said, "It is his Excellency Mei-kwei, who has lately become a member of the Board of Rites; he is come to pay his respects." That person replied, "As he is only a newly appointed minister, why does he presume to order his sedan to be taken to the main entrance? had he not better study etiquette before he comes visiting?" Another remarked, "Ah! do not think because he is newly appointed that his Excellency wishes to see him! He should first make a handsome present, then he will be introduced to all the ministers." The Secretary returned and informed the minister what had been said, and begged that his Excellency would adopt the advice. Mei-kwei asked, "How large a present would be sufficient to ensure an entrance?" The writer replied, "There are fixed sums. There are those who give a thousand pieces of gold; but much less, a hundred tales will

ensure an interview." Mei-kwei, with a contemptuous smile, exclaimed, "Surprising!" Throwing open the door of the sedan, he nodded to the person who had thus spoken, who smiling approached the sedan. Mei-kwei said, "I request that you will accompany me and announce me to your master, for I am Mei-kwei, from the city Tse-nan, who has recently been appointed a member of the Le-poo board, and have come expressly to see him, which agrees both with reason and etiquette. If you will announce me, I will see him; if you will not announce me, I will not see him. Wherefore talk about presents? Being already appointed a minister, is the seeing of your master something beyond my appointment? If he thinks so, we differ in opinion. If your master thinks that he is entitled to the etiquette shown to the San-kung, (three statesmen of antiquity who acted as regents during the minority of the Prince), he is a mere devil reigning in his own house."

Mei-kwei having thus spoken, he ordered his card to be given in, when, in his chair, passing by the western railings, he repaired to the Too-chă-yuen office, the second magnate, where the entrance of the sedan was also refused. On throwing down his card to the person who refused admittance, Mei-kwei became enraged, and said, "Do these dogs act thus? Do they dare, on this earth, to act after this manner?" That person replied, "You do not know how closely death is connected with life. Take my advice, and first petition his Excellency, he is now in the library, and has with him the minister Whang-kaou, of the Le-poo board, with Loo-ke." Loo-ke, on receiving the card, indicated surprise, and asked if Mei-kwei was without, when the servants, answering in the affirmative, detailed all that had transpired. Loo-ke, interrupting, asked if he really spoke thus and thus? The servants then further informed him respecting the sedan, and of his throwing down his card, in fact, he related the whole affair from head to tail. Whang-kaou, who was standing by, asked, "Why such behaviour? Why so rude? Does he not respect established usages? Probably he is insensible of danger. It may not be long before he is punished for want of proper respect. Why should *he* violate the established usages of the realm? This brave fellow must be cut off, to prevent calamity on a future day.

[An after paper will inform us of Loo-ke's thoughts thereon.]

THE MANSE AND ITS INMATES.

By Miss MARGARET PATRICKSON.

Chapter I. *Wishes—Fine Names.*

"I am sure I wish very much that one of two things would happen," said Lily M'Niel, "and I am not very particular which; this house is so horribly dull and stupid!"

"Passing over your very flattering compliment to your sisters and myself," observed her mother, smiling, "may I ask, my dear, the nature of these two wishes, which hold so equal a rank in your estimation, and which you appear to think would be so equally efficacious in overcoming this *horrible* dullness that oppresses you, but which, I believe, no one else has discovered?"

"Oh! certainly mamma, and I am sure you will agree with me." Mrs. M'Niel shook her head incredulously. "You will indeed! I wished, either that papa, had not gone to London; or that he had returned. Don't you?"

"I agree with you, Lily, in feeling your papa's absence, and shall agree with you in sincere rejoicing and thankfulness at his return; but, as this is only Tuesday and his last letter names Thursday as the earliest period he can fix upon for his arrival at home, I cannot *wish* for a thing I know to a certainty cannot *be*. Besides I have really so much to do to-morrow, that I cannot afford to annihilate a day. Your other wish I do not understand."

"How! mamma? I wished that papa had not gone to London!"

"I know you did, my dear; but to *wish* for a thing implies a possibility of its attainment. Now your papa has been gone a fortnight, and having never yet witnessed *time* turning back in his course, or a thing which has been done, and is past, undone again; I cannot form my regret at his absence (even joined to all my anxiety for his health on so long a journey, undertaken in such inclement weather), into any feeling resembling a wish."

"I might have spoken more correctly to be sure, but, then, I could not have spoken so briefly; and you know, mamma, "brevity's the soul of wit."

"Indeed, Lily, I know no such thing. But enlighten me as to the *wit* of your wishes, for it quite escaped me."

"Oh, there was no wit; I only said that for the sake of—of—of—

"Brevity, perhaps!"

"Oh, no, no, mamma! quite the contrary; just to get a little time to think how to get out of the scrape."

"Would it not have been better to have thought a little at first, and not have got into it?"

"A great deal, I dare say; but there I was, and there I am. Poor me! I am very sorry for myself! After all, mamma, you understood what I meant well enough; and how could I have expressed myself otherwise in as few words?"

"Nay, my dear, the wishes were yours; put them in your own language. I do not see the necessity for confining yourself to a certain number of words."

"Let me think," said Lily deliberately. "I might have said, I am very sorry papa was obliged to go to London; but, since he *has* gone, I can't help longing for the time of his return; for we are none of us so happy or merry in his absence. Indeed, I think it would have been much better if he had never gone. No; that won't do, It's as long and as prosy as if Mrs. Martha Dreetale had composed it; and what a talent she has that way, honest woman! Her meaning takes as long to come to light as an aloe to blossom. I must try again. I am sorry papa's away. I wish very much that he was at home again, to make us all happy. I think that must do, mamma; have you any objection?"

"None, my dear."

"Well! that's over, and I am heartily glad of it," said Lily, who was always as eager to get out of a *scrape*, as she called it, as she was heedless in running into one. "And now, mamma, I have a great deal to ask you. Do you think that we shall like our London cousins?"

"I hope so, Lily; they are the only near relations you have in the world, after your parents, brothers, and sisters. I hope, too, that you will all be very kind to them; they will need it, poor things, for the change will be very great to them."

"Is living in London so very different, mamma, from living in Scotland?"

"Your cousins, Lily, have been accustomed to a coach, to fine clothes, to a fine house and a great many servants, to seeing a great deal of company and going to public places. They will have none of these things here, and they have no other place to go to, for their own mamma is dead, and their papa gone a great way off—perhaps never to return."

"Poor cousins! I am afraid then, mamma, they will neither like living at the Manse, nor love us."

"We must try, Lily, to make them do both, and we must do so by delicate kindness—that is, we must not content ourselves with being really and substantially kind, but we must endeavour to be so in the way that they will like best; and not think that such and such little things are trifles not worth regarding, but take pains to do them if they are likely to please, and pass over, without notice, any little peevishness or unreasonable expectations, till, by degrees, they are accustomed to us and to the place."

"Dear me! that will be very difficult, and take a great deal of thinking, and patience, and good-nature. And, somehow, I never think at all, at least not often till afterwards, when it is too late,

and I might as well not think at all; and I have so very little patience; and I am afraid that I am not very *very* good natured. Mamma, what are they called? I think if I thought of their names, and got accustomed to *them*, I should not feel so strange."

"The names of the two eldest are Caroline and Matilda. I do not remember hearing that of the youngest."

"Not hearing of it, mamma! Your own sister's child! Surely that is very strange!"

"The youngest of a family," said Mrs. M'Niel, rather evasively, "especially as in this case, where the difference of age is great, often continues so long to be called, 'the child,' 'the infant,' or 'baby,' that one is apt to forget it has a name."

"When did my cousin Ruth die, mamma?"

"Your cousin Ruth? You never had a cousin Ruth, my dear."

"I thought, mamma, that the eldest daughter was always called after its mamma's mother, and the second after its papa's, and the eldest son after its papa's father, and the second after its mamma's."

"That is a rule by no means universal, though frequently followed in Scotland. In England I am not aware of any custom of the kind. I was christened Ruth, after my mother; and your aunt Isabella, after an old lady who stood godmother to her. The names of our grandmothers were Esther and Sarah."

"And who, then, were Caroline and Matilda called after?"

"I do not think after any one; they were names your aunt was partial to."

"Then I am sure it was very odd and unkind in my aunt to call her children after nobody at all; when your name was Ruth, and grandmamma's too."

"Do not say unkind, Lily; your aunt thought it of no consequence being called after any one; and she had strong likings and dislikings to particular names."

"Well, I am glad you and papa had no likings and dislikings to particular names, but called us after people that you loved. All our names remind us of somebody in the good old Scotch fashion, and show that we belong to somebody. Ruth is called both after you and grandmamma?"

"Yes."

"She is a lucky girl! And I am called after papa's mother?"

"Yes, my dear."

"And Isabella after my aunt. Ah! *you* thought of *her*, and Grace—"

"Grace is called after your papa's sister, my dearest friend, Grace M'Niel."

Tears stood in Mrs. M'Niel's eyes. "Ah, mamma," cried Lily, "I am sorry I mentioned dear aunt Grace."

"Do not be sorry, my love; your papa and I have no greater pleasure than in talking of her. The loveliest of the lovely, and pride of every eye! The best of the good, and delight of every heart! Grace M'Niel never cost a moment's pain to any friend she had but when she suffered herself; and even her death, that irre-

parable loss to all who knew her, was sweetened by the conviction that it was unspeakable gain to her."

Lily and her mother were both silent a few minutes; at length Lily resumed the subject. "And my brothers—they have each *two* names: Niel John, and Kenneth David."

"Yes, Niel was called after both his grandfathers, and Kenneth after your papa's kind friend and patron, Sir Kenneth Maitland, and himself."

"And Niel, mamma, may almost be said to be named after Sir John Maitland too."

"He may, my dear, as your papa's attachment to Sir John, then Mr. Maitland, was one inducement for giving him two names. The principal one was that my father was then in delicate health, and your papa was anxious to pay him that mark of respect, without deviating from the established custom of his family. You know that your papa sometimes tells us that *Niel* and *David* have alternated in it during fourteen generations."

"Yes, that's when papa's very highland indeed."

"And David was added to Kenneth at my request."

"That was lucky, mamma; as we have no more brothers, we should have had no David otherwise. But, why does papa dislike a person having two names?"

"He does not *dislike* it, but he loves simplicity, and prefers only one."

"Well, mamma, I can't, with all my pains, get accustomed to these strange names. When I say to myself, *Caroline* and *Matilda*, it seems to me as if I was speaking of queens and princesses, or of people in pictures or books, and not of my own cousins, with whom I am to live, and talk, and play, every day. I never knew any one with such fine names before."

"You know the lyre-woman at Larch-hills, Lily?"

"Old Mattie Muckersy, mamma? Oh, yes mamma. What *could* make you think of poor old Mattie, with her lame leg, which makes her hop so, and her broken nose, and her terrible squint, when we were talking of fine names?"

"Because *she* has a fine name, Matilda!"

"Matilda! I always thought her name had been only Mattie."

"She is always called Mattie, as you are called Lily; but she was christened Matilda, as you was christened Lilias."

"Well, that's very droll. Matilda Muckersy! I wonder if I may call my cousin Mattie; it would not be strange to me at all."

"But it would to her, and perhaps disagreeable. You will soon be familiarized both to your cousins and their names."

"I dare say I shall. And now, mamma, I must let you go, for I see you won't stay any longer. Poor old Mattie! Well, she's not the least bit in the world like a queen or a princess either. Matilda Muckersy! What two funny names to come together!"

(To be continued.)

LOVES OF A BACHELOR.

THERE is no class of beings I know of in the world so profusely and so undeservedly ridiculed by people in general, male and female, as those individuals belonging to the order of bachelors. In every company and every place they are held up as laughing stocks by every juvenile coxcomb and by every old married fool. Nor is this the worst of the matter. Were the ridicule of our own sex the only batteries discharged at the unfortunate bachelor, he must be a simpleton indeed if he could not defend himself, and, right or wrong, retort with some degree of plausibility on his opponents; but the mischief is that the poor bachelor is daily—hourly I should rather have said—assailed by the *ladies*, from the old maid verging on "three score and ten years" down to little Miss in her teens, not yet escaped from the thraldom of the boarding school. With the ladies the bachelor is on this, as on most other subjects, very unequally matched; and, accordingly, in every instance in which he is forced into the arena with them, he is sure to come off in the estimation of the arbiters with signal dishonour to himself.

It is my misfortune, for such I consider it, to belong to the fraternity of bachelors; and I can unhappily say, with too safe a conscience, that I have come in for my own share of the abuse and injustice of which my brethren in general so loudly complain. In a thousand instances I have been held up, in the midst of a most respectable and numerous company, as destitute of the common feelings, susceptibilities, affections, and all that sort of things, of humanity; and have even, times without number, been represented as unworthy the appellation of man.

Very few rational beings, I presume, are so constituted as to be able to bear all this without feeling uncomfortable under it. For my own part, I have been uninterruptedly miserable ever since I was generally considered a confirmed bachelor; and as it is very uncertain how soon I may become a tenant of the "narrow house," and as, like most other men, I am solicitous to die on a good understanding with all men—yes, and with all *women* too, although the reader, by the time he comes to the end of the chapter, may be greatly surprised at this—I have resolved on making a "full, true, and particular" confession of the circumstances which have imposed on me the *necessity*—for the reader will, by and by, do me the justice to acknowledge that with me it has not been matter of *choice*—of living a life of what is most erroneously designated "single blessedness." I do not say that *all* of my brethren have adopted their bachelor habits from precisely similar considerations and circumstances; but I am perfectly satisfied in my own mind that a striking analogy, were the whole truth known, would be found to exist between their history and mine, in the overwhelming majority of instances.

As nothing has been said, or indeed *can* be said, by the most malevolent and ingenious of my traducers, with even the appearance of justice, derogatory from my character, during that section of my life which preceded my eighteenth year, I shall pass it over as if it had been a perfect blank, simply remarking that, as I had rather good prospects before me, in relation to the "world's wealth," I had been kept, until then, constantly at school, in order that my education might, in some measure, correspond with my circumstances in a pecuniary point of view.

So long as at school I considered myself a mere boy, and, consequently, never dreamed of any such thing as love or marriage; but the moment my academical career was closed, I all at once rose, in my own estimation, to the status of a man, and believing as I then did that one of the most indispensable concomitants, or, more properly speaking, ingredients of manhood, was to pay a certain degree of attention to the sex, I lost no time in aspiring at the character of a gallant and in mixing as much in female society as circumstances would permit.

I should here observe that, though only at this time in my nineteenth year, I was one of the tallest fellows of the town of———, county of Moray, north of Scotland. The circumference too of my outward man was in striking keeping with its altitude; so that, when promenading with one or two of my lady acquaintances, I have often had my ears horrified at hearing other girls—I cannot call *them* ladies—whom we passed, whispering one to another, "See, there goes the *great* lover;" "There goes the *stout* lover;" "There goes the *ponderous* lover," &c.,—expressions which, in every instance, I attributed to the mortification they felt at seeing me prefer the company of others to their own.

I had not been six weeks in my state of manhood when I fell in love, most violently in love. I had been, one beautiful evening, introduced by a friend to two young ladies, acquaintances of his, whom we met while taking a walk in the fields. We returned with them, and accompanied them to the door of the house of a friend, with whom they were that evening engaged to drink tea. One of these ladies, Rebina Clarkson, had something peculiarly fascinating about her; and what added a thousand fold to her abstract charms was the delicious conviction which forced itself on my mind, before we parted, that she had already formed a very favourable opinion of her devoted admirer. I had, some time before that, been reading in the *tomes* of some philosopher—I forget his name—of great renown, that the eyes are the windows of the soul, and that by observing them, with any degree of judgment and attention, we cannot possibly fail of forming a correct estimate of all that is passing within. I contemplated Miss Clarkson's luminaries with all the attention I could command, and concluded that, if her beautiful, dark blue orbs were not the greatest deceivers in the world, I had already, without any special effort on my part, made such an impression on her heart as would most effectually pave the way for whatever advances or overtures I should hereafter think proper to make.

We parted that night, and I went to bed at the usual hour; but, for

the first time in my life, I had a sleepless expansion on my couch. I could not shut my eyes for even a single minute; all night I lay thinking on Rebina, whom I had already begun to consider my own, and in whose company I took it for granted I was to spend almost all the remaining portion of my life, mutually enjoying an incalculable revenue of felicity from our "sacred union" together. On the following morning I called on the friend, to whom I now considered myself under an infinitude of obligations for the introduction of the preceding night. I carefully concealed from him the impression Miss Clarkson had so suddenly made on my mind, simply mentioning, as if by the merest accident, that from the short interview we had last night I was much pleased with her conversation, and that I should be happy, when opportunity offered, to spend another hour in her company. "We shall call on her parents this afternoon, if agreeable," said my friend. This was precisely what I wanted. Dryden, though miserably poor at the time, could not have discovered more beauties, more genuine eloquence, in the short promissory note of a celebrated nobleman, whose name I forget, when he promised to pay on demand to him "the sum of five hundred pounds sterling," than I did in the brief sentence my friend enunciated. I need not add that I signified my assent to his proposal.

We accordingly visited at Mr. Clarkson's that afternoon. We had the pleasure of seeing Mrs. C., Mr. C., and a younger sister of Rebina, besides herself. We spent fully two hours in their company; and such another happy two hours! I left their residence fully satisfied that all the theories of moralists and divines, touching the vanity of all earthly enjoyments, were groundless; and could have wished that all such discontented declaimers had been with me on this occasion, in order that they might have been furnished with an experimental demonstration that happiness had not absolutely fled from earth on Adam's expulsion from Paradise, but that there was such a thing as a perfect Elysium still to be found in the world.

In consequence of this second interview with Rebina and her relations, my admiration of the former was, if possible, greatly increased. Before we parted, both her father and mother assured me, severally and conjointly, that they would feel much gratified at having the honour of another visit, at my earliest convenience. I thanked them for their kindness, and intimated to them that I should feel proud in availing myself of it.

While my friend and I were returning home—I should have mentioned before now that Mr. Clarkson's house was about a mile from town—our conversation, very naturally, turned on the excellent qualities of the two young ladies whose company we had just left. Mr. Roberts—such was my friend's name—accidentally mentioned that Miss Clarkson was in the habit of taking a walk by herself every fine evening, at a certain hour, in the woods, by which, I should here mention, her father's residence was almost surrounded. The observation was not forgotten by me, I carefully treasured it up in my mind. On the following afternoon—by this time I had determined on soliciting her hand in marriage—I sauntered out to the wood in ques-

tion, hoping to have the pleasure of a short promenade with Rebina, without any third party being present to have their ears regaled with matters which did not at all concern them. I stationed myself beside a cluster of whin-bushes, from which station I could recognize Rebina the moment she came out of the house, immediately on which I was to jump into one of the foot-walks, as if I had been merely on a pleasurable promenade, and was to meet with her as if by the sheerest accident. From the colossal proportions of my person, however, it was necessary, in order to my not being seen from the windows of Mr. Clarkson's house, and, at the same time, my seeing its door distinctly, that I should crawl to the end of the whin-bushes in an all-four's position. Well, what is it that a man really in love will not cheerfully submit to for the unrivalled she! At this time I could have made any sacrifice for Rebina, and did not consider the trifling circumstance of making a short journey, *à la* quadruped, to the extremity of the whin bushes, worthy of the name. Twice had I doubled the spot in question in the all-four's position; and when on a third journey, by means of my hands and feet, to the most eligible termination for my purpose of the aforesaid whin-bushes, my mind, as on the two preceding ones, was so completely absorbed in cogitating on the matchless beauty and amiable qualities of Miss Clarkson, that I never thought of looking for a moment in any other direction than towards the door of her father's house. While thus "progressing" to the spot in question, a large mastiff—O horrible!—sprung on me ere ever I was aware, seized me by the tails of my coat, and, by one pull, stretched me at my full length on the superficies of the earth. The words "Hold, Tiger, sir!" instantly thereafter broke on my ears; and the first emotion I experienced, on recovering from the state of stupefaction into which the occurrence had thrown me, was one of fervent gratitude at the circumstance of a deliverer being apparently at hand. The animal, who no doubt had mistaken me for a brother mastiff, or a robber intent on deeds of mischief, instantly let go his hold on the authoritative command of his master for that purpose; and I was again on my hands and feet, in the act of rising, when, with the suddenness of ghosts, Rebina, with her sister and father and mother, all appeared in one group before me! So powerfully did their presence, at this most unlucky moment, affect my nerves that I did not for some time afterwards know whether I was dead or alive. On recovering my senses a little, the horrible quadrifid (how can I in this case apply any other adjective to them?) were still standing in juxta-position with me, apparently little less stupified than myself at what they had just witnessed. O! I would ten thousand times sooner have encountered a legion of demons than have met the Clarksons in such circumstances. It would have been to me at that dread moment a luxury of the highest order had the earth opened and swallowed me up; nay, had I been inserted in the bowels of Vesuvius or Etna, it would have been to me a perfect paradise compared with what I then endured. Without attempting to speak, or even to take up my hat which was lying hard by, I made as precipitate a retreat as possible; and from that moment until this I never saw, nor wished to see, one of the C.'s faces—not even that of

Rebina herself. I should have added that, at the time they and I had surprised each other under such unpleasant circumstances, they were returning home from E———, at which they had been on a visit.

For some months after this ill-starred adventure I sickened at the simple pronunciation of the word lady, and confined myself as much as possible to my own apartments.

About a year afterwards accident again threw me in the way of the sex, and the arrows of Cupid were a second time infixed in my poor heart. Circumstances had transpired which led me to believe that Mary Ann Bennett, a young lady to whom I had been recently introduced by a female acquaintance of hers, had formed a somewhat flattering estimate both of my principles and person. She was the only daughter of a physician who resided in the same town as myself. I studiously sought to cultivate a further acquaintance with her, and every new interview we had together served only to deepen the conviction I felt of being regarded by her with something more tender than mere friendship.

I accordingly resolved (never dreaming of the possibility of a refusal) on soliciting her consent to be led by me to the hymeneal altar, and lest some of the thousand-and-one accidents which are ever and anon occurring to prevent the celebration of the marriage ceremony in protracted courtships—and this, too, when both parties were in the first instance most devotedly attached to, each other—recollecting, I say, this fact, I had no sooner formed the resolution in question than I carried it into effect; but, as I have always laboured under a considerable degree of constitutional bashfulness, especially when conversing with marriageable ladies, I preferred making the important overture to Mary Ann by letters rather, than verbally in *propria persona*. The purport of the epistle I addressed to her was that I had been deeply smitten by her charms—that to my eyes and mind she possessed intellectual accomplishments and personal attractions infinitely superior to those of any other lady in the world—that my future happiness, if not existence, was entirely at her mercy—that I adopted this method of imploring her hand in marriage in preference to any other for reasons I should afterwards explain to her—and concluded by begging of her, in the most urgent terms, to relieve me from the intolerable state of suspense I was then in, by returning me a decisive answer of some one kind or other, in the space of two hours at longest.

The momentous letter was no sooner enclosed than it was despatched by a special messenger; and I confined myself in my apartments until I should learn the result. From the moment the bearer of my epistle to Miss Bennett departed, until the expiration of the limited time, my mind was almost torn to pieces—if such an expression be a sufficiently correct one, between the conflicting passions of hope and fear—between the hope of the acceptance of my proposal, and the dread of its being rejected; for, though formerly self-confident of being deep in Mary Ann's affections, I was not altogether without an apprehension, now that the momentous crisis had arrived, that I might have been after all only deceiving myself. Sit or lie on the sofa, I could not. I paced through my room with my watch in my hand,

scarcely withdrawing my eyes for a moment from its dial-plate. The time appeared to me to move so slowly that a hundred times over would I have positively sworn that my time-piece had stopped, had I not heard its beating so distinctly. The two hours—each of which, in my apprehension, extended to an age—at length expired, but no answer to my letter! Every hope was now demolished. The servant whom I had entrusted with the communication had accidentally learned that Miss Bennett was at home—a circumstance which was sufficiently demonstrative to me, when no reply was vouchsafed to my letter, of the reception my overture had met with. Mortification and shame now reigned paramount in my soul. My very life was literally a burden to me: and I abhorred the very idea of being again seen out of doors, or of again mixing in society. Night approached. I threw myself on my bed, but no sleep, no rest for me. I tossed and tumbled about on my couch one five minutes, and then rose and traversed my bedchamber backwards and forwards another five, in which way I spent the whole of the long, long night. Morning approached, but with it came no alleviation of my mental distraction. A few minutes after breakfast time, two of my acquaintances called on me, and, without uttering any thing in the way of exordium, expressed their condolence with me in consequence of the rejection of the proposals I had last night made to Miss Bennett! The observation fell on my ears with a power of which no description could furnish the reader with any adequate conception. I wished at the moment that, instead of being doomed to hear it made, a thunderbolt had alighted on me and annihilated me at once. On recovering partially from the astounding effects of the observation in question, my first feeling was one of wonder as to how my two acquaintances could possibly have been so soon apprised of the fact of my tender overtures to Mary Ann having met with so adverse a reception. I saw it would have been fruitless and foolish to have denied that I had made proposals of marriage to Miss Bennett,—laying the delinquency of such denial out of the question. I frankly admitted that such was the fact, enquiring at them, at the same time, as to the manner in which they had come to hear of the circumstance. "Hear of it!" exclaimed both of my acquaintances at once. "Before ten o'clock at night," continued one of them, while the other uttered something of a similar import, "Before ten o'clock at night, it was the only topic of conversation in the more respectable circles in town, and almost every young lady in the place could repeat verbatim the entire contents of the epistle in which the offer was made."

I could not be sufficiently cruel to wish my most inveterate enemy the infliction of a tithe of the mental agony which this statement occasioned to me. I had not indeed previously supposed the human mind capable of bearing up under such a pressure of wretchedness as I then felt hanging on me. While thus writhing under the conjoint circumstances of knowing that my addresses were spurned at by Mary Ann, and that the entire community, by a most reprehensible breach of good faith, were acquainted with the whole matter, I received (my two friends were still present) a clumsy sort of package, wrapped in a tattered fragment of green paper. I opened it in their

presence, never imagining for a moment that it could by possibility have even the most distant relation to the affair of last night. Judge then of my horror when the first thing which met my eye, as I reached the interior of the package, was the identical ill-fated epistle to Miss Bennett, soliciting her hand in marriage, accompanied by an ugly piece of paper, on which there were some fourteen or fifteen lines scrawled in a most miserable specimen of penmanship, with the signature of Miss B.'s father attached to it. I perused it, and was in the act of sending it up the chimney in a small volume of smoke, when one of my two friends (we were on the most familiar terms) snatched it from the doom which it was about to receive, exclaiming in a jocular sort of tone, "What can this be, Jonathan (such is my Christian name), that you seem in so great a rage at it?" And scarcely had the words escaped the margin of his lips than he read aloud the note from beginning to end. I saw perfectly, although they pretended great commiseration for me, that the whole matter afforded a rich treat to them; and yet I had not sufficient nerve at the time to intimate as much to them. The substance of the obnoxious *morceau* was that he (the son of Esculapius) had read the *epistle* I had addressed last night to his daughter—that from the very short and very slight acquaintance I had with Miss B. he looked on that epistle in no other light than as a direct insult both to her and him—that on reading it she happily characterised the inditer of it as a *great bore*—and that the only consideration which deterred him from inflicting on me a certain species of chastisement, was the charitable supposition that I must, at the time of penning it, have been either labouring under an alienation of intellect, or must have by mistake addressed to his daughter what had been specially intended for some other young lady.

The reader will most probably take it for granted that, immediately on perusing this odious note, I fell down on the floor as a dead man. No such thing. But I am free to confess that it was a most fortunate circumstance in one sense, however humiliating otherwise, that my two acquaintances already referred to were present at the time; for had I been by myself I would, in all probability, in the feeling of the moment, have rashly committed a crime, the name of which begins with an *s* and ends with an *e*.

My two acquaintances seemed in truth to have anticipated something of the kind, for they remained with me the whole of the forenoon, a much longer time than I had ever known them to do on any former occasion.

The unfortunate manner in which the affair in question terminated made me form two resolutions, the first of which was that I should never again pay my addresses to any female on earth, and the second was that I should, with all possible expedition, repair to another part of the country where I might be placed beyond the reach of the ridicule I had brought on myself, or rather which the reprehensible sayings and doings of others had brought on me.

The second resolution was speedily put in execution: in a fortnight thereafter I was situated in the Scottish metropolis, which is nearly two hundred miles distant from the scene of the recent unfortunate adventure.

I was fully two years in Edinburgh, during which I was not by myself in company with any of the marriageable portion of the sex for two minutes at a time. During this period, in fact, I felt horrified at the bare idea of encountering dark-blue eyes, when their proprietrix was a single lady.

About this time, however, the unavoidable disagreeable necessity was imposed on me of joining a party, in which there were five young ladies and an equal number of single gentlemen, on a pleasurable aquatic excursion, in the neighbourhood of Newhaven. Much as I endeavoured to avoid it, I could not help being struck with admiration of the beautiful countenance, as well as handsome figure and engaging manners, of one of these young ladies. Still, however, I studiously concealed my admiration of her charms in my own breast; for the recollections of the affair of the doctor's daughter, and the resolution consequent thereon I had formed of never again making any approaches to woman-kind, in the character of a suitor, were instantly conjured up to my mind. We accordingly parted with a cold formal sort of "Good-bye" on my part; but I thought that, while the words "Good evening, Sir," were escaping her fair lips, she gave my hand a gentle, yet very expressive, squeeze, accompanied with a glance which seemed to me unsusceptible of two interpretations.

In two days thereafter, to my no small surprise, I was invited to tea at the house of an old lady with whom my acquaintance was extremely limited. I accepted the invitation, and found among the fair portion of the party Miss Christina Ogilvie, the young lady with whose charms I had been struck when on the above-mentioned excursion.

In the course of the chit-chat which passed while at tea, I accidentally mentioned having in my possession a small volume consisting of a choice collection of beautiful love-poetry. Miss Ogilvie, on hearing the remark, uttered an exclamation of agreeable surprise at the circumstance, adding that she had been solicitously endeavouring for some months past to obtain a perusal of the identical work I had mentioned. It has since occurred to me, notwithstanding all this, as extremely questionable whether Miss O. ever before even heard of the existence of such a volume. Be that as it may, I looked on her exclamation and accompanying remark as an unequivocal appeal to my gallantry, and which of course I could not withstand. I intimated to Miss O. that I was most happy at having it in my power so easily to gratify her wishes, and that I would send it her immediately on my return home. She politely thanked me, and assured me she would feel very much obliged by my kindness.

I need not say that I was conscientiously scrupulous in the performance of my promise. In the course of eight days thereafter I was invited to her mother's house (her father was dead) to form one of a tea-party. Here again, it is unnecessary to add, I accepted the invitation. During the evening Miss Ogilvie pointed out to me some of the pieces in the work I had lent her with which she represented herself as being peculiarly delighted. These pieces were all beautifully expressive of a young lady's regards for her lover. It occurred to me that this was an indirect way of hinting to me the place I occupied in her affections. Still, however, I simply expressed my

admiration of her favourite pieces in general terms,—the fear of getting myself into another scrape similar to the affair with Miss Bennett being vividly before my eyes.

Without tiring the reader's patience with a minute statement of the progressive stages of our further acquaintance, I may just observe that it unconsciously ripened on my part, and apparently on that of hers too, into an ardent love, which consummation was brought about almost entirely by means of exchanging pieces and volumes of poetry, and by my employing myself for a series of weeks, to the exclusion of every thing else, in writing original lines for her album. These lines she invariably assured me stood perfectly unrivalled in the English language for their poetical beauties; but I have since been abundantly satisfied—although I fully believed *her* at the time—that greater nonsense, whether looked upon in the light of poetry or prose, never proceeded from a goose-quill.

In a few months afterwards—how the understanding had been brought about between us I cannot undertake to say, but I positively protest I never *asked* Miss Ogilvie's hand in marriage—in a few months afterwards, I say, we found ourselves discussing the most eligible time for our approach to the golden altar of hymen. The marriage day was at length appointed; and I was for weeks prior to it busily engaged in making the requisite arrangements for the celebration of the nuptials; so too, to all appearance, was my intended bride.

During all this time every thing went on most auspiciously and most agreeably; and as "the great, the important day, big with" our future fate, so far as human penetration could perceive, approached, my apparently embryo spouse seemed to increase in her affection for me. She was most profuse in her protestations of ardent, unalterable, eternal attachment. In fact, so completely had she, by means of her words and her actions, obtained the ascendancy over me, that, for her sake, I would cheerfully have faced, single-handed, a century of furies, and this, too, though not over famous for constitutional courage. I set her down as a paragon of all that is excellent mentally, as well as surpassingly handsome in her person; and, if at this period any man had had the imprudence and hardihood to have uttered in my hearing the most oblique hint touching the virtue of her principles or conduct, he was that instant inevitably a dead man, provided any fatal weapon had been within my reach. I had even, by this time, begun to look on the issue of my correspondence with the physician's daughter as a blessing of the first magnitude, seeing that had it not terminated as it did I could never have had the supreme happiness of having Miss O. for my wife.

Matters proceeded most smoothly until within a fortnight of the day which was to witness the consummation of my bliss. I then set out to my native town for the purpose of inviting two of my relations to be present at the marriage ceremony. But, O! the agonies of parting with Christina, although our separation was not to be above twelve days! Repeatedly did my tongue refuse to perform its office of pronouncing the word "adieu," and my limbs, until the very moment the coach was to depart, held out against carrying me from

her presence. And this feeling of strong regret at the circumstances which imposed on us the necessity of this temporary separation from each other, seemed to be mutual. I cannot even *yet* forget—so long as I have life I never will forget, although the recollection is a source of mortification and pain to me—with what apparent overflowings of affection she embraced me on the occasion—how, indeed it was absolutely necessary to tear myself, as if by a desperate sort of effort, from her tenaciously clinging arms.

After two days' travel, I found myself in the midst of my relations and friends. To the two already referred to I gave a hearty invitation to be present while my ardent aspirations were to be realized—while my future felicity was to be sealed. In giving this invitation, and indeed in speaking of Christina to my friends in general, I expatiated in a strain of eloquence, to which I did not previously imagine myself equal, on the countless good qualities, as well as personal fascinations, she possessed. It is unnecessary to say that my friends congratulated me with the utmost cordiality on the boundless bliss which, according to my own showing—for they had never before seen or heard of the lady—was in reserve for me. Never questioning the accuracy of the reports I had storied abroad respecting the virtues of Miss Ogilvie, some of my town's ladies, former acquaintances of my own, began, as I had reason to understand, to wish themselves in the same relation to meas that in which she then stood. They individually reasoned with themselves after this fashion :—" If a lady of such an amiable disposition, and such decidedly superior accomplishments as universal report ascribes to Miss Ogilvie, has agreed to become Mr. Jonathan's wife, there surely must be something more in him than we gave him credit for when residing here, and I should have no objection, were it so ordered, to share with him myself the joys and sorrows of life." I was even assured from undoubted and undoubtable authority that my former acquaintance, Miss Bennett, and the physician himself, both regretted most bitterly that my written overtures to the former were not treated more courteously—were not, in short, accepted. I was indebted for this piece of information to a confidential friend who, by the merest accident in the world, had overheard the doctor and his daughter chiding each other most bitterly on the subject—the father attributing all the blame in the matter to his daughter, and the young lady protesting most vehemently that it was by sheer threats and force on his part that she was induced to consent to the insulting note being sent me. She added—and my informant assured me that, from the tone of her voice, the tear must have glistened in her eye while she did so—that, had she been left to follow the bent of her own inclination, she would unhesitatingly have accepted of the proposals I had made to her. I need not say how fondly I chuckled over this intelligence—it was, indeed, to use a homely phrase, marrow to my bones.

It was now within four days of the momentous moment which was to seal my terrestrial felicity; and I had sitten down to write to Miss Christina, now my bride, that my two relations and myself were to set out for Edinburgh by next morning's coach. The letter from beginning to end was replete with superlatively affectionate breath-

ings, and I concluded it by quoting, with the utmost sincerity, the well-known couplet of one of our celebrated poets, which couplet now possessed a meaning and an energy I have never before discovered in it. It was—

> "Ye gods! annihilate both space and time,
> And make two lovers happy!"

I was in the act of folding up this letter with all the neatness I possibly could, when one of the servants handed me an Edinburgh newspaper, which some unknown acquaintance had addressed to me. I paused for a moment to glance at its contents, and the very first paragraph which caught my eye was one headed "Elopement." I perused it—it was as follows:—

"Last night an elopement took place from a house at no great distance from South Bridge, under somewhat extraordinary circumstances. The fair fugitive's name is C—st—a O—g—l—vie, and that of her paramour Mr. R—b—t L—m—nt. It is currently rumoured—and, though we cannot vouch for the accuracy of the report, it seems to meet with universal credence—that the enamoured pair had, on the evening of the elopement, been discovered in circumstances which the tongue of scandal will not fail to interpret in its own way. Of this, however, we are certain, and the fact adds much to the delinquency of both the fugitive parties, that the frail fair was pledged to another gentleman, a Mr. J—n—th—n M—rt—m—r, a native of the town of E——, county of Moray,—that the preparations for their marriage were all but completed,—and that the celebration of their nuptials was to have taken place in a few days The lovers, we understand proceeded in the direction of Gretna Green."

Strange as it may seem the perusal of this paragraph did not produce any sensible immediate confusion in my mind: I rather felt an emotion of a certain indefinable kind of desperation come over me, coupled with a resolve to end my existence by my own hand that very moment. I looked around me for some weapon—some razor or knife, or other instrument, for that purpose; but could find none. I then rushed out of the house, and hastened to the nearest ironmonger's shop for the purpose of purchasing a pair of pistols with which to blow out my brains; but just as I had intimated to the shopman the articles I wanted, one of my nearest relations accidentally entered. By this time, however, the shopman, not dreaming for a moment of the object I had in view, had placed a variety of pistols on the counter, expressing once or twice a hope that some of them *would answer my purpose*. But as I had been so far defeated in my object by the unanticipated intrusion of my relation, I mentioned to the young man, who appeared so very anxious to accommodate me, that neither of those on the counter would suit; and then departed. By this time I had become agitated, and betrayed a certain wildness of manner, which circumstance, conjoined with the nature of the articles I had intended to purchase, excited my friend's suspicions as to the catastrophe I was contemplating, and accordingly he took the precaution of accompanying me home, kept me in the

company of some of my friends the whole of the evening, and managed to get me to sleep that night in the same department as one of my brothers. On the following day the whole affair was circulated throughout the width and breadth of the town, and, after being strictly watched another day and night, I departed on the morning following, in accordance with the advice of my friends, for London, where I shipped in a fortnight thereafter for Calcutta, in which place I had then a near relation in affluent circumstances.

I resided in the East for more than twenty years, at the end of which time I returned to my native country, but not to my native town, having, during my absence, acquired a handsome independency. But, ever since the termination of the unpleasant and unfortunate affair with Miss Ogilvie, I have most piously adhered to a vow I then made, namely, that while I had breath in my body I would have no further acquaintance with any individual of the sex, than what occurs in the course of common conversation, and even this much only when circumstances should render it unavoidable. I think I now know enough of myself to warrant me in affirming that, as I have acted up to this resolve for so long a period, there is little or no danger of my violating it in future.

J. G.

KORNER.

"Charles Theodore Korner, the celebrated German poet and soldier, was killed in a skirmish with French troops, in August, 1813, within a few hours after the composition of his popular piece, the 'Sword Song.' The monument erected to his memory is of cast iron, and the upper part of it is wrought into a lyre and sword (a favourite emblem of Korner's), from which one of his works had been entitled."—*Richardson's Life of Korner.*

Korner! thy name will be
Long to thy country dear;
'Twill inspire the faint and nerve the free,
In glory's high career.

'Mongst the fearless and the bold,
Ever the first wert thou;
A form of more courageous mould
Ne'er fronted mortal foe.

The sword in thy right hand,
In the battle's raging hour,
When blood and rapine fill'd the land,
Was an instrument of power.

But when the fight was past,
And war's red pennon furl'd,
And the trumpet's shrill and awful blast
No more disturb'd the world,

Then would'st thou sweep the lyre
With rapt and holy hand,
Kindling each heart with patriot fire
Throughout thy native land.

Nor are thy songs forgot!
They're sung by prince and boor;
They are heard in palace and in cot,
On mountain and on moor.

Thine was an early grave,
Yet hallow'd is the sod;
For thou sleep'st amongst the young and brave,
On ground by freemen trod.

Where thy blood, in life's bright bloom,
In freedom's cause was pour'd,
Thou art buried!—and upon thy tomb
Art grav'd a "lyre and sword,"

To tell the nations round
That a bard lies there enshrin'd
Who was matchless, as he was renown'd,
In the wond'rous gifts of mind.

Long, long thy glorious name,
Thou of the "sword and lyre,"
With visions of immortal fame
Shall kindred hearts inspire.

On thy native hills thou art
The theme of song and story—
Thou art graven on thy country's heart,
And cherished with her glory.

B. NIGHTINGALE.

POOR LAWS FOR IRELAND.

The friends of justice, humanity, and sound policy, will rejoice to hear that Government have intimated their determination to bring in a Bill, soon after the Easter recess, for the introduction of Poor Laws into Ireland.

This is not only an act of justice to that unhappy and so long misgoverned country, but it is an act of homage to the great cause of humanity, which it is most gratifying to witness on the part of our rulers. We understand, however, that the intended measure will meet with most strenuous opposition in both Houses. Nor is this to be wondered at, when it is known there are so many extensive proprietors of land in Ireland, both in the Upper and Lower House, whose pockets must of necessity be touched by it. But their opposition must be overcome: private interests must not be suffered to defeat a measure of justice, humanity, and enlightened policy. Until Poor Laws are introduced into Ireland, that country never can be peaceable or happy.

So long as there is no legal provision for the poor of Ireland, so long will the aristocracy and middle classes allow them to perish of want. Nor is this the whole of the evil: the higher and middle classes will even deliberately assist in bringing those beneath them to utter beggary. One of the evils which at present afflict Ireland, and which has already been the source of so much of its wretchedness, is exorbitantly high rents. The landed proprietor lets his farms to persons whom he knows to be possessed of capital; and these last take long leases, not for the purpose of cultivating the ground themselves, but of profitably investing their money, by subletting such land to poorer tenants at much higher rentals—rentals so high that the parties obliging themselves to pay them find themselves in two or three years engulfed in bankruptcy. These unfortunate subtenants, with, in the majority of cases, wives and children, are consequently thrown on the world, and become paupers till the end of the chapter.

Introduce Poor Laws into Ireland and you at once lay the axe to the root of this evil. Landlords, and others possessed of property, will then learn that it is not their interest to ruin the peasantry; and, instead of exacting rents which they know to be impossible to be paid, they will ask only those which are fair, and which the land can enable well sub-tenants to pay. The landlords and others will then have a motive for wishing to preserve as many as possible of those below them from pauperism.

Distinctions in society obtain to an extent in Ireland of which we of Great Britain have little conception. The lower and middle classes keep themselves distinct from each other in all the relations of life. The latter look down on the former as if they were different orders of beings. "Keep those down that are down" is the maxim

of the middle classes as applied to the lower. Hence it is that it has become all but a miracle to hear of an Irish peasant emerging from the obscurity and penury of his birth. A quite different state of things would be the consequence of Poor Laws. From a principle of selfishness, if from no higher motive, industry would be encouraged, and every facility would be given to the peasant to better his condition.

There is another way in which Poor Laws would have a most salutary effect in Ireland. Absenteeism is one of the principal banes of the sister kingdom. And it will continue so so long as matters remain in their present posture. The very rents which the lords of the soil distrain from the impoverished peasantry, instead of being returned to them in the way of trade and commerce, are brought over to England and expended here. Now it is at utter variance with the first and most manifest principles of political economy that that country can be wealthy or even comfortable whose capital is being continually drained from it without in any shape finding its way back. Let a system of Poor Laws be established in Ireland, and it will have an instantaneous and magical effect on the absentees of that kingdom. They will return in shoals from Britain, and from every part of Europe. The measure we recommend would have all the advantages of a tax on absentees without the odium of the name. Instead of rusticating elsewhere they would return as naturally and promptly to their estates as the married men of old did at the close of Socrates' discourse on the beatitude of matrimony. Their rents would be expended on their own respective neighbourhoods. With the poor-rates before their eyes, they would hold out every inducement to their tenants, and to all the peasants within the sphere of their influence, to habits of industry and economy.

These are among the salutary consequences which would accrue from the introduction of Poor Laws into Ireland. And by thus bettering the pecuniary means of her poorer population, you at the same time ameliorate their moral and social condition. The individual whose belly is aching of hunger, who is destitute of fuel, or so scantily apparelled as to be exposed to the severities of inclement weather, is assuredly a very unfit subject either for intellectual or moral education. Perhaps it ought not to be so; but the question is not what ought or ought *not* to be, but what *is*? And so long as human nature is constituted as it is, so long will the exigencies of the body obtain a prior attention to those of the intellect and heart. But once devise effective measures for bettering the pecuniary condition of the poor, and education and religion will infallibly, in the majority of cases, do the rest; at least, in so far as society is concerned.

That it is criminal to suffer the poor to endure the pangs of hunger, or encounter the inclemencies of the seasons without shelter and fuel and clothing, is one of the clearest points in that Book which, in this Christian country, we profess to make the guide of our conduct. This matter is so manifest, however much our conduct has been opposed to it, as to be denied by none.

Humanity and reason speak forcibly in the same strain. We may be hard-hearted enough to refuse aid to those who are perishing or

suffering from want, but the most depraved will admit that, in all such cases, there is a still small voice within which admonishes them they are doing wrong.

The law of England concurs in this matter with Scripture, reason, and humanity. For the English poor it has made ample provision. The 43rd of Elizabeth puts it out of the power of the niggard and hard-hearted to escape from contributing their share to the support of the poor. Blackstone, our most celebrated commentator on the laws of England, thus speaks of the statute in question:—"The law not only regards life and member, and protects every man in the enjoyment of them, but also furnishes him with *every* thing necessary for their support. For there is no man so indigent or wretched, but he may demand a supply sufficient for all the necessaries of life from the opulent part of the community." The poor are accordingly provided for in England.

And can there, we beg to ask, be any thing more manifestly wrong—any thing more inconsistent on the part of our Legislature, than that while a legal provision is thus made for the poor of England the poor of Ireland should be suffered to languish or die of want? Is not Ireland an integral part of the empire, and ought she not, as such, to share equally with England in the benefit of the laws? If she be not allowed thus to enjoy the advantages of laws so far as relates to the conveniences and comforts of life, let her at least, in the name of all that is good, have the benefit of English laws as regards the *necessities* of life. If, indeed, either country were to be more favoured than another in this respect, Ireland is, beyond all controversy, that country which ought to be so favoured,—inasmuch as her poor have always been more numerous, in proportion to the population, and the wants of these poor more urgent than those of the poor of England.

The late Mr. Cobbett and the late Dr. Doyle were decidedly of opinion that no new law is necessary to give Ireland the benefit of a legal provision for her poor, and that the blame does not lie with the law, but the executive, that she has not had Poor Laws for centuries past. These able writers maintain, that the 43rd of Elizabeth was originally meant to extend to Ireland, and every other place of the empire where the poor suffered from want. We are of the same opinion.

But if the manifest will and command of the Supreme Being, that a legal provision be made for the poor,—if the reasonableness and the humanity of the thing,—if all these, accompanied as they are by the obvious intentions of the law that such provision should be made,—will not, as they have not before, prove sufficient to cause the introduction of poor laws into Ireland, then let us press on Parliament the necessity of the thing on the ground of sound policy. England and Scotland have of late years been literally inundated with Irish paupers; and the number of these ragged, half-starved emigrants, so far from diminishing, is every year becoming much greater. The baneful consequences of this large importation of Irish are beginning to be seriously felt by our British labourers. If they continue to pour in on us much longer, our lower classes will bear a humiliating analogy to those of the sister island. This is no gratuitous assumption; no rashly adopted opinion; it is the result of much careful thought on

the subject, and is, moreover, supported by the highest possible authority in a case of the kind, to wit, the Third Emigration Report. That Report says, "The inevitable consequence of the spontaneous emigration of the Irish is to deluge Great Britain with poverty, and gradually, but certainly, to equalize the state of the English and Irish peasantry." Such opinion, coming from such authority, ought to arouse the government if it has any wish to avert a calamity of so frightful a magnitude as that here anticipated.

There never yet was a measure of justice or utility proposed, but it was met by some objections. The introduction of Poor Laws into Ireland is no exception to the rule. The objections urged against such introduction are manifold, but they are feeble. The strongest of them may be demolished in a moment.

It is said that numerous gross abuses are connected with the English Poor Laws, and therefore that no legal provision should be made for the Irish poor. We admit the premises; but it does not follow that we must adopt the conclusion which some draw from them. If we were to argue from the abuse to the disuse of things, there is no saying where we would stop, all things, every institution under heaven, are abused more or less. Great and manifold abuses are mixed up with our courts of justice; but he would be a strange sort of logician who would reason from thence that it were better altogether to abolish such courts. Men often abuse their liberty, and commit assaults, robbery, murder; but no one has yet ventured to maintain that we ought for that reason to be deprived of our freedom. Some men are guilty of arson, others drown themselves; but we have yet to learn that there would be wisdom in a measure which should, therefore, deny us the use of fire or water. If there be abuses connected with the English Poor Laws, and if these are so manifest as to be observed by the most short-sighted, it follows that, in forming a system of Poor Laws for Ireland, those abuses can be the more easily guarded against. Perfection is a virtue which is not to be found in any thing below; but there have been plans proposed for making a legal provision for the poor of Ireland, which would be an effectual security against many of those abuses complained of in the case of England. Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Grattan severally proposed bills to parliament a few years since which were decidedly excellent. The late Dr. Doyle was of the same opinion, and he was no mean authority.

It is said there is something repulsive to the feelings of paupers themselves to a poor house. No doubt there is; but then the poor meet with many things repulsive to their feelings. The taunts and cavalier treatment they receive from the aristocrat down to the hard-hearted menial, when asking a pittance to keep body and soul together, are among the number. We take it that a poor house cannot be more repulsive to their feelings than this. If it be, it surely cannot be more repulsive or more dreaded than perishing of want—than lying down to die like dogs. The best proof that it is not will be found in the fact of their accepting the relief thus provided.

But it is quite a possible thing to make a legal provision for the poor without having workhouses at all. And no person, we are sure, who knows any thing of Ireland, ever proposed to erect workhouses

in that country. A certain weekly allowance can be given to those who are in extreme want and unable to work, without taking them from their own hovels. This is done in Scotland, in the case of those who get relief from their respective parishes.

It is objected that, in the event of a legal provision being made for the poor of Ireland, parents will be abandoned by their children. Dr. Doyle in part answers this objection when he asks, "Will the son or daughter-in-law be less kind or courteous to the aged mother, because the elders of her parish, the witnesses of her well-spent years, may think fit annually to bestow on her a suit of clothing, or afford her some comfort in the decline of life?" It may be added—How many parents are there who have no children to support them? how many have children who are unable to afford them any support? And, lastly, how many there are whose children need to be supported themselves?

The only other objection worthy of being noticed, is—that poor men confiding in the legal provision to be made for them in old age, will be improvident in their youth, and spend in the ale-house what they are now careful to save. The answers are, first, that such is not the fact in England where Poor Laws exist; for there, in the vast majority of cases, every poor man who can afford it is careful to make provision for old age by joining Benefit Societies. Second—it is impossible for those to be prudent, and this is the case with the Irish poor, who never had any thing to lay up against the infirmities of old age. They have barely as much as preserves the vital principle within them.

The urgent necessity which exists for the introduction of a system of Poor Laws into Ireland will, we trust, induce the Government to make their intended measure one, on the carrying of which, they will be willing to stake their existence as an Administration. The knowledge of this determination will do much more to disarm the hostility of those opposed to a legal provision for the poor of Ireland than all the arguments grounded on justice, humanity, and sound policy, which they will be able to urge in favour of such a measure.

J. G.

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS.*

No book on issuing from the press has given such general satisfaction at least of late years, or required so early a reprint, as "Random Recollections of the House of Commons;" for, within the short space of three months, three large editions have been published. The merit of that work has been equally allowed by persons whose political sentiments widely differ. It furnishes us with a very graphic description of the personal appearance, manners, &c. of the representatives of the British nation. This work, we hesitate not to say, will be read with much gratification, for years to come, by all who take an active interest in the various governments of Europe, and will be referred to by the biographers of our own country, when recording the lives of those who have rendered themselves eminent in our day. The same writer having prepared another work, under the title of "Random Recollections of the House of Lords," which reached us just as we were going to press, we hasten to lay before our numerous readers such extracts as will not only amuse, but highly gratify them. This latter work is written in the same plain, discriminating manner and style as the former. It is replete with interesting observations on the persons manners, and every thing which relates to the public character of the noble Lords introduced. So the reader, whether personally acquainted with the individuals or not, may be said to have a full-length portrait of both "body and mind." The writer in this volume as in the former, proves himself to be "one of no party." The touches of his pencil, whether they be light or otherwise, must be considered relatively as necessary to bring the character fully out on the canvas.

As we have already mentioned, the work only reached us when on the eve of going to press, we are consequently unable this month to give any detailed account of its contents; and must satisfy ourselves with a few extracts.

To such of our readers who have never visited the House of Lords, the first chapter will be highly interesting, for it gives a minute description of the building, its offices, decorations, &c.

From Chapter II, which is restricted to the Forms, Rules, Regulations, &c. of the House, we make the following extract: -

"The opening either of a new Parliament, or of a new Session of Parliament, when the latter is opened by the King in person, is a very imposing spectacle. The former is always done by the King in person, except under very extraordinary circumstances. The interior of the House, on such occasions, presents a most interesting sight.

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* Random Recollections of the House of Lords. By the Author of Random Recollections of the House of Commons. Smith, Elder, and Co.

"The ceremony usually commences at a quarter past two in the afternoon. As early as twelve there is always a large attendance of Peeresses, Peeresses' daughters, and other female members of the aristocracy, all in full dress. The attendance of Peers on such occasions is usually limited; their absence is chiefly owing to a wish to accommodate the ladies with their seats. The number of ladies generally present when the King opens a new Parliament, or a new Session of Parliament, in person, is from two to three hundred. Notwithstanding the extremely unfavourable state of the weather on the opening of the present Session, the number of female members of the aristocracy could not have been much under two hundred and fifty. As the present House is of such very limited dimensions, a considerable number found it impossible to procure comfortable seats in the body of the House, and therefore stationed themselves in the two side galleries, which extend along that part of the House nearest the throne. The scene, altogether, when the King arrived, was one of unusual splendour. In the side galleries, as just mentioned, and along the two first rows of benches on either side of the floor, with the exception of the Ministerial bench, and that occupied by the leaders of the Opposition,—the ladies were ranged, arrayed in their most splendid apparel; while the other parts of the House were occupied by the Peers, the Foreign Ambassadors, and other distinguished persons from every court in the world maintaining at the present time a friendly understanding with this country. The Peers were all clothed in the robes of state peculiar to their respective ranks. The Foreign Ambassadors, and the other distinguished persons from foreign courts, were also dressed in the court costume of their different countries. The Foreign Ambassadors have a place allotted to themselves on the seats immediately behind Ministers. Between the Ministerial bench and the right of the throne are, as observed in the previous chapter, the seats appropriated to the Lord's Spiritual, on which the Bishops sat, dressed in full canonicals. Outside the bar were the members of the House of Commons, headed by their Speaker. The gallery for strangers was on this, as on all similar occasions, shut to the public. Peers' orders, which on other occasions command the instant admission of those who are fortunate enough to procure them, always go for nothing when the King opens Parliament in person; and also, indeed, when it is opened by commission. Nothing but the signed and sealed order of the Lord Great Chamberlain will prove a passport to any one. The select character of the company, even in the strangers' gallery, on such occasions, may, therefore, be at once inferred. The parties consist, in a great measure, of the male relatives or friends of Peers.

"As on all similar occasions, the firing of cannon announced the arrival of his Majesty outside the House. In a few minutes after, the flourishing of a trumpet intimated that he was on the eve of making his entrance. The Peers all rose; the King made his appearance and advanced to the throne. He seated himself on it, and then desired the Lords to resume their seats. When he is absent they usually sit with their hats on their heads; when he is present they are all uncovered, as a mark of respect to him. Shortly after, when the necessary arrangements were completed, and every one who had taken part in the forms was in his proper place, the speech, written out, as it invariably is, in large, legible penmanship, on two or three folio sheets of paper, was put into his hands. He instantly, after looking first at the Lords, who were all in the immediate vicinity of the throne, and then at the Commons outside the bar, commenced reading the speech. A breathless calm ensued, which was preserved to the close.

"In person the King is about the middle height. He can scarcely be said to be corpulent, but his stoutness approaches to it. His shoulders are rather high, and of unusua breadth. His neck has consequently an appearance of being shorter than it is in reality. He walks with a quick but short step. He is not a good walker. I know of no phrase which could more strikingly characterise his mode of walking, than to say—"he waddles." The latter is not a

very classical term, but in the present case it is peculiarly expressive. His face is round and full. His complexion is something between dark and sallow. What the colour of his hair is I cannot positively say, as on every occasion on which I have seen him he had either the crown or a hat on his head. As far as I could form a judgment, it is of a light brown. His features are small and not very strongly marked, considering his advanced age. His nose is short and broad, rather than otherwise. His forehead is pretty ample both in breadth and height, but has a flatness about it which deprives it of any intellectual expression. His large light-gray eyes are quick in their movements, and clear and piercing in their glances. His countenance is highly indicative of good nature blended with bluntness. You see nothing, either in his appearance or manners, that would lead you to infer that he was other than a plain country gentleman. That he is good-hearted and unaffectedly simple in his demeanour is a fact of which you are convinced the very first glance you get of him. The beadle of a parish, when clothed in his cloak of office, struts about at the church door with an air of immeasurably greater self-importance than William the Fourth exhibits when he meets, in state, the Nobles and Commoners of the land. You cannot help thinking that he wishes in his heart he could either dispense with the prescriptive ceremonies he has to go through, at the opening and closing of each Session, or that, in the overflowing kindness of his soul, he forgets, at the time, he is the Sovereign of these realms. His every look and movement furnish evidence, not to be mistaken, of the man triumphing over the Monarch. It is clearly with difficulty that, in the midst of the procession to the throne, he restrains himself from suddenly stepping aside to shake hands with every nobleman he sees around him. As it is—contrary to the usual practice of Kings on such occasions—he nods, and evidently says in his own mind, 'How do you do?' to every Peer he passes. Of his extreme good-nature and simplicity of manners he gave several striking proofs at the opening of the present Session. The day was unusually gloomy, which, added to an imperfection in his visual organs, consequent on advanced years, and to the darkness of the present House of Lords, especially in the place where the throne is situated—rendered it impossible for him to read the Royal Speech with facility. Most patiently and good-naturedly did he struggle with the task, often hesitating, sometimes mistaking, and at others correcting himself. On one occasion he stuck altogether, when, after two or three ineffectual efforts to make out the word, he was obliged to give it up, when, turning to Lord Melbourne, who stood on his right hand, and looking him most significantly in the face, he said, in a tone sufficiently loud to be audible in all parts of the House, 'Eh! what is it?' The infinite good-nature and bluntness with which the question was put, would have reconciled the most inveterate republican to monarchy in England, so long as it is embodied in the person of William the Fourth. Lord Melbourne having whispered the obstructing word, the King proceeded to toil through the speech; but by the time he got to about the middle, the Librarian brought him two wax tapers, on which he suddenly paused, and raising his head, and looking at the Lords and Commons, he addressed them, on the spur of the moment, in a perfectly distinct voice, and without the least embarrassment or the mistake of a single word, in these terms:—

"'My Lords and Gentlemen,

"'I have hitherto not been able, from want of light, to read this speech in the way its importance deserves; but, as lights are now brought me, I will read it again from the commencement, and in a way which, I trust, will command your attention.'

"He then again, though evidently fatigued by the difficulty of reading in the first instance, began at the beginning, and read through the speech in a manner which would have done credit to any professor of elocution—though it was clear he laboured under a slight hoarseness, caused most probably by cold. The sparkling of the diamonds in the crown, owing to the reflection

caused by the lighted candles, had a fine effect. Probably this was the first occasion on which a King of England ever read his speech by candle-light, at the opening of his Parliament.

"Shakspeare lays it down as a maxim—'Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.' It is no doubt true as a general rule, but it does not admit of universal application. Had Shakspeare lived in the reign of William the Fourth, he would never have penned the observation in the unqualified way in which it stands. He would have seen, in the person of our present Sovereign, an exception to the rule. *His* head does not lie uneasily. The Crown sits lightly on it. Not that he is indifferent about the welfare of his subjects; far from it; but because he believes that they live under a mild and paternal and enlightened Government, and that, conscious of nothing but the most kindly feelings towards them, he never allows his mind to be haunted for one moment with any suspicion of their loyalty to his person or fidelity to his throne. It is one of the irresistible tendencies of his nature to look on the sunny side of the picture; in this case his unsuspecting disposition will not betray him into any error. The generous confidence he reposes in the friendly feelings of his subjects towards him is not misplaced. Few monarchs have reigned more in the affections of his subjects than does William the Fourth of England."

The third Chapter is headed "Miscellaneous Observations." We extract the following passages:—

"Every one who has had an opportunity of observing the proceedings in both Houses, must have been struck with the decided superiority of the Upper over the Lower House in regard to the talent, order, and good taste displayed in debating on public questions.

"Observations to this effect are invariably made by those who have been present during debates in both Houses; and they have generally expressed their surprise at the circumstance. It appears to me that nothing could be more capable of easy explanation. In the first place, the Peers being hereditary, and once in the Upper House remaining there for life, have, in the great majority of cases, been members for a long course of years, and, consequently, have all the advantage of experience in regard to its proceedings over the other branch of the legislature. Then, again, the greater part of them have the further advantage of having been drilled into habits of public speaking and transacting public business, by a sort of apprenticeship in the House of Commons. And how much long practice sharpens the faculties of the mind, as well as in most cases improves the manner of public speaking, must be known to every body who has ever thought on the subject. The Commons have no such advantages: a great number of the members of that House retire at every general election,—not to mention the changes which take place in the representation of the country in the interval; while their places are supplied by raw country gentlemen, and persons who know nothing of public business or public speaking,—many of whom perhaps never were in the House in their lives. To school such persons into a knowledge of the rules and forms of a House, requires, in many cases, a period of some years. But this is not all. In the House of Commons, the members being responsible to their constituents, and liable to be dismissed on the recurrence of every new general election, are often, for the sake of retaining their good opinion, obliged to make speeches whether Nature has intended them for public speaking or not; and often, too, on particular subjects with which they are but very imperfectly acquainted. Indifferent exhibitions on the floor of the Lower House must, in many cases, be the result of this disagreeable necessity. In the Upper House, the members are more fortunately circumstanced. Responsible to no constituency or person, and certain of their seats for life, unless they commit any serious crime against the State, they are perfectly free to act as they choose—to make a speech or maintain an unbroken silence, just as they feel inclined.

"The scenes of confusion so common in the other House, are of very rare occurrence in the Lords. In the latter place one's ears are never assailed by the zoological sounds so frequently to be heard in the Lower House. The art of cock-crowing has yet to be learned by the Peers; nor have any of their Lordships yet afforded evidence of possessing the enviable acquirement of braying like a certain long-eared animal, yelping like a dog, or mewing like the feline creation. You hear no sounds in the Upper House resembling those emitted by a Scotch bagpipe or an Italian hand-organ. There are no ventriloquists there: if you wish to see exhibitions, and hear sounds of this description, you must descend to the Lower House, where you cannot fail to form a very exalted opinion of the talents of the principal performers.

"In the Lords, the triumphant party never even cheer, in the usual acceptation of the term, however great the victory they have achieved over their opponents. The announcement of the result of every division is heard in unbroken silence. In the course of the debates—however high party feeling may run on each side of the question—you never witness any other demonstration of that feeling than in an occasional 'Hear, hear!' Or it may be, your ears are greeted with cries of 'Order, order!' from the opposite side, when any member is transgressing, or is supposed to be transgressing, the rules of the House, either as regards the respect due to some Peer individually, or to the House in its collective capacity. You are struck with the gravity which usually characterises the proceedings in the Upper House. The contrast will appear particularly striking if you have been in the other House in some of its more noisy and uproarious moods. The gravity, indeed, of the proceedings in the Lords, often verges on dulness: still you cannot fail to be struck with the superior talents and business habits of their Lordships.

"There is one thing which goes far to account for the superior gravity and order which characterise the proceedings of the hereditary branch of the legislature, apart from the influence which their Lordships' own notions of dignity have in producing those effects. I allude to the circumstance of the disparity in the number of members in each House. Though the number of members in the House of Lords is only about a third less than the number of members of the other House, the attendance on important occasions in the latter place, is usually nearly three times as great as that in the Lords. The system of voting by proxy in the Upper House, while no such system exists in the Lower, accounts for this. It is unnecessary to add, that whenever business is transacted, or any question is discussed, either by large or small assemblages, there must of necessity be much more order and regularity of proceeding in the latter than in the former case.

"You will never on any occasion, from the commencement to the close of a session, observe any of the Peers lying horizontally on the seats,—which is so general a practice in the other House. They have too high a sense of their own dignity for that. Neither do you, with two exceptions, ever see any of them somnolent. The exceptions I refer to are a Ministerial Duke and a member of the Right Rev. Bench of Bishops. His Grace has not been very regular in his attendance of late: formerly he was exemplary in his legislative conduct, in so far as his presence and his votes were concerned; but he never heard a word of the debates. No matter how important the question, or who were the speakers,—there he sat firmly locked in the arms of Morpheus, with his head half buried in his breast. He always sat, as Milton would have said, "apart by himself." What is worthy of observation is, that he was most regular in his attendance when there was no subject of importance before the House; and when, consequently, the benches were comparatively empty. If there was one bench on his side of the House which was unoccupied, on it he was sure to seat himself. The Right Rev. Prelate to whom I refer, has not quite so strong a disposition to somnolency: he only addresses himself to sleep occasionally during the proceedings; but when he does so, there is no mistake about the matter. Soundly and well does he

sleep. Nothing will awake him till he has had his nap out. Not even the thunders of Lord Brougham's eloquence, when in his most violent and impassioned moods, have the slightest effect in the way of disturbing the Right Rev. Prelate's slumbers. While the Lord Chancellor in the debate on the Irish Tithes Bill, in August, 1834, was causing the walls of the House to resound with the fierce invectives he hurled "at all and sundry" opposed to Ministers, and especially at the devoted head of the Earl of Mansfield,—the Right Rev. Bishop slept "as sweetly" as if his Lordship had only been singing a lullaby. The zest with which he enjoys a stolen slumber appears to be so great, that he must often, on awaking, have cordially concurred with Sancho Panza in invoking a thousand blessings on the head of him who invented sleep. In fact, the profoundness of his slumbers seems to be in proportion to the loudness of the tones of the speaker. How profound, if this hypothesis be a correct one, would be his Reverence's repose in the immediate vicinity of the Falls of Niagara! Byron loved the ocean's roar. The roar of this mighty cataract would be "most sweet music" to the Right Rev. Prelate's ears."

The sixth Chapter contains sketches of the Duke of Cumberland, the Duke Wellington, the Duke Gordon, the Duke Newcastle, the Duke of Buckingham, the Duke of Northumberland, and the Duke of Buccleugh; our extracts must be restricted to the Dukes of Cumberland and Wellington:—

"The Duke of CUMBERLAND is sure to be known by every stranger of ordinary observation, before the latter has been an hour in the House. No person ever entered the gallery, when His Royal Highness was in the House, without—as soon as he had collected his senses, scattered by the novelty of the place and the circumstances by which he found himself surrounded—putting the question to the individual next him, "Who is that nobleman with the large whiskers and mustachois?" pointing at the same time to the Duke of Cumberland. Not only to His Royal Highness's whiskers and mustachios of unusually large dimensions, but their milk-white appearance could not fail to make them, were they much smaller, attract the eye of every stranger. Then there is the ample harvest of hair "silvered o'er by age," which his head always exhibits. But independently of all these peculiarities in the personal appparance of the Duke, there is something so singular—I do not like to use another word lest it might be deemed invidious—something so much out of the usual class, if one may use such phraseology, of human faces, that a stranger's eye must necessarily alight on his out of two or three hundred others. It is one of that class of countenances which makes so deep and permanent impression on you, that you can, with the greatest ease, call it up in all its individuality before your own mind's eye, but which you find to be difficult, if not impossible, to place vividly before the eye of another. His brow is ample enough, and has something of an intellectual expression; but his eyebrows protrude, and are made more remarkable by his large prominent eyelashes. His eyes are small but quick, with a somewhat unpleasant expression about them. When he knits his brow, and contracts the other features of his face, which he sometimes does in a manner peculiar to himself, his eyes are almost buried in his head. His features, generally, are strongly marked, and have the reverse of a prepossessing appearance. His complexion has something sallow about it. There are wrinkles in his face, which is of a round form, but they are only few in number, and not very deep or broad in one who has attained the sixty-fifth year of his age. His height is above the usual size, and his figure may be said to be handsome. His countenance has nothing of the glow of health in it, but his body seems strong and compact. He dresses with much simplicity—he is never foppish. A plain brown coat, light vest, light small clothes, and a white hat, is the kind of attire to which he seems most partial.

"The Duke of Cumberland is no speaker. I use the word in an em-

phatic sense; for he has no voice, in the ordinary acceptation of the term. He emits certain sounds, it is true, but they are altogether unlike the ordinary tones of the human voice. The words which proceed from his mouth have a sort of yelping or growling sound, and are generally so imperfectly pronounced, or in so low a tone, as to render it an altogether hopeless task for any one not immediately beside him to perceive what he is saying, however great may be the attention paid to him. Whether or not this singularly imperfect enunciation be the effect of any physical cause, is a question on which I am unable to express an opinion. He speaks seldom, and generally not more than about half a dozen sentences at a time. The longest speech I ever heard him deliver—if the few sentences uttered in so short a period should be dignified by the name of speech—did not occupy more than five minutes in the delivery. When addressing the House, his manner is most mild and conciliatory. No one, who did not know him, would ever suppose, from his manner, that he could be so ultra in his Toryism, or so zealously attached to his opinions. He stands quite motionless: there is no emphasis in his voice, nor the slightest appearance of warmth about him. He looks a perfect model of political moderation. He never, or at least, but seldom, and even then, under very peculiar circumstances, applies a harsh or offensive epithet to his opponents. There is no man in the House who causes him a fiftieth part of the annoyance that Lord Brougham does, and yet he will allude, from time to time, with the greatest apparent good nature, to certain observations of the learned Lord. Nay, in a day or two after Lord Brougham, in one of his furious attacks on him, had called him "the Illustrious by courtesy," I saw his Royal Highness lean across the table and converse for some time with his Lordship with as much apparent kindness and cordiality of feeling as if nothing had happened. What are the real feelings with which he regards Lord Brougham are well known to His Royal Highness's friends. He is an excellent politician, however, in so far as external conduct is concerned; it suits his purpose to appear to feel as little as possible under the attacks of his opponents; and he sustains the assumed indifference admirably well.

"He is a man of no talent. He has not the remotest pretensions to intellect of any kind, or in any of its various modifications. He has not even the command of tolerable words wherewith to express any sentiment, such as it is, he may entertain. His late memorable letter to the chairman of the Select Committee for an inquiry into the alleged introduction of Orangeism into the army, afforded the most humiliating proof of his utter ignorance of the plainest rules of composition.

"He has not the slightest direct influence in the House. No nobleman, except perhaps Lord Kenyon, is directly guided in his conduct by the views which his Royal Highness entertains on any public question. He contrives, however, by indirect means to influence several of the more ultra of his party. In fact, he is, by no means, so bad a tactician as his opponents suppose. He is not deficient in that species of cleverness which is more generally called cunning.

"In my work on the other House of Parliament, I have mentioned the names of several members who are most exemplary in their attendance on their legislative duties. I doubt not many will be startled when I state the fact, that there is not a member in either House who can at all, in this respect, be compared with the Duke of Cumberland. From the moment the doors are opened until they are again closed, you see him in his seat. He is, literally—the door-keeper of course excepted—the first man in the House and the last out of it. And this not merely generally, but every night—no matter how uninteresting the business to be transacted—from the commencement to the close of the Session.

The intellectual character and personal appearance of the Duke of Wellington is thus portrayed by our author. It is a sketch which will be read with interest:—

"I now come to speak of the most distinguished man of the present day, either in this or any other country. I allude to the Duke of Wellington. It will at once be understood, that in characterising his Grace as the most distinguished man of the present day, I speak of him in his capacity of a general, and not in that of a statesman. In this latter respect, however, I am disposed to assign him a much higher rank than he is generally allowed to fill by those who entertain political principles opposite to his. If on some great occasion he has failed in his calculation of the probable effects of circumstances, and the probable course of events, it is not to be disputed by his most implacable foes that he has been, in cases of unusual difficulty, successful in others. The mere fact of his carrying on the government of the country during the eventful period which intervened between the resignation of Lord Goderich and the dissolution of his own administration, is of itself unanswerable proof,—known as it is by every one that that government was almost entirely under his own individual guidance,—that his mental resources must be very far from those of a common-place character. It must not only be recollected, that the period during which his administration existed was one unusually critical as regarded the posture both of home and foreign politics; but that he had to undertake the helm of government in the face of perhaps the strongest prejudice that ever assailed any Ministry: a prejudice caused partly by the unpopularity of his avowed high Tory principles, and partly by his memorable declaration, made but a short time before his accession to the Premiership—that he would be mad even to dream of filling that office.

"And yet, not only did the noble Duke conduct his government safely through the storms and tempests of the period referred to, but at the very moment he made his ill-judged declaration against reform, it seemed to be resting more securely than ever. That declaration was not only the most foolish that he ever made—it was infinitely more so than his previous well-known statement, that he regarded county meetings as farces—but it was decidedly the most imprudent that ever proceeded from the lips of a Minister of the Crown. It could not fail to prove, in the then existing circumstances of the country the destruction of his government. It had hardly escaped his lips, when he himself saw that such would be its inevitable consequence.

"But that the Duke of Wellington, notwithstanding defects in his character which prevent his being a statesman of the first class, is more than respectable in that capacity, must be abundantly clear to every mind not blinded by prejudice. His conduct, first in the case of the claims of the Dissenters, and afterwards in the case of the claims of the Roman Catholics, was such as no mind but that of a statesman could ever have suggested. Though mistaking the signs of the times, and ignorant of the state and force of public opinion in other instances, he clearly saw those signs, and correctly estimated the force of that opinion, as regarded the Test and Corporation Acts, and the disabilities under which the Roman Catholics then laboured. I need not here remark, that this conviction was not wrought on his mind by the arguments or representations of his colleagues in the Cabinet; for they were, to a man, obstinately adverse to concession in either case: it was wholly the result of his own reflections on the matter, and his clear perception of what the exigency of each individual case demanded at his hands. Nor was the fact of his determination to attempt the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, and to redress the grievances of the Roman Catholics, under the peculiar and difficult circumstances in which he was placed by his own previous opinions and conduct, and the existing state of sentiment on these topics among his colleagues and friends,—less a proof of his possessing some of the leading attributes of a statesman, than was the fact of his perceiving the then state of public opinion as to the expediency of such measures. That he succeeded in carrying them in the face of obstacles which would not only have appalled ordinary minds, but which seemed altogether insuperable, is a still further evidence of his possession of those attributes. There was hardly, I believe, a man in the country

but himself, when he first declared his intention of bringing forward those measures, who, with the House of Lords and the prejudices of George the Fourth in his eye, ever dreamed that the noble Duke would succeed in the objects he had view.

"The Duke of Wellington has generally evinced an intimate knowledge of the resources of his own party, and of the amount of force which would be necessary to carry their point, and defeat their opponents. Hence, as must often have been observed, he has not only on many occasions pursued a more moderate course than those of the more bigoted and less calculating of his Tory friends, but in various cases he has refused to co-operate with them at all. In several instances this refusal to co-operate with his own party against particular measures of a liberal Government, has arisen as much from a conviction of the imprudence of defeating Ministers—had those on his side of the House possessed the power—as from a consciousness of the utility of the attempt. In fact, his whole conduct shows that he is a man of great shrewdness and prudence.

"Perhaps no man of the present day possesses greater moral courage than the Duke of Wellington. It is that peculiar description of moral courage, too, which teaches him to disregard alike the opinions both of friends and foes. Let him be but convinced that a certain measure has become indispensable to the peace or welfare of the country, and to the carrying of that measure, he will lend all his energies in utter disregard alike of the smiles and frowns of others. I do not believe that he is either to be smiled into or frowned out of a particular measure, however seductive the smile in the one case, or ominous the frown in the other. He appears as indifferent to popularity as any public man I know of the present day.

"Indeed, my impression is, that his moral courage is so extreme as to degenerate into a blemish in his character. It was his utter indifference to popularity that prompted his ill-judged and, to his own Government, fatal declaration of November 1829, against all reform. And the same disregard of public opinion contributed, there can be no doubt, to his resolution to centre the entire government of the country in his own person during the space which intervened between the ejection of the Melbourne Ministry in November 1834, and the return of Sir Robert Peel from Italy. That was an experiment which no one, not even his own greatest friends, ever undertook to justify. It was an experiment, indeed, which admitted of no justification; but was considered by his own party, as well as by those of opposite politics, to be as unconstitutional as it was bold and daring.

"One of the greatest defects in the character of the Duke as a statesman is, his neither anticipating public opinion, nor keeping abreast with it. He generally resists it till it has acquired an overwhelming power. Had he, when in office, only granted a moderate measure of reform, the nation would have been satisfied, at least for a time, and he might still have been Prime Minister of the country. But by his refusal to yield one iota to the public demand, that demand became more extensive in its scope, and louder in its tone, until it could no longer be resisted with safety to the public peace.—He refuses the little which would be gratefully received as an act of grace, and then finds himself in the end compelled to make a much larger concession, for which he does not even receive the thanks of his countrymen.

"His general information is neither varied nor profound; but he very seldom commits blunders in his speeches. He always pays particular attention to any question of importance before the House before he ventures to open his mouth on it. And there are few men who can so speedily master the leading details of any question. His mind is acute, and his understanding vigorous; so that, in as far as the mere matter of his speeches is concerned, he generally appears to some advantage. He often strikes out new courses of thought, but seldom pursues them far. It is nothing uncommon to hear him urge a series of ingenious arguments in favour of his view of the subject, without

what is called dwelling on them. He is always clear: you can never mistake the position he labours to establish, nor can you ever fail to perceive the immediate bearing of his observations on that position.

"Were his diction and manner good, the noble Duke would rank high as a speaker, but both are bad. His style is rough and disjointed—sometimes positively incorrect: it is always, however, nervous and expressive. His manner of speaking is much worse than his diction. He has a bad screeching sort of voice, aggravated by an awkward mode of mouthing the words, His enunciation is so bad, owing in some measure to the loss of several of his teeth, that often, when at the full stretch of his voice, you do not know what particular words he is using. At other times, and this too while his gesture is vehement, he speaks in so low and peculiar a sort of tone, that you lose, perhaps, whole sentences together.

"The Duke feels strongly on political questions, and there is always great energy in his manner when expressing his sentiments. He generally makes a liberal use of his arms, especially his right one, when on his legs, and moves his body about for the purpose of enabling him to look his own friends, in different parts of the House, in the face. In his more vehement moods, he frequently falls into what, in parliamentary language, is called the habit of expectoration. His whole soul is thrown into his subject. You see at once that he has no ambition to play the orator. He never uses a word more than is necessary, nor does he attempt rhetorical flourishes. His speeches are full of feeling and sentiment. You are only surprised when you see the intensity of the former, if in opposition to any measure before their Lordships,—that he does not divide the House on the subject.

"Notwithstanding his having attained the advanced age of sixty-seven, he is full of spirits, and apparently in excellent health. The conformation of his face is, by portraits, or otherwise, so familiar to every one that it is unnecessary to describe it. I may simply mention that his hair is of a grayish colour and that his complexion is pale and wan. His eye is quick and piercing, and his whole countenance is highly indicative of energy and determination. In height he is rather above the middle size. His form, for one of his years, is slender, and remarkably erect. In his clothes he appears to evince a partiality to a blue coat, and light vest and trousers. They are seldom well made, but hang rather loosely on him."

Here we must close our extracts for the present. We received the volume at too late an hour to enable us to quote any of the author's Sketches of the Liberal Peers. In our next number we hope to be able to advert to the work in a more analytical way, when we shall have an opportunity of introducing to our readers such men as Earl Grey, Lord Melbourne, Lord Brougham, and some of the right rev. bench of bishops.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

"Damning a Piece."—Have our readers ever seen a piece "damned?" When the thing is done in proper style it is an amusing scene. Amusing, we mean, to all but the unlucky wight of an author and the almost equally unlucky wight of a manager. "An affair" of this kind occurred a few weeks since in Covent Garden theatre. The doomed piece was called *The Fate of War*. It was happily named on more than one account. The object of the piece was to exhibit a series of battles, sieges, defences, and retreats, between the British and French troops. The theatre of war was intended by the author to be in Spain; but it occurred, in a double sense, nearer home. The action was fought within the walls of the theatre, and the militants were the actors and the audience. All distinction between the British and the French soldiers was speedily lost on the stage. There these "martial enemies," owing to their ignorance of military evolutions, mingled together, as if on terms of the warmest friendship. A more "awkward squad" was certainly never exhibited either on the stage or off it. Nothing could exceed the clumsiness of every movement the "raw" troops made. Their evolutions were so utterly ludicrous that the audience scarcely knew whether they should give way to a feeling of indignation at the imposition practised on them by dignifying the exhibition with "the name of acting," or to one of admiration at the cool effrontery with which the "military" persevered in their parts notwithstanding the clumsiness of their execution. The good nature of the audience triumphed for a little; but it at last gave way, and was succeeded by a storm of hisses, hootings, and yells, which certainly would have been enough to frighten any body of actors from their propriety. The author, we doubt not, must have been frightened out of his senses. Poor fellow! a real fire of musketry could have been nothing to what he must have endured! We were never before so convinced of the advantage of retaining the anonymous in authorship. Had the author of "The Fate of War" been known to the audience, there could have been no difficulty in conjecturing what *his* "fate" would have been: he would have fared much worse than any of the soldiers he had exposed to the leadless musketry of the enemy on the stage. He would have been torn to pieces by the infuriated assemblage he had drawn together to see his "regulars and irregulars" go through their evolutions. In his absence, or rather the audience' ignorance of his identity, they made him suffer vicariously in the person of Mr. Wallack, the stage manager. All the responsibility fell on the latter. He was formally called to account, and only escaped the consequences of the audience's indignation by coming forward and declaring that it was contrary to his wishes the piece was produced, and adding that it would never be repeated. The

author, we guess, will be in no hurry to make another attempt at dramatic authorship—at all events we may say, with tolerable certainty, he will be in no haste to "play at soldiers" again.

Diversity of Tastes.—"There is no accounting for tastes," says the proverb. Undoubtedly there is not; for it is equally proverbial that what is one man's taste is another man's poison. One meets with people of singular tastes in jostling through the world. Not the least curious of those which have lately come under our notice is that of a poor beggar woman who follows the judges barefooted in their circuit. The following is the way in which the fact was stated in the *Standard* a few evenings ago:—

"The beggar woman, who has for several years walked the Oxford circuit barefoot, following the route of the judges from place to place, as their Lordships go to hold the assizes, is now on that circuit as usual."

What attraction huge powdered wigs, and countenances remarkable only for their gravity, can have in the eyes of this poor woman, is more than we can tell. But this we know, that to some people there is not a more unpleasant spectacle in the world. The very idea of a judge, or an assize, conjures up reflections in some men's minds—aye, and in some women's too—which are the reverse of agreeable. Instead of following them about from place to place, as this poor woman does, it is no uncommon thing to hear of people not only recoiling at the bare idea of meeting a judge, but suddenly flying across the Atlantic to avoid the unpleasant intercourse. How wretched must be the taste of this beggar woman in the estimation of a certain class of people at the antipodes!

Release of a Prisoner.—The following paragraph appeared in a late number of the *Mirror*:—"A toad, imbedded in an apparently solid mass of stone, was discovered last September, in a field at W., to the utter horror of the operator, when the shivered block disclosed its unsightly inmate. The creature, thus instantaneously restored to light and life, hopped vigorously away before the momentary surprise had been surmounted; and, being hotly pursued by a dog which was standing near, it escaped beyond recovery into the long grass and weeds of the neighbouring hedge."

This paragraph is altogether one of the most unique which has met our eye for some time. The circumstances connected with the discovery of the toad are most elaborately described. The only thing we dislike about it is that which represents the discovery to have taken place "in a field near W." Rather than have seen this same W. where it now stands we could have wished there had been no such letter in the alphabet. What we are apprehensive of is that sticking in the letter, where it now stands, will have the effect of throwing discredit, in some people's minds, on the whole statement, though we ourselves most potently believe every particle of it. Why could not the writer have named the place hinted at by the "W" at once. Had it been a case of *crim con* instead of the liberation of a toad from prison, he could not have

been more cautious lest he should commit himself. How or when the *solitaire* was put into confinement, nobody can tell, because nobody knows. Possibly, and here we speak with sober seriousness, the poor creature may have been shut up in its little stony cell before the time of Adam. In that case, with what strange personages of the biped creation has it been contemporary! What important events have taken place in its day! Empires have risen and fallen, and the world has been, in one sense, turned upside down, while it has all the while been cooped up in its little rocky quarters. And yet it has known nothing of the changes which have occurred. But a truce to moralization; for, if the temptation presented in this case to indulge in it were not resisted in the onset, there is no saying when or where it would end. "The creature," says the writer, "thus instantaneously restored to light and life, hopped vigorously away." How does he know that it was restored to life? That would imply it had been dead, which he has no ground for assuming. We see no right he has to assume that it was even asleep during its lengthened imprisonment. That "it hopped vigorously away" was not to be wondered at, after undergoing so protracted a confinement. We are sorry "it escaped beyond recovery into the long grass and weeds of the neighbouring hedge," because we should like to have learned something of its future history. However we cannot blame it for escaping, when we are informed "it was hotly pursued by a dog which was standing near." Had we been "standing near," we would have "hotly pursued" the dog, and in the event of overtaking him would have given him a sound beating; for what right, we should like to know, had he, or any other "Bow-wow," hotly to pursue this poor toad on its liberation after a confinement possibly of five or six thousand years? It might at least have had breathing time allowed it before it was subjected to any such molestation. The man, who had been confined forty-eight years in the Bastile, had no sooner been liberated than he wished to be again taken back to his dungeon: this unfortunate creature must have participated in the wish when it had no sooner been restored to the light than it was "hotly pursued by a dog."

Very Important.—*The Times*, a few days ago, had a paragraph of some length, in which a very pompous account is given of the circumstance of Nina Lassave, the mistress of the late Fieschi, having abruptly quitted the Café in which she had been "exhibiting," in consequence of one of the spectators having thrown a cup of coffee in her face. It is added, that no one knows what has become of her. This is doubtless prodigiously important intelligence to the public. The movements of Napoleon were not more carefully watched, or scrupulous recorded in the public journals, than are those of Nina Lassave.

The Ravel Family.—Either this "family" must be ubiquitous, or it must consist of so many members as to be capable of being subdivided into several families. One of the Bath papers, of Satur-

day the 19th, states, "that *to-morrow* night"—what a profane people the inhabitants of Bath must be, if they thus sanction theatrical performances on Sunday!—"the renowned Ravel Family, whose feats have excited such astonishment in London, make their appearance on the Bath boards." Now, every body knows that the Ravel Family, or at any rate *a* Ravel Family, were not only performing their "astonishing feats" here at the time mentioned; but that they "exhibited" in the Adelphi theatre for a week afterwards.

The Public—A Singular Theft.—It appears from the Bath Journals that a very animated and angry discussion has taken place among the Town Council of that city relative to some new church in the town. We have not been able to master the details; but one gentleman proves very clearly that some sad misdoings have been going on. Hear what he says:—

"The public have been wronged in this new church. I myself have had a vault taken away."

The public, every body knows, is a grossly injured personage. At least we daily hear of the wrongs which are done him. To be sure he gets credit for being a sufferer, and receives our warmest sympathies when he has no claim to them; for certain people have got an awkward custom of identifying their own individual wrongs, fancied or real, with those of Mr. Public. We by no means say that is the case in the present instance, when this town councillor of Bath says, "The public have been wronged in the new church;" but we must confess it does look somewhat like it, when he adds in the same breath, "I myself have had a vault taken away." Some persons have not only a strong penchant for felony; but the articles they steal are sometimes of a very curious kind. We have heard of persons whose acquisitive propensities were such that where there was nothing else within their reach they would steal a coffin. This, however, is the first instance which has come under our notice of any one stealing a vault! We marvel how the thief managed to carry it away. We recollect a case in which an old gentleman's gouty shoes were stolen, when the sufferer remarked that all the punishment he wished the rascal who had taken them was, that they might *fit* him. We think the member of the Town Council of Bath, who has had his vault taken away, may be reconciled to his loss in the hope that "the rascal of a thief" may soon find use for it.

Yankee Controversy.—Who that has ever seen an American newspaper has not been amused by the rich abuse which either the editors or their correspondents heap on each other when they happen to fall into controversy? Cobbett was a mere novice in the art of vituperation when compared with Jonathan. A few days since we promised ourselves a rich exhibition of the kind from two letters, written by Americans, which appeared in a Morning Paper; but one of the controversialists marred the sport by a premature retirement from the field. The aggressor in this case, speaking of the alleged bad taste of Mr. Jones, the American actor, in getting up the late meeting in Freemasons'

tavern, to express sympathy for the sufferers by the recent fire at New York, happened to say, "I am sure the views of Mr. Jones do not accord with those of the citizens of New York, with whom he can be but very little acquainted." One would have thought that this phraseology was sufficiently measured. Not so, thinks Mr. Jones. After saying that the object of the meeting was to express "sympathy for the late *conflagration* at New York" (for the *sufferers* by the late conflagration, we presume, he means), he waxes wondrously indignant and grandiloquent, and thus apostrophises his assailant :—

"You really, Sir, take a great responsibility on yourself in making this assertion, for it is founded in total ignorance, if not falsehood. My knowledge of the American character arises not from an airy vision, but from the reality of experience." "If," he adds, "I am very little acquainted with the citizens of New York, where is my feeling of gratitude to that community for their liberal patronage to my histrionic endeavours, for four successive years, in the national theatre of their city? Allow me to ask, which of *us* is best qualified to dilate on the American character; the person (perhaps) who has passed his days behind a shopboard, or that man who has been nightly before a generous public?" The adroitness with which Mr. Jones here introduces the affairs of the shop is only equalled by that with which he aims a thrust at his adversary, by insinuating that he is a merchant or clerk. Mr. Jones continues the same indignant apostrophe. "I trust, if you are an American, that no shame compels you to conceal your name beneath the mask of secresy and hypocrisy." "There," as the boys in the streets say—"there, take that, you person (perhaps) who have passed your days behind a shopboard."

Sir William Draper was not a whit more severe or indignant when he stigmatised Junius as an "anonymous slanderer," and dared him to come forth and throw off his mask.

The "person" who has thus very innocently and unconsciously, we have no doubt, called forth Mr. Jones's ire, dates his letter from "Pearl-street," and the tragedian leaps at once to the conclusion that, *ergo*, he "must be either a merchant, or, perhaps, a clerk." We say nothing of the infinite superiority which the tragedian here assumes for the histrionic profession over the business of a merchant or clerk. What we are anxious to know is, in the first place, what is the geography in our metropolitan world of this same "Pearl-street;" for we were ignorant of the existence of such a street. And, secondly, does nobody but merchants or clerks reside in it? In the latter case only is Mr. Jones entitled to credit for his logical acquirements. Mr. Jones's epistle seems to have frightened his adversary out of his propriety, for we have heard nothing of him since. We regret this; for if only half a dozen letters had passed between the belligerents they would have become so abusive as to afford the British public rare sport.

ANTI-MALTHUSIANS.—The northern Belgians, it appears, are no disciples of the late Mr. Malthus. They bid fair to beat the Irish themselves in the science of infant propagation. Vide the following paragraph, which appears in the daily papers :—

"In the year 1834, there was born in the northern Netherlands 87,800 children; the deaths were 68,484; the marriages 21,281."

Of the preponderance of the births over the deaths we say nothing, though there is room for a remark or two on that point. What we are anxious to know is, how it happens that where there are only 21,281 marriages per annum, there should be 87,802 births. Dominie Sampson would have held up his hands and exclaimed, "Prodigious!" with a special emphasis at such a statement. In most European countries, Ireland excepted, the average interval of births in families (making due allowances for those instances in which no children result from marriage) is two years. In the northern Netherlands, if the above statement be correct, the average interval of births in the matrimonial state must be much shorter, even on the supposition, which for the sake of Belgian morality we are unwilling to make, that an unusual sprinkling of the children are born out of wedlock.

Suspicious Persons.—The following advertisement appeared in a Hobart Town paper:—

"Found, on a suspicious person, two remarkably fine bullocks."

We do not exactly see how these couple of "remarkably fine bullocks" could have been found *on* any person, whether suspicious or otherwise. But let that pass. What we should like to know is whether there be any test, and if so, what the test is in Hobart Town, by which the question whether a man be suspicious or not is to be decided. The great criterion of respectability is held by some people in this country to be the circumstance of one's keeping a gig. This, as mentioned in the "Notes of the Month" in a former number, was seriously stated by a witness in a course of examination in a court of law. No matter though whole families were ruined by some fashionable swindler, so long as he managed to keep a gig he was respectable. What constitutes a "suspicious" appearance in Hobart Town, and consequently exposes one to the risk of having his "remarkably fine bullocks," or any other property he may chance to possess, taken from him, we know not. Possibly, if he have "a shocking bad hat," or be but indifferently attired, or chance to have a long beard, he may, according to the sapient legislation of that place, be a very fit subject of suspicion. That "suspicious" characters are as plentiful as blackberries, as Falstaff would have said, in that part of the world, we can well believe; indeed, we "suspect" the records of the Old Bailey, if carefully examined, would afford presumptive evidence of the fact. But the question still recurs—What are the recognised symptoms of being "suspicious" in that place? It is important we should ascertain this before we make up our minds to emigrate thither. It is no joke to have oneself branded in a public journal as a "suspicious" person, in addition to one's "bullocks" or other property being taken from him.

ANECDOTE OF JOHN FAWCET.

The celebrated John Fawcett, the strictest and best stage ma-

nager Covent-garden theatre ever boasted, gave Tokely some good advice on the subject of drink. Tokely was an excellent comedian, and could he have conquered his bibulous propensities, must have reached a lofty eminence; but he sunk beneath the vice, and added one more name to the long, long list of men of mind who have yielded to the triumphs of rum. Fawcett admired his talent, and did his best to wean him from his practices, but in vain. Tokely came drunk to the rehearsal more than once, and Fawcett, irritated at his conduct, spoke to him thus:—"What a beast you must be, to swill in this way so early in the morning. Look at yourself; and if the liquor has not drowned every feeling of shame, blush while I draw your picture. Unwashed hands and face—a long beard—foul linen and dirty boots—a fiery and loathsome breath—an unsteady gait—and the countenance of an idiot. You have become an object of pity to your friends, of derision to your enemies, of anoyance to your manager, a curse to your family, and a disgrace to the profession you otherwise might honour. That is what you gain for a momentary gratification. If you love drink, and nothing seems able to stop you, at least get drunk like a gentleman, and never till you have dined." Tokely was too blue to remember any thing of this sermon upon temperance, but the last line. The next morning he was called to rehearsal at ten o'clock. He reeled from the gin-shop, and stood before Fawcett most obviously swipey. The manager shook his head more in sorrow than in anger; but Tokely, cocking his hat, and buttoning up his coat in all the seeming confidence of right, said, with many hiccups, "It's all right, sir, I have followed your advice, it's all right! I've dined."

THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.

King's Theatre.—Since last greeting our theatrical readers, this right royal-named property hath opened its portals and submitted to the inspection and auscultation of its loyal supporters a numerous corps of histrionic aspirants, among whom will be found several of high-sounding note, and others, eminent professors of calisthenic movements. Among the former have appeared Madame Colleoni-Corti and Signor Cartogeneva. The lady possesses a shrill, powerful, yet exquisitely pleasing voice. She astounds her hearers when running up the chromatic passages, and keeps them in suspense until the descent, which presents as powerful a contrast as the gentle rill to the mountain torrent. Independently of her harmonic qualifications, she has all the enthusiasm and ardour of a polished and accomplished actress. Madame has already enchanted many admirers of her talent; and, if she be not shelved on the appearance of Grisi, she will constitute a formidable rival to that lady. Signor Cartogeneva is a compound of the Tamburini and Rubini class. Endowed with a voice of considerable compass, great flexibility, and much sweetness, he gives effect to passages expressive of manly dignity, constancy, and affection, that, in his personation of the characters that

would be assigned to the above artists, their absence created not a vacuum. Bellini's Opera of '*Straniera*' was the opening novelty, which has been succeeded by the '*Beatrice di Tenda*' of the same composer. They are decidedly inferior to the soul-inspiriting productions of Rossini, whose style is occasionally trespassed upon, but they afford a relief to the monotonous hold so justly sustained at this Theatre by that eminent genius. The opera of '*Straniera*' is a version of the English Stranger, and the '*Beatrice*' bears a close semblance to the well-known *opera seria* of Anna Bolena. The story is made up of jealousies, false affections, and unjust executions. The presence of Majesty sanctioned the first night of its production and confirmed its success. Since then, the opera has been repeated with increased effect, and will no doubt constitute the entertainment of many a future evening. We are promised much in the way of novelty and first-rate ability after Easter, which promise, if realized, will ensure the most successful season for many years. The Ballet is at present in its infancy, Varin, St. Romain, M. Couston, and M. Guillet, are the leaders of the troop, *General* Perrot will shortly take command assisted by his forthcoming *Aid de Camp*, Mlle Grisi, sister to the syren of that name.—*Tempus Monstrat.*

Drury Lane.—From Monday to the week's end, The Jewess!—The Jewess!! Chevy Chase!—Chevy Chase!!—Zampa! Zampa!! Does the altered public taste require in dramatic representations so much pomp and pageantry, such clangour of arms, such storming of castles, such prancing of horses, such cataracts, such earthquakes, such commixture of heterogeneous matters as have for a long time constituted the bill of fare of this *National Theatre;* or has the judgment of the public become so corrupted or depraved by feeding so long on such unwholesome food that, like the physical pampered appetite, it rejects the flavour of simple and congenial nourishment?

We think that a well-founded admixture of scenery with dialogue is absolutely necessary for the success of the drama. In a theatre, the eye as well as the mind must be fed; for, if the latter be too copiously supplied with even the best and purest matter, it flags and tires—it cannot digest so fast as when in the quiet recess of the closet, where it has time and leisure to reflect on the amplifying texts presented to its undivided attention. Many of the plays of Shakspeare are, therefore, not altogether capable of being well adapted for the stage. They require a stronger mental exertion than a mixed audience can possibly devote to the comprehending their numerous and varied beauties. One line alone will often afford matter for an hour's thought. It is for this reason that the plays of Othello, King Lear, &c., fail of giving general satisfaction, even when assisted by the talents of a Kean or a Macready. On the other hand there is a danger in running into the opposite extreme. Without an admixture of heart-stirring instructive dialogue, and well-connected plot, the splendid scenery becomes mere childish baubles, and the theatre, instead of being a school of combined amusement and instruction, and the vehicle for inculcating some moral lessons, becomes a peep-show for matured children and a medium for administering to the worst passions and prejudices of mankind. We cannot help thinking that such exhibitions are infinitely behind the spirit of the age.

Covent Garden.—Much novelty in the way of failure and little that has proved successful has been exhibited on the boards of this Theatre within the last month. However it appears the Manager does not complain, nor should the privileged snarl and bite when strong efforts, although not successful, are made on the part of all interested therein to give satisfaction. Charles Kemble took his benefit on the closing night of the season, and his leave of the audience previous to his provincial tour.

Olympic.—After a crowded audience had been delighted by the varied and powerful talents of the Olympic company,—after the inimitable Liston, that masterpiece of Nature's comic workmanship, had pourtrayed to perfection the jealous and uxorious Damon of fifty, and Mrs. Orger seconded his exertions in the loving spouse of forty-five,—after the second Charles Mathews had, like the rays of the spring-morning sun, cheered the heart with the promise of a glorious day, and made us bless the honoured memory of his departed parent for leaving us such a legacy of his genius and good breeding—the green curtain drew silently aside, and the high-priestess of the goddess of mirth, in an elegant and becoming dress, stood before us. An uproarious and enthusiastic thunder of applause welcomed her appearance, and as suddenly gave way to silence profound and uninterrupted while Vestris advanced and spoke—

"Ladies and Gentlemen, For the sixth time it is my duty to say—Farewell! My term has expired, but I have the honour to announce to you that I have SIGNED and SEALED a new lease for five years more, which waits but for your HANDS to affix to it the STAMP of public approbation. The management of this little theatre has envied no other—opposed no other—imitated no other; it adopted, at the commencement, a line of its own, and its constant study has been to give those entertainments which it PROFESSED to give, in the best possible style, according to the best of its means and of its judgment. This I humbly take to be the true secret of our success—it is thus, at all events, that we have won your support—it is thus we hope to preserve it. During the recess the house will be newly painted and decorated; and my endeavours will be to retain those living fixtures on which you, as public appraisers, have set the highest valuation. Your NEW favourite, Mr. Charles Mathews, will be with you in 'One hour after the curtain rises;' and, I hope I may add, your OLD favourite, Mr. Liston. If he should continue on the stage I well know with what delight you will receive him—if NOT, his brilliant career will have terminated where that of his adopted son began—in 'The Old and Young Stager;' and may it long be borne in mind, that this building, which, in that case, will have been illumined by the parting glories of the SETTING FATHER, was also the first to catch, and to reflect, the early radiance of the RISING SON. Since we must separate for a season, it is, indeed, kind of you to have honoured us with the well-known pledge of enduring friendship—'A Bumper at Parting;' and I beg, Ladies and Gentlemen, in return for your flattering preference of custom to OUR HOUSE, to offer you the grateful thanks of—VESTRIS and COMPANY."

Adelphi.—No theatre in London has striven more to gain success, nay, deserve it, than this centrally situated place of amusement. We regret however to add that the result has proved any thing but profitable to the proprietors. It closed its brief season on Saturday night last, when the customary adieu was expressed by Mr. Gallot, as follows:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen, On this, the last night of our season, I am com-

missioned by the proprietors to offer you their grateful acknowledgments for the very ample patronage which you have continued to extend to this establishment. I am also requested by my brothers and sisters of the company to offer their sincere and heartfelt thanks for the very flattering kindness with which you have invariably received their humble exertions to please. Ladies and Gentlemen, I have now to inform you that, when we shall next have the pleasure of meeting you under this roof, the theatre will be under the sole management of one who has long and indefatigably laboured for your amusement—that of Mr. Yates, assisted by the oldest and greatest favourites (though absent this season), that have so frequently had the honour of appearing before you. Ladies and Gentlemen, till next season, we respectfully bid you farewell."

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

The Youthful Impostor; a Novel in three volumes. By George W. M. Reynolds. London: Published by Coghlan, Publisher for the French, English, and American Library, Paris, 5, King street, Strand, and at Paris and Brussels.

This extraordinary publication, evidently the work of a young author, though by no means an inexperienced one, caused a considerable sensation at Paris, where it was first published, and has not a little attracted the mingled applause and vituperation of the English at Brussels. Its appearance in England is likely to be hailed with a favourable reception: and, however we may blame the verity of some of the scenes, and the high colours of others, we frankly avow that we see much to praise—more, indeed, than to blame. The tale is principally founded upon the adventures of the Fortunate Youth, an individual whose roguery may be well remembered some twenty years ago, and which was discovered, we believe, by Sir Robert Wilson. Mr. Reynolds has exemplified an extensive acquaintance with the intricacies of society—with the world—with the passions of men—and the villany of which many are capable. But he was wrong in attempting to expose the secrets of Freemasonry, as well as in developing the proceedings of the convention of tradesmen in Cockspur street. With regard to the truth of those developments, difficulties might probably be started by a severe critic; but we prefer omitting any comment upon such scenes.

There is a good moral to be extracted from the work, although the unpardonable brevity of a few paragraphs do no credit to the taste and delicacy of the author. His language is fluent, easy, and often beautiful; his powers of description cannot be for a moment questioned; and, as a French Review very justly remarked, he has few equals in the truth of dialogue. Arnold is an original character, as original as Falkland in "Caleb Williams;" and in saying this, although we say much, we do not say *too much*.

We have no doubt but that Mr. Reynolds will one day shine conspicuously as a literary character: his work affords ample proofs of a deep scientific acquaintance with the most abstruse authors, with the various sectarian opinions of philosophers in all ages, with ancient and modern classics. Perhaps in his attempt to give his prose an air of poetry, he has often been led into declamation, but we cannot say bombast. He has many peculiarities of style, is somewhat pedantic in the precision of his grammatical exactitude, and is occasionally guilty of irreligious allusions. Still he has written a good novel—a novel that will lay the foundation of his future fame—a novel that must ever be perused with the sincerest delight. M. Defauroupret paid

a high compliment to the first production of this author, by translating his work into French; and we have authority for asserting that it is at this moment on the eve of appearing in that language at Paris.

Having thus noticed the faults and the excellences of "The Youthful Impostor," a perusal of which we recommend to all our readers, we shall conclude this notice with the following extract:—

"Hunter walked towards the window to conceal his various feelings; for the scene was altogether affecting: but he started back, as if a scorpion had stung him to the quick;—moving up the gravel-walk that intersected the shrubbery, was Lord Mornay, enveloped in his cloak, and advancing in a hurried manner towards the house: a carriage waited in the road. Hunter gave vent to an involuntary ejaculation; the ladies ran to the window; each one recognised the profligate nobleman as he approached the dwelling.

"'To me be it now!' said Hunter, hastening towards the door, all the wrongs of Emily fresh in his mind.

"'Stop—stop—whither are you going?' exclaimed the unhappy girl, throwing herself forward, and catching him by the arm.

"'For God's sake, involve yourself in no quarrel with my husband, young man; as you value yourself—as you respect the rights of hospitality—as you desire to preserve that esteem I have for you?" cried Lady Mornay, joining in the solicitations of Emily: but their prayers were vainly expended; the injuries of the latter alone dwelt in the memory of the intrepid young man.

"'I shall return immediately!' cried the surgeon; and disengaging himself from the grasp of the almost frantic girl, who detained him, he rushed out of the room.

"'Great God, have mercy upon me!' said Emily, clasping her hands together in bitterness of heart; "he is gone—gone to rush upon destruction!"

"Not a word more was spoken on either side—they looked at each other, shook their heads, and appeared to anticipate some deadly result. The state of their minds was more terrible than can be expressed. Grief was dumb—not a tear was shed—not a groan was heard; but despair was painted around. Neither dared move from the apartment, though they dreaded a serious result; even Lady Mornay herself was fixed motionless to her seat, notwithstanding her husband's life was probably compromised at that very instant.

"Meantime Hunter sallied forth, and confronted Lord Mornay in his path.

"'I see, my Lord, that James Crawford—whose ruin was caused by your insidious wiles, and base artifices—who has nearly broken the heart of one of the most affectionate of mothers—I apprehend, James Crawford is no more!'

"'He is not Sir,' returned the other calmly, without enquiring the reason of such an inference, and without betraying any surprise or alarm at the presence of the surgeon: 'he is now no more!'

"'Therefore it remains with us to decide the matter: it is incumbent upon me to conclude that which the unfortunate deceased began.'

"'I should suspect,' said Lord Mornay, 'that the laws of Guernsey are similar to those of England, for the protection of individuals; and I cannot imagine, Mr. Hunter, wherefore I should thus be waylaid.'

"'Waylaid,' exclaimed the indignant young man; 'follow me, my Lord—that is, if you have a spark of the courage remaining for which you have been notorious.'

"'Whither should I follow you, and for what purpose?' do you suppose I am to engage myself in a quarrel, or idle broil, with every extravagant boy who has been crossed in love?' asked Mornay, his lip wearing a contemptuous sneer, that added, if possible, to the otherss ire.

"'Wretch—villain!' exclaimed Hunter, 'recal those words—or—'

"'I am not accustomed, Sir, to recal that which has once escaped my lips,' answered the nobleman.

"'Then you must account for your expressions!'

"'Sir,' said Mornay, 'I have had no dispute with you, and I know not why I am thus molested.'

" 'You are dared and challenged to a combat, which it appears you would wish to avoid,' was the taunting reply. 'Do not I stand here to punish you for your crimes? are you not the seducer of Emily? the accomplice in a deed, which must be horrible, as even Crawford himself only hinted at—and dared not utter it? are you not the bane of a whole family—a family that was innocent and happy, till you destroyed its peace of mind for ever?'

" 'Ah! fares it thus?' said the nobleman, now irritated in his turn by the other's manner. 'Be it as you say.'

" 'Have you pistols, my lord?' enquired Hunter.

" 'I have not: coming straight from my hotel hither, I left them behind me, not anticipating such a call for their use.'

" 'Here are mine,' said the young surgeon, producing those he had purchased the night before. 'Choose that which you like the best.'

" 'I accept of this,' replied Mornay, as he took one from the hand of his foe. 'Are they loaded?'

" 'Both:—or we will reload, if it pleases you.'

" 'By no means, since you gave me my choice: are we to fight without witnesses?'

" 'Certainly; it was thus that you convened to fight the departed Crawford,' was the response.

" 'Agreed!' and they moved farther on till they arrived at a proper spot, where they halted, and measured their ground.

" The ladies in the parlour had not broken the terrible silence in which we left them; each bosom was too full of horror, and too much the victim of dreadful suspense, to allow the utterance of a syllable. Presently the sound of a pistol alarmed them; they started up, and with one accord uttered a fearful ejaculation: a second report followed, louder than the first; their hearts sank beneath them.

" A few minutes elapsed—footsteps were heard ascending the staircase, and Hunter, pale, scarcely able to support himself on his legs, entered the room, his eyes rolling, as if in frenzied horror. He tottered towards a chair, and fell upon it exhausted.

" 'Heavens!' exclaimed Emily, springing forward, and catching firm hold of his hand; 'what mean those pistols?'

" 'Your seducer, Emily, is no more,' returned the young surgeon solemnly: 'that villain—I have killed him!'

" A dreadful scream issued from the lips of Lady Mornay; and she sank upon the floor, speechless.

" 'Heaven be thanked for one thing!' cried Emily; 'heaven be thanked! at all events *you* are safe!'

" 'Oh no, said Hunter, with a bitter smile, baring his bosom, at the same time, and displaying a deep wound, which had bled internally: 'Disease, Sickness, and Sorrow are disappointed of their prey; in giving his righteous doom, Emily, to your seducer, I have myself met death, face to face.' "

Narrative of a Captivity in France from 1809, to 1814. By Richard Langton. Smith, Elder, & Co.

Had this work appeared at the close of the late war, when every thing connected with it was regarded with so much interest, it could not fail to have been read with unusual avidity. The narrative is told with much animation, and embraces a variety of very lively and striking incidents; but, unhappily, the lapse of twenty years since the time they occurred deprives them of the interest they would at that time have possessed. To those who were the companions of the

author in his five years' captivity, it is unnecessary to say the work will still possess attractions of no ordinary kind. It is a well written narrative, and is illustrated by several excellent lithographic engravings.

The Governess; or Politics in Private Life. By the Daughter of the author of "The Balance of Comfort." Smith, Elder, & Co.

We think we can perceive undoubted evidences in the style, that this is a maiden effort on the part of the fair authoress. If so, it is a very creditable one, and holds out the promise of future distinction in the world of letters. The chief faults of the work are a certain formality or stiffness both in the style and in the manner of introducing her characters and incidents. The object, which is to vindicate the rights of governesses, and to secure for them a higher station than they are generally allowed to fill in society, is a most laudable one. The volume, indeed, proves throughout the amiableness of the writer's mind. The work is unequal; parts of it are dull; but there are many passages of considerable power and of effective writing. As the body of the work does not afford convenient matter for extract, we cannot do better than give the author's introductory observations, which will enable our readers to form some idea of the character of the book:—

"It has always been a favourite opinion of mine, and one which extensive intercourse with society has not induced me to forego, that the world was made up of "men, women, and governesses." This idea did not originate in my own early home, for I was educated by my father; but in the morning calls, or visits of a longer period, which I was in the habit of making with my mother at the houses of our thinly scattered aristocracy. Even at this distance of time, I have perfect recollection of the unhappy and ill-used individuals who rarely failed to present themselves on these occasions. I was too young to be a participator of the conversation of the drawing-room, and was consequently often sent to visit my contemporaries of the school-room; or when this was not the case, we were summoned to the one o'clock dinner, which was to constitute the luncheon of all the morning visitors who might chance to appear at that hour. Yes, even now, I see before me the pretty interesting-looking girl, who, already seated at the table with five or more children, was the only individual of the party to whom none was introduced, to whom no sort of attention was paid beyond that of desiring her to "help Emma to the breast of the fowl," or to see that "Julia ate more like a lady," and who, in the midst of the ravages committed on flesh and fowl, must have risen from her comfortless dinner hungry. This was the "Governess." If we were staying in the house, and a quadrille was proposed, it was the "governess" who was "sent for" to preside unrelieved at the piano, and who was dismissed at the conclusion of our amusement with the simple acknowledgment of "that will do; thank you, Miss Duncombe." To that same Miss Duncombe, unnoticed and obscure, I, as a girl of sixteen, not introduced, was indebted for some of the pleasantest hours I passed at Charlfont, the seat of a Mr. Maynard, where I frequently paid a visit of some days with my mother; to the pretty and amiable governess, I invariably retreated, when it was decided that there was no room for me in the carriage, or when the whisperings of certain matrons gave me a quiet hint to withdraw. By the bye, I think the life of a girl too old for lessons, and too young for secrets, not much more en-

viable than that of the class of whom I am writing. I never failed to return from my visit to the school-room, or from my walks with its gentle mistress, without feeling I had learned something which made me better and wiser. One good feeling I certainly acquired, and I trust I have it still—always to commiserate, and as far as I could to relieve the irksomeness of the life of a "governess."

"I have, from peculiar circumstances, seen much of those hapless beings, condemned by hard fate to earn their daily bread by the sacrifice of their comfort, their independence, and of all those finer feelings which appear to be (most unfortunately) interwoven with their very frames; and after long experience, I do not hesitate to declare that the finest principles, and the most exalted friendship, I have ever known, I discovered (and shall cherish to my latest hour) in a governess. Cooper is, I believe, the only author who has written any thing to exalt from their state of depression this interesting division of the world. In his exquisite novel of the "Red Rover," his character of Mrs. Wyllys will ever be read with pleasure by the liberal and enlightened of this country; and glad indeed, shall I be, if, in the following pages, I can draw a picture that shall tend to call the attention of the rich and the great to a subject I cannot but consider of vital importance to the cause of education and to humanity. I might perhaps be inclined to doubt whether the rich and the great will read a book bearing the title of "The Governess," but that I trust to the assurance I now make, that their vices and follies are not forgotten; and I have ever remarked, that those novels have found easiest access to the dressing rooms of the fine lady, which have most elaborately pourtrayed her follies,—and to the Britchska of the idle and profligate travellers of the other sex, which have most fully exposed their vices. On this ground therefore I rest my pretensions to their favour; to a better feeling I am willing to attribute the suffrages of the amiable wife and mother,—to the earnest hope and humble belief that she may learn something from the story of the "Governess.'"

The Religion of the Universe, with Consolatory Views of a Future State. By Robert Fellowes, LL.D. Thomas Allman.

Dr. Fellowes is well known as a writer on moral and religious topics. Formerly he belonged to the Unitarian persuasion; but it would appear, from the volume before us, that he has now sought refuge in Deism. We are not surprised at this. Unitarianism teaches its disciples that they are at liberty to reject whatever portions of scripture they think proper; it is no wonder, therefore, if they end in rejecting the whole.

That Dr. Fellowes is a man of superior talents, we are most ready to admit. That the volume before us is eloquently written, we are equally willing to acknowledge. But we must, at the same time, express our decided disapprobation of the author's religious opinions. His positions are feasible, and they are plausibly supported; but they are supported by specious sophistries, not by sound reasoning.

The object of Dr. Fellowes is to prove that the true religion is taught by nature, or the universe. Of course, if this position be sound, Christianity ought at once to be set aside.

Dr. Fellowes argues that the revelation which the Deity is continually making through the universe, or through the medium of facts, is not weakened or obscured by the progress of time, or the revolutions of years; but that it is, on the contrary, a perpetually increasing light.

Here Dr. Fellowes is grievously in error. We pause not to demolish the hypothesis which he advances in an immediately preceding passage, that no revelation which the Deity could make through the medium of words could by possibility constitute a revelation; but we ask him, if the light of the universe, or the light of nature, be a perpetually increasing light, how happens it

that those nations which have not been visited by the light of Christianity, are still as ignorant of the Deity as ever? Does Dr. Fellowes for a moment suppose that the various Pagan nations throughout the world are at this present time one whit more enlightened as to the existence and attributes of the Supreme Being than they were some thousand years ago? We hold that there is not an instance in the history of the world in which either individuals or nations attained to a knowledge of the Deity without the aid of the Mosaic or Christian dispensation.

In many of Dr. Fellowes's objections to a system of mere creeds and forms we perfectly concur. We believe that the worst consequences have in many instances resulted from them. But Dr. Fellowes has no right to conclude, that, because his objections apply to one or two particular classes of Christians, they may be extended to all religious denominations. He has no right to assume that, because the tendency of one particular system is to raise the priest on the ruins of one's intellectual independence, all other systems have the same inevitable tendency. The system of Dissent in this country has no such tendency. It is one of its leading principles that men are to reject all human creeds, and to apply their minds to the investigation of the truth, without regard either to priests or to any other merely human authorities. It does more; it tells its disciples that they are not to take the truth of the scriptures or the divine origin of Christianity for granted, but that the most rigid enquiry into the claims of the Bible is first to be instituted, and it is only when the individual has come to the conclusion that it is an emanation from the Divine mind that it exacts a belief in those of its doctrines which are above, not contrary to, man's unassisted reason.

Dr. Fellowes misconceives the nature of Christianity when he supposes it consists in observing a certain day, or going to a certain church, or repeating certain words. In what part of the Scriptures does Dr. Fellowes find any thing which sanctions this view of Christianity? If men draw erroneous conclusions from Christianity, that is their own fault; the blame does not attach to it.

It is equally unfair to represent the believers in Christianity as being religious only on one day (Sunday) of the week. Christians know that they are bound to be religious every day of the week, and every hour of the day, in their individual capacity. It is only in their collective capacity that they conceive it is their duty to be publicly devout on the Sabbath day.

May we ask Dr. Fellowes what is the religion of the Universe? and what are the truths it teaches? If he will not answer the question, we will. It is no specific religion at all. It teaches no particular truths. Can Dr. Fellowes point us out any two nations unacquainted with Christianity which have arrived at the same convictions even as to the Deity himself? Has not every heathen nation a plurality of deities? Do not most of them worship, as deities, the works of their own hands? And have not only different nations different deities, but do not the different individuals of the same nation worship different imaginary deities?

The sentiment which pervades the volume from the beginning to the end is, that God can be known only by his works. We maintain, on the contrary, that he can be known only by his word; and we moreover hold that Dr. Fellowes could never, but for the aid of the Scriptures, have arrived at that system of faith—pure Theism—of which he boasts. This we know to be an undisputed, because an indisputable fact, that the history of the world affords no instance of an individual attaining to the knowledge of one true God by his own unassisted reason, or, as Dr. Fellowes would say, by the religion of the Universe, or the works of the Deity.

That Dr. Fellowes is a sincere enquirer after truth we have not a moment's doubt. That he is a deep thinker and eloquent writer the volume before us, as well as his former works, bears testimony; but he has come to conclusions for which he assigns no reason that will bear a moment's examination. We regret that the late hour at which the work reached us will not allow us to advert at greater length to the dangerous positions the work contains.

Letter the First, to the Governors of Christ's Hospital and the Public, on the Abuses of this splendid Institution, and in the Management which has so long prevailed within its walls. By WILLIAM BRACKSTONE TURBOT, a Governor, &c. Effingham Wilson.

With the merits of the question discussed in this pamphlet, we are not sufficiently acquainted to qualify us for the expression of any opinion, as to whether Mr. Turbott or the Governors have the best of the argument. None but persons conversant with the Institution itself, and the way in which it is managed, are in a condition to pronounce an opinion either way. We are chiefly induced to refer to the pamphlet as affording one of the many instances which are daily occurring of the great interest which the public are beginning to feel in the due administration of the affairs of charitable institutions.

The Present Position and Prospects of the British Trade with China. By James Matheson, Esq. Smith, Elder, and Co.

Mr. Matheson has been seventeen years resident in China, and may therefore be presumed to be well qualified for giving an account of the British trade with that empire. The work affords abundant evidence of the fact. It is full of interesting details respecting China, and the trade it carries on with this country.

His opening observations respecting the character of the Chinese are interesting. He says:—

"It has pleased Providence to assign to the Chinese,—a people characterized by a marvellous degree of imbecility, avarice, conceit, and obstinacy,—the possession of a vast portion of the most desirable parts of the earth, and a population estimated as amounting to nearly a third of the whole human race. It has been the policy of this extraordinary people to shroud themselves, and all belonging to them, in mystery impenetrable,—to monopolize all the advantages of their situation. They consequently exhibit a spirit of *exclusiveness* on a grand scale. From what this has resulted,—whether from conceit, or selfishness, or from a consciousness that the ancient but feeble frame-work of their political system cannot bear the rude concussions of modern times,—the too near inspection of inquisitive and ambitious fellow-nations, it matters not here to enquire. Such is the fact; and the result is that China remains, at this moment, "a boundless field of indefinite curiosity and vague speculation." "It is one of their principal maxims," observes Mr. Auber, "and one which they believe contributes most to good government, not to suffer foreigners to settle in the empire: for besides their contempt for other nations, whom they look upon as barbarous, they are persuaded that a difference of people would introduce among them a diversity of manners and customs, which, by little and little, would bring on personal quarrels, and these would end in parties, and proceed to rebellions, fatal to the tranquillity of their empire."* These notions are carried to a surprising extent. They permit to Europeans no intercourse but of a commercial character, and that only of the scantiest and most ungracious description,—restricted to the veriest outposts and confines of the empire. "Foreign trade receives no support from the government; it is barely tolerated; for it is always at variance with that jealous policy which draws a line of perpetual demarcation between China and the rest of the world."† On no earthly consideration will they permit a "*barbarian*" footstep to transgress the limits of Canton, almost the southernmost extremity of the empire, fifteen hundred miles from the capital; and in the pursuit of their

* Auber on British and Foreign Intercourse with China, p. 56.

† Encyclop. Metropolit. part xiii.—See, however, the Second Appendix to the Third Report of the House of Commons on the Affairs of the East India Company, p. 527.

commercial avocations at that place, foreigners are constantly exposed to the most ignominious *surveillance* and restrictions.

The lofty tone which the Chinese usually assume in treating with our merchants is well known. The following is an amusing specimen. It is the language addressed by the Viceroy to our Committee in 1830 :

"'The celestial Empire benevolently nourishes, righteously rectifies, and gloriously magnifies a vast forbearance. How is it possible that for driblets of men in a petty—petty barbarian factory, *troops* should be moved to exterminate!! [*sic.*]' But the said Chief, and others, could not explain this intention (in the Hong Merchants' threat); they stupidly listen to the teaching of traitorous persons, and forthwith presumed, in opposition to inhibitions, to order guns and arms to be brought up, and arrayed them at the door of their factory. This is still more wild and erroneous. Only try to think—if indeed the said foreigners had among them an illegality of a very important nature—I, the Governor, would instantly fly to report to the Emperor, *and the Government troops would gather together like clouds, exterminate them, and leave a perfect vacuum!!*'"

We have only space for the following extracts. Mr. Matheson says, The Chinese, notwithstanding their blustering and bombast in their disputes with the British, are deficient in courage :

"The Chinese will at one moment adopt language pregnant with direful import, and at the next, if encountered by even a show of serious resistance, sink into the most ignominious submission, and resort to ridiculous subterfuges, in order to escape from the consequences of their own folly and audacity. 'I have always entertained but one opinion,' says that shrewd and candid observer, Mr. Holman, 'in reference to our connection with, and policy towards China. We have treated them with too much forbearance; they have all the braggart, as well as all the recreant qualities of cowardice in their nature. If we were to make a decided demonstration of hostility, we should speedily obtain all that we require at their hands. A few British men-of-war would shatter the flimsy armaments of China with as much facility as our presence, even in slight numbers, and without power, keeps their vagabond multitudes in check, in the suburbs of Canton.' And again—'They are uniformly overbearing and insulting to all those who happen to be in their power, but cringing and abject to those who exhibit a determination to resist them.'

"The Emperor of China has, in truth, neither the inclination nor the power to resort to hostile measures, in order to destroy our trade, or banish us from his territories, *if he saw us disposed to offer a serious resistance.* He is far too sensible of our importance—of his weakness, and our strength,—even in spite of the artful and iniquitous means adopted by the local authorities to keep him in the dark as to the real state of his relations with this country, by forbidding, intercepting, and falsifying all our attempted communications. It is to further such mischievous purposes as these that they forbid our acquisition of their language, and deny us access to the higher and supreme authorities. The wide-spreading corruption and utter imbecility existing in his empire,—the general poverty of his people,—are too painfully apparent to the Court at Pekin to admit of its sanctioning a breach, and resort to extreme measures, with so powerful a nation as the British. It is as much as they can do to conceal 'the rottenness in the state of Denmark' behind a glaring grandiloquence. A glimpse of one or two of our men-of-war stationed off the north-eastern coast of China, would send a thrill of consternation through the whole empire, and do more to incline the Chinese to listen to the dictates of reason and justice than centuries of 'temporising' and submission to insult and oppression. Experience ought by this time to have shown us that it is a foolish and useless policy to attempt to gain the confidence of the Chinese by exhibiting, as was constantly enjoined by the East

India Company, a servile deference to their innumerable and absurd peculiarities and customs. An observance of very many, if not most of them, is inconsistent with the free spirit—the sense of what is due to self-respect—of the enlightened nations of Europe. Hateful, indeed, is—or ought to be—the idea of smothering or compromising such feelings, from considerations of mere traffic and gain. 'The free and high-minded nations of Europe,' says the calm and philosophic Malte Brun, 'will never admit the arrangements of a tyrannical police, the annoyance of a childish etiquette, and the 'great walls,' which have been erected for interrupting the communications of the human mind.' The time for attending to such trifles has passed away, as have occupied so much of the anxious attention of the East India Company and its local representatives. Is it not revolting to common sense and common humanity, to think that the mere appearance of an English lady at Canton—that lady the wife of Mr. Baynes, our first resident merchant,—that an English invalid's venturing to use a *sedan*, the common conveyance among the respectable Chinese,—has each of them led to the most alarming and protracted misunderstandings—to insulting 'Orders' and 'Edicts'—to threats of suspending the whole British trade—to negociations and correspondence of a long and most harassing description? Yet such have been the facts! It is repeated that graver considerations must henceforth occupy the attention of those who carry on the trade with China, and a sterner spirit be exhibited in enforcing the claims of reason and justice. If we should unfortunately find the Chinese turn a deaf ear to all our remonstrances, and bent upon continuing in full force the galling system of imposition and insult from which they have so long reaped so rich a harvest; if, above all, they should presume to inflict upon us so vast an injury as the interdiction of our trade (which is of all things the most improbable): then will have arrived the time when our Sovereign would be *bound*—bound by the duty he owes his subjects, and authorised by the law of nations—to interfere on their behalf, and protect them from such grievous injuries. This he might do, in the first instance, by issuing letters of marque and reprisal, 'which are grantable by the law of nations whenever the subjects of one state are oppressed and injured by those of another, and justice is denied by that state to which the oppressor belongs.'"

"'If Great Britain were to take possession of Macao, garrison it with native troops from Bengal, and declare it a free port, it would be one of the most flourishing places in the East.' In this opinion, however, this intelligent traveller has been misinformed, for Macao would be worse than useless to Great Britain, owing to the humiliating tenure on which it is held from the Chinese, and its want of a suitable anchorage for any but vessels of the smaller class. If any island is taken possession of, it should be in a central part of China,—CHUSAN for instance, as suggested by Sir James Urmston, formerly chief of the Company's factory. Then indeed might we hope to see it become one of the most flourishing places in the East; 'for,' continues Mr. Holman, 'the Chinese are so fond of smuggling, that they would not hesitate to trade with foreigners if they could be assured of receiving protection; and there is no doubt that they would use all those arts of bribery with their own countrymen, which would be necessary to promote their own ends, and which are so irresistible to the equivocal integrity of the Chinese. By these means, therefore, there is not a doubt that a very extensive and productive trade might be established with China, and very important advantages secured to the British nation. When these facts are so self-evident,' well may the writer add, 'it is wonderful that some measures have not been taken to secure the commerce and to protect the merchants from the insults and obstacles which are now so much complained of, as well as to lower the bullying and imperative tone which the Chinese at present think fit to adopt in all their mercantile transactions.'

"The British merchants trading at Canton desire, however, neither to contemplate nor to suggest a resort to such extreme measures, unless forced upon us by the failure of more peaceful means. Their inclinations, as well as their

interests, incline them to be men of peace. They are satisfied that their interests—that is, the interests of the nation—may be effectually secured without it, and that our commercial intercourse with China may be easily, speedily, and peaceably placed upon an honourable and secure footing. Great Britain need show herself to the Chinese, not in a threatening, but simply a resolute attitude, in order to secure that grand *desideratum*,—a direct access to the court at Pekin, where such cogent representations might be made to the Emperor,—such a demonstration of the weak and embarrassed state of his kingdom, of the solid and permanent advantages he may reap by conceding our few and reasonable demands, and the serious consequences of persisting in an obstinate and insolent disregard of them, as would, in all human probability, lead to the happiest results. Could the Emperor but be made to see that his brother monarch of Great Britain—the King of a great and independent nation—was perfectly in earnest about the matter,—that at length he was tired of the tyranny and injustice to which his subjects at Canton have been so long subject, and resolved upon obtaining satisfaction for the deep insult offered to him through his representative Lord Napier,—the whole history of China shows that the Emperor would not be long in deciding which of the alternatives to adopt, or finding a suitable and stately pretext for making the requisite concessions. We desire him to drop for ever the arrogant and offensive language so long adopted by himself and his ministers, in speaking of the King of Great Britain and his subjects; to give reparation for the fatal insults offered to Lord Napier, and to the national honour, in firing at her flag—as well as remuneration for the losses we sustained by the detention of our ships during the stoppage of our trade on that occasion; to extend to our fellow subjects at Canton the full protection of the Chinese laws; to forbid the longer infliction by the local authorities of the intolerable indignities and impositions under which our traders have so long suffered, and to accede to commercial arrangements that may be reasonable and mutually beneficial. This is the short sum of all that it is desired our Government should demand from that of China. The honour and interests of the country equally require it. It is ignorant trifling to talk of "treating the rodomontade and verbiage of the Chinese with the contempt it deserves." It cannot be denied that, as stated by the Canton merchants, in their "Petition" to the King in Council, the disabilities and restrictions under which our commerce now labours may be traced to a long acquiescence in the arrogant assumption of supremacy over the people and monarchs of other countries, claimed by the Emperor of China for himself and his subjects;"—and that "they are forced to conclude, that no essentially beneficial result can be expected to arise out of negociations in which such pretensions are not decidedly repelled." . . . "That they most seriously apprehend that the least concession or waiving of this point, under present circumstances, could not fail to leave us as much as ever subject to a repetition of the injuries of which we have now to complain." It might have been deemed politic, in our early intercourse with the Chinese, to acquiesce in their assumptions—to pass over their vain-glorious and bombastic phraseology, or treat it as an amusing absurdity. We had then to gain a footing where we had not a tittle of claim even to be tolerated on or near their shores; where we were strictly "tenants by sufferance,"—and besides, could not have contemplated the effects such acquiescence would have produced practically upon their treatment of us. Now, however, circumstances are indeed changed. We have learned by the severe experience of two centuries, the truth of the representations above made: and may depend upon it, that so long as the Chinese find us tolerate their styling our King "a reverently submissive tributary" and his subjects "profligate barbarians," they will treat us accordingly. Hence the absolute necessity of demanding the discontinuance of such language—even supposing it to be consistent with the dignity and honour of Great Britain to submit to the degradation of carrying on trade upon such terms."

Mr. Matheson is an able and intelligent writer, and the pamphlet before us adds considerably to our stock of knowledge regarding China and the Chinese.

ENGLAND in 1835.—In a Series of Letters translated from the German of Von Raumur. By SARAH AUSTIN. 3 vols. John Murray.

The extracts which appeared some time since in the Journals from this work must have whetted the appetite of the public for a further acquaintance with it. The author proves himself to be a shrewd observer of men and things, and communicates his information in a pleasant style,—judging of that style, of course, as it is reflected in Mrs. Austin's English translation. The following observations respecting the question of an hereditary peerage will be read with much interest at the present time:—

"In case the Lords throw out the Irish Bill, the superficial enemies of an upper house will perhaps not, as yet, gain a majority; but the question, whether the hereditary peerage should not be qualified with an admixture of peers for life will doubtless be agitated with redoubled vehemence. If all power ultimately rests on three elements, birth, wealth, and talent, the utility, indeed the necessity, of the first element in governments of a certain form, *and with reference to hereditary monarchy*, remain unshaken; the example of the United States of America, with their president, is entirely irrelevant. The circumstances of that new and remote country are wholly peculiar, and so recent, that one generation may probably see them totally altered.

"The principle of *hereditary* monarchy, and the immense importance to society of the clearest possible laws of succession, have been fully recognized of late years; and any departure from them has been regarded, even by the change-loving French, as an exception which necessity alone can justify. This persuasion is, however, far from being equally strong or general, with regard to hereditary nobility. On the contrary, theories are at variance, and practice is unfavourable, to hereditary privileges. These are no longer recommended except as means to great political ends; scarcely indeed does any nobleman attempt to justify the unequal distribution of property among his children, or the exclusive right to employments, dignities, or exemptions, on any other ground.

"Of the three above-mentioned bases of power, birth has certainly lost extremely in importance, and stands in greater need than ever of the support of wealth. But as this, in England, is often possessed in an equal, and instruction in a superior, degree, by the mercantile class, the loss the hereditary nobility has sustained on the side of birth cannot be compensated by any gain on that of wealth. Their power has declined and is declining. The result of the long struggle between the patricians and plebeians of Rome was their perfect equality; and incontestably this is the tendency of modern Europe.

"Will not the result of this levelling, this annihilation of various organs, be fatal to the variety and the beauty of social life? Perhaps it will be, as in Athens, a swift destruction. Perhaps something new and peculiar, something adapted to the times, will shape itself out; as, in Rome, the nobles and the citizens blended into one great aristocracy—the senate. In this, steadiness and mobility were combined; whereas, in the Roman patricians, the nobility of Venice, Berne, &c., the hereditary element was exclusively predominant. The English peerage is not so sharply severed from the other classes as these aristocracies, inasmuch as it is accessible to new persons and families; but whether this will long suffice as a counterpoise to the wealth and the talent of the lower house may be doubted. A judicious employment of their fortunes for purposes of general utility, and the most laborious cultivation of mind, are therefore now become the imperative duty and the strongest interest of every peer: both will do no more than keep them on a level with the commonalty.

"But as little as in the sixteenth century the Pope had the good sense to place himself at the head of the Reformation, and the prudence to direct the current, so little does the aristocracy of our days seem disposed to act this part with regard to political reforms; and, because rulers do not understand how to bend and to mould, the people come at last to breaking and destroy-

ing. The hereditary rights of the aristocracy, it is argued, are precisely what afford security for its permanence, steadiness, and independence; if these, either from levity or malignity, are thrown into the vortex, constancy, moderation, and order are lost. This argument deserves infinite attention. But we must remember that not only were these privileges, as I just observed, regarded with more veneration formerly than now; but that a multitude of other conditions, aids, and props were connected with them, some of which no longer exist; others are equally in the possession of the *tiers état*. If, then, the reverence for birth cannot be restored; if the aggregate wealth of the nobility is less than that of the other classes, the question remains, whether their strength might not be increased by the addition of talent and knowledge.

"And here we come to the question, whether it were not expedient to associate, for life, to the hereditary peers, certain distinguished men, who might help, as in the Roman senate, to support the optimates against the plebeians. But if (contrary to the Roman practice) children and grandchildren were thus introduced to power, what was strength in the beginning, would perhaps be weakness in the end; and the means taken to command authority and reverence might lead to contempt and degradation. There is another example of aristocracy besides that of Rome—one of boundless power—which holds its privileges for life alone; that of the Church. Opposed to the mental activity of Europe, how long would an hereditary caste of priests have retained their power and influence? But arguments against an hereditary priesthood are now turned, by analogy, against an hereditary peerage.

"All this does not affect to be an exhaustive view of the subject. I only start from the undeniable fact, that compared with former times, the power of the House of Lords has declined, and that of the Commons increased. But if the existence and influence of the Upper House is regarded, by all moderate and reasonable men as beneficial and even necessary, this two-fold truth leads inevitably to the question, how the lost balance is to be restored. The rotten boroughs were not only materially, but politically, decayed; instead of holding to crumbling ruins, it would have been wiser to discover and to apply means of propping and repairing the edifice. It is impossible to go on in the old road: a new path must be opened for the Upper House, if it is to keep pace with the Lower.

"To throw all the blame on the Reform Bill, Lord John Russell, or his party, is just as rational as it would have been for the Catholics of the sixteenth century to forget, or to deny, their own character and position, or the state of the world, and to reproach Luther and his adherents as the sole authors of that stupendous change. When all the previous conditions of change are already in existence; when all remedies are either contemned or worn out; when the Archimedean point of motion is given, the motion is inevitable,—it must come; and the only remaining problem is to understand its peculiar laws, and to turn it into safe channels and to salutary uses."

LITERARY NOTICES.

The talented Author of Prediction has a Novel in a state of forwardness, to be entitled, "The Mascarenhas."

Mrs. Strutt's clever domestic Novel, "Chances and Changes," is reprinting, and will be ready early in April.

Mr. James Matheson, of Canton, has just completed a highly interesting Commercial Work on the Present Position and Prospects of the British Trade with China.

A Summer in Spain, being the Narrative of a Tour made through that interesting Country, in the course of last year, will be published in a few days.

A particularly piquante Pamphlet, with the *outré* title of "The

Canonization of O'Connell," by the Honourable Member for ———, is in the press, and will be published in a few days.

A more than usually interesting Work, in two volumes, comprising a History of Brazil, from the arrival of the Royal Family of Portugal, in 1808, until the Abdication of Don Pedro, in 1831, is preparing for early publication. It will be preceded by a particular Account of the Civil, Military, Judicial, and Ecclesiastical Institutions of the Country during the Vice-Royalty, and is from the pen of a Gentleman every way qualified from long residence, and personal knowledge of the facts related, to ensure its complete accuracy.

The Author of "Random Recollections of the House of Commons" has just completed a similar Work on the House of Lords, giving a like animated and impartial Portraiture of the Leading Members of all Parties, combined with a correct and useful description of the Business, Forms of the House, its Usages, Regulations, Privileges, &c.

The Third Edition of his "Random Recollections of the House of Commons" will be published early in April.

A little Work has just arrived from India, by the Rev. H. Jeffreys, A.M., Chaplain, Bombay, under the curious title of "Charges against Custom and Public Opinion for the following high Crimes and Misdemeanours: for having stolen away the Senses of Mankind, and on sundry occasions driven the World mad; for their outrageous appetite on having eaten up the Understanding and the Conscience; and for having feloniously put Stones into the Heart;" in which the evils of superstition, prejudice, war, intemperance, and other prevailing *fashions*, are handled with lively severity.

Preparing for publication, in one vol. 8vo., "Memoirs of the Life and Times of George Geary Bennis, Esq.," comprising Recollections of the Present Century, Correspondence with some of the most distinguished Literary, Political, and Religious Personages, and Notices of Fifteen Years' Residence in France, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy. These Memoirs will contain exciting revelations of intense interest, interspersed with a vast number of original anecdotes and traits of characters visiting Paris within the last dozen years.

In the press, and will be published in May, "The Scope of Piety;" or, the Christian doing all things to the glory of God. By T. Q. Stow. In one vol. 12mo.

Just published, neatly bound in cloth, 12mo., "Flora Metropolitana," or, Botanical Rambles within thirty miles of London. Being the results of numerous excursions made in 1833, 34, 35. Intended for the Student in Practical Botany, with a List of the Land and Fresh-Water Shells of the Environs of London." By Daniel Cooper.

Shortly will be published a New Magazine, to be devoted exclusively to Zoology and Botany. This work will be devoted exclusively to those branches of Natural Science, and will be entirely under the superintendence of Sir W. Jardine, Bart., P. J. Selby, Esq., and Dr, Johnston of Berwick. It will be published on the first day of every second month. Each Number will contain six sheets of octavo letterpress, with illustrative plates and woodcuts. Its price, per Number, will be 3s. 6d. or £1. 1s. yearly.

We announce the issue of Part XXI., "Views in Switzerland." By William Beattie, M. D.

STATE OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

The doom of the Irish Corporation Reform Bill is sealed. On Thursday the 18th, Lord Lyndhurst, the accredited mouth-piece of the Opposition Peers, unfolded to the House and the country the course which they mean to pursue in reference to that measure. On the motion for the commitment of the bill, he or some one else is to propose an amendment having for its object the entire annihilation of the Irish Municipal Corporations. By the time this number of *The Monthly* is in the hands of our readers, it is probable the measure will be formally lost; virtually it is so at this moment.

This comes of having so large a Tory majority in the Upper House. But we enter not on that question now; we shall have something to say on it anon.

It will be recollected that we predicted, in our last, the rejection of this measure by the hereditary branch of the legislature. We knew at the time that, in expressing our apprehension of such a result, we were speaking advisedly. We knew, in short, from information which had reached us from a private source, whose accuracy we could not for a moment doubt, that the leading Conservative Peers, assembled in regular conclave at Aspley House, had come to a resolution to attempt to stem the torrent of Liberalism; and that the first experiment that way should be made in the case of the Irish Municipal Corporation Reform Bill.

We pause not now to enquire into the prudence of the course which the Tory Peers have chalked out for themselves; but what, let us ask, is the language which their conduct speaks? It proclaims, in terms which do not admit of misconstruction, that Ireland is not entitled to the benefit of the same laws and institutions as England and Scotland. It declares, in other words, that though nominally an integral part of the British empire, their Lordships regard it in no other light than a mere dependency on Great Britain.

Mr. O'Connell and his co-agitators have said this a thousand times; but, so long as the assertion was made by them only, it was not likely

to be productive of much harm. Now, however, that the House of Lords have, by a large majority, proclaimed the same thing, the matter assumes a very different and more serious aspect. The one act of their Lordships which refuses to Ireland a boon similar to that which has been so promptly conferred on England and Scotland, will have more influence in promoting among the Irish a disaffection towards this country, and a consequent determination to sever the connection between the two parts of the empire,—than all the speeches which the Agitator has made on the subject.

We are not of those who deem Municipal Corporations essential to the importance or prosperity of a town. We see Birmingham, Manchester, Leeds, and other large and populous places, rising rapidly into affluence and importance without them; while we see other places which possess them gradually retrograding, until they can hardly furnish a sufficient number of persons of tolerable respectability, to fill the requisite number of corporate offices.

In so far, therefore, as the mere question of abstract advantage is concerned, it would, to our minds, have been a matter of secondary consequence whether Ireland was to have Corporations or not; but, when the question is viewed in relation to the principle involved, it assumes a very different aspect. England and Scotland have had their Municipal Corporation Bills—why should Ireland be denied a similar boon?

This is the way in which the people of Ireland reason on the subject, and none can question its fairness. Lord Lyndhurst may deal in his sophistries, and Lord Winchelsea in his declamation, but neither of these noble Lords, nor any Peer on their side of the house, can alter this state of the case.

By the course the Peers have determined to adopt, they have placed themselves in a rather awkward position. They claim to themselves the title of Conservatives! How far they are entitled to the appellation, let their conduct in this case decide. Instead of Conservatives, they are now, practically at least, ultra-destructives. They propose by one fell stroke to destroy all the Irish Corporations! Such a proposition, coming from such a quarter, is assuredly somewhat startling. The most reckless of the Radicals never dreamt of any thing of the kind; though we all know the extent to which some of their wished-for reforms go. Ministers propose to restore the decayed

Corporations by infusing new life and vigour into them. The Tories say, "No such thing; let us annihilate them at once."

Henceforth we will expect one thing:—If the Conservatives—since so we must still call them—have any regard for consistency of character, we will hear no more of their doleful lamentations over the innovating spirit of the age—no more cant about the propriety of preserving sacred "the venerable institutions of the country."

Had a proposal for the utter extinction of the Irish Corporations been made by the Liberal party, the walls of both houses of Parliament would ere now have resounded with Tory denunciations of the daring project, and the Earl of Winchelsea or the Duke of Newcastle, would have threatened the person who had the temerity to bring it forward, in either House, with an immediate impeachment.

But we pass from the abstract question itself to advert for a moment to the perilous position in which the Peers have placed themselves by the determination to which they have come.

The question with every one now is, What is to be done? To our minds it is perfectly clear that one of two alternatives must be adopted by Ministers. They must either take immediate steps to compel the Peers to act in harmony with the people and their representatives, or they must resign. The first alternative we hold to be out of the question. We doubt if Lord Melbourne would have recourse to either of the only expedients by which it could be effected, namely, the creation of a sufficient number of Liberal Peers, or the making the members of the Upper House elective. But, supposing he had the moral courage to submit either proposition to his Majesty, there cannot be a doubt it would be treated by the latter as a personal insult. A remodelling of the Upper House, to the extent required, we hold, therefore, to be out of the question. There remains then the only other alternative, namely, the resignation of Lord Melbourne. That is a result which we regard as certain—we do not see how it can be avoided, either with honour to Lord Melbourne himself, or benefit to the country. If the Lords are to continue in the possession of the power (and while they possess they will doubtless exercise it) of defeating every liberal measure which his Government may bring forward, then he is no more than a mere effigy of a Minister, and the country is not benefited by his remaining in office. His only course therefore is resignation, and the sooner it takes place the better.

We are aware that some persons suggest the expedient of a dissolution of Parliament. In the circumstances in which the Melbourne Administration are placed, that is clearly not the course which an honourable and sagacious mind would adopt. What special benefit is to be expected from a dissolution at this moment? If Lord Melbourne were in a minority, or had only a small majority in the Commons, that, doubtless, would be his alternative. But he is already sufficiently strong there. He can boast of a majority of upwards of sixty in favour of all his leading measures in the Lower House. And what more would he have? It is true, we are told, that by a dissolution he would re-inforce the number of his supporters in the Commons, and that a larger majority there would compel the Peers to pass the measures sent up to them. We admit that by a disssolution Lord Melbourne might gain about thirty more adherents; but would that have any effect on the Peers? Not the slightest. Those who can disregard the wishes of a majority of sixty, would treat with equal disrespect those of a majority of ninety. The fact is that the Lords have come to a determination to frustrate all liberal legislation; and they make no secret of their resolves. They are—if the statement of the Duke of Beaufort at the Covent Garden Conservative dinner may be credited, and there is no reason to doubt it—they are "panting" for a collision with the Commons. The sooner their wish is gratified, the better it will, undoubtedly, be for the people.

In the contingency, then, of the resignation of Lord Melbourne, what may be expected to follow? The Peers, we apprehend, have not maturely considered this question, if indeed they have bestowed any consideration on it at all. The Tories of course, having once displaced the Melbourne Ministry, must accept the vacant offices. Well, but what are they to do when they have undertaken the reins of government? In the Lords all will, no doubt, go on as smoothly as they can wish. But there is a branch of the Legislature called the Commons. How are they to "manage," as the Americans say, there? With the majority of sixty against them, they will find they have caught a Tartar.

In other words, a more desperate enterprise was never engaged in by any body of human beings, than that in which the Tories will engage, when they undertake the government of the country with the present House of Commons. In plain language, it is utterly

impossible that, with such a House of Commons, they can retain office for one short week. We are aware they may, on their first defeat in the Commons, dissolve parliament; but that will only make matters worse. It is true, they may by that means prolong their term of power for six or eight weeks longer, but that will only serve to render their discomfiture more complete on the meeting of a new parliament; for, if the present be dissolved by the Conservatives, the circumstance will have the effect of kindling a feeling of indignation at their conduct throughout the country, which must lead to the return of a much greater number of Liberals than if the dissolution had taken place under the auspices of Lord Melbourne.

The sum and substance of the matter, we take to be this:—The Peers, by their reckless and infatuated conduct, will interpose a temporary obstruction to Irish Corporation Reform, and other liberal measures; but the obstruction will be certainly and for ever removed; the country will therefore be gainers in the end. To what extent the Peers will be losers, is a question which a short time will suffice to decide. Lord Melbourne may be out of office in a week or two; before the lapse of a couple of months he will be restored to it, never again to be ejected by Tory stratagem or Tory force.

We regret, on account of the Peers themselves, that they should resolutely persevere in a course which must inevitably end in their own detruction. We have not failed to warn them of their danger; but our word of friendly admonition has been lost upon them. May we yet hope that before these sheets have issued from the press they will have seen their error, and relinquished their opposition to the Irish Municipal Corporation Bill?

THE ERL-KING.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

Who rides so late through night and wind?
It is with his child, a father kind.
He has the boy well in his arm.
He holds him surely. He keeps him warm.

"My son, why hid'st thou thy face with fear?"
"Sees't thou not, father, the Erl-king near—
The Erl-king with crown and shroud?"
"My son, it is but a misty cloud."

"Thou dearest child, come, go with me!
Quite lovely sports I'll sport with thee.
Many coloured flowers my gardens hold,
My mother has many dresses of gold."

"My father, my father, hear not ye
What the Erl-king softly promises me?"
"Be quiet, keep quiet, my child,
The wind 'mong the leaves is whisp'ring wild."

"Wilt thou, fair boy? Do go with me;
My daughters shall prettily wait upon thee,
Nightly dances with thee they shall keep,
And rock, and dance, and sing thee to sleep."

"My father, my father, canst thou not trace
The Erl-king's daughters in yonder dark place?"
"My son, my son, I see it display
Quite clearly the willow so old and so gray."

"I love thy form, so graceful and fair,
I'll have thee by force, if I cannot by prayer."
"My father, my father, me he holds on,
The Erl-king me hath an injury done."

The father trembles, he hastes with alarm.
Gasping, the child is laid in his arm.
He reaches the yard with trouble and dread;
And in his arms the infant was dead.

Z.

THE PRESENT POSITION AND PROSPECTS OF OUR TRADE WITH CHINA.*

Mr. Matheson, who has been seventeen years in China, has just published a highly interesting pamphlet, entitled "The Present Position and Prospects of the British Trade with China." The work evinces considerable talent and research. Though Mr. M. is well-disposed towards a free trade, his work, notwithstanding, casts such a gloom over the whole of our extensive commerce with that country, that one cannot, for the moment, help regretting that the East India Company were not permitted to carry on their extensive commerce under some new arrangement, that might have met the views of our government and the nation at large, rather than see it as exhibited by the above author. The pamphlet before us is designed not only to expose the tenacious character of the Chinese, but to detail the grievances that the trade generally has had to encounter, and to show that since the failure of Lord Napier's mission, the whole commerce and the lives of the British subjects have been at the mercy of the Chinese government. As the writer differs from Mr. Matheson on several subjects introduced into his pamphlet, in which justice is not done to the Chinese, he thinks this a favourable opportunity to offer some explanation, before the government enforces any severe measure on that people.

Mr. Matheson commences with the following paragraph:—

"It has pleased Providence to assign to the Chinese,—a people characterized by a marvellous degree of imbecility, avarice, conceit, and obstinacy,—the possession of a vast portion of the most desirable parts of the earth, and a population estimated as amounting to nearly a third of the whole human race. It has been the policy of this extraordinary people to shroud themselves, and all belonging to them, in mystery impenetrable,—to monopolize all the advantages of their situation. They consequently exhibit a spirit of *exclusiveness* on a grand scale. From what this has resulted,—whether from conceit, or selfishness, or from a consciousness that the ancient but feeble frame-work of their political system cannot bear the rude concussions of modern times, the too near inspection of inquisitive and ambitious fellow-nations,—it matters not here to enquire. Such is the fact; and the result is that China remains, at this moment, 'a boundless field of indefinite curiosity and vague speculation.'"

The writer agrees with Mr. M. that the Chinese are a very different class of persons from Europeans, and that they are conceited and imbecile, certainly no very amiable traits in their national character. As "to the spirit of exclusiveness which they exhibit on a grand scale," Mr. M. is probably not aware that this *exclusiveness* is not a modern innovation on the liberties of foreigners, who come from Europe, but that it has existed as a law above two thousand years; it was an enactment in consequence of the perfidy of those who formed the neighbouring states. If the Chinese refused to have intercourse with their immediate neighbours, can it be a matter of

* The Present Position and Prospects of our Trade with China. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

surprise, that they refuse intercourse with, and grant not a permanent footing to, persons of different nations who come from remote parts, further than supplying them as a matter of kindness with such articles of exchange as they may require. If they advance one step beyond this, it must be by force.

At page 7, Mr. M. observes that the present government has wisely thought fit

"To substitute *individual* for *corporate* enterprise in trading to China. Surely, then, it is called upon not to desert the new system in its birth, but to protect and foster it; to compensate for the withdrawal of that 'local habitation and a name,'—that local influence and power which have hitherto (however imperfectly) sheltered and protected our interests in China,—by such demonstrations as shall convince the people of that country, that our individual not less than our corporate traders enjoy the full countenance and support of the British government."

This appeal to our government to render some efficient protection under the existing state of affairs in China is followed by a series of accusations, occupying eight pages, on the ground of which Mr. M. requires the government to secure reparation by force of arms.

At pages 15 and 17, Mr. M. observes,

"This truculent, vain-glorious people have been pleased to consider all other inhabitants of the earth (as already intimated) as BARBARIANS,—destitute of all pretensions to civil, political, or moral excellence. They will not permit themselves to be polluted by these 'barbarians' intermingling with them,—except to such an extent and in such a manner as affords them opportunity for extracting from them a great revenue, by means of the most unblushing extortion."

"The only terms on which they will suffer a commercial intercourse to be carried on with the frontiers are an implicit acknowledgment of its springing from the 'amazing and unmerited condescension' of the Emperor of China towards 'his reverently-submissive tributary' the King of England, and his 'barbarian and profligate subjects.'"

"Listen to the language in which the Company's supercargoes are characterized by the Viceroy of Canton. *'Good principles and solemn truths have no effect upon them; and I was compelled to intercept their trade—to touch their gains; and no sooner was that done, than they submitted. They are a mercenary gain-scheming set of adventurers, whom reason cannot rule. The dread of not making money is that which alone influences them.'*"

The word "Barbarian" is as old as almost any word in their language. It was applied in the time of the Shang dynasty to the Maou-tszes (a people who dwelt among them, but who were not subject to their laws), and afterwards to the people of Kwang-tung (Canton), meaning the southern people, or foreigners, as we shall see hereafter. The writer is induced to believe that the Chinese do not attach to it an offensive meaning; for, during his personal intercourse with them, whatever may be their blustering in their official documents, he again and again heard them acknowledge our superiority over them, not only in our shipping and merchandise in general, but as an intelligent people. He questions the propriety of stating that they consider us "destitute of all pretensions to civil, political, or moral excellence;" but influenced by motives they endeavour to keep us at as great a distance as possible—not seeking our commerce. As their notion of etiquette does not allow their own merchants to rank with their magistrates, which we know is a false no-

tion, is it worth while for us, because they keep our merchants at a still greater distance, on that head, to go and seize on their territory, or be angry with a newly-appointed Governor because he chooses to use the word Mwan, which *we render* "Barbarian," instead of E, "Foreigner," especially when irritated? The writer has seen E, "Foreigner," frequently used, as well as Yin-ke-le, "English," when applied to us as a people.

At page 20, Mr. M. mentions that the committee bitterly complained of a proclamation which the Chinese annually stuck against the factory, and requested its removal. The Hoppo's reply is, "*It has been stuck up for more than thirty years.* It did not commence to-day. As the language of the proclamation is rather ignominious, why did not the former *Barbarian* merchants early indulge their anger, and, with hearts dead to the subject, cease to come again to knock heads at the service for an open market?"

Thirty years ago, not one of the British Factory could read this proclamation, it was then felt no grievance; but, since the schoolmaster has gone abroad, every one reads it, and is accordingly indignant thereat! It is one of those papers which are issued as a mere matter of form, and applies to all foreign residents, whether English or not—that subjects of the celestial empire shall not attend on Europeans, who are thus designated barbarians. It probably originated with some petty officers of the country, that they might claim a dollar annually from each of the servants thus employed. Beyond the phraseology, no evil results from the publication.

At page 32, Mr. M. lays great stress upon the Chinese having for so long a period carried on commerce with us, and at times *invited* us to renew our trade when suspended, thereby inducing us to construct a system of commercial dealings on a very extensive and permanent scale, and enquires "whether from all this is not to be implied a tacit agreement on the part of the Chinese to carry on trade with us on equitable principles; such a one in short as, if broken, will warrant us in compelling an obedience of good faith." And, at page 34, he extracts largely from Vattel, to prove that all men ought to find on earth the things they stand in need of, &c., &c. This reasoning when applied to European nations is natural and forcible, but it does not bear on the Chinese, who have never admitted a reciprocal commerce. Commerce with them proceeds from an act of kindness of the emperor towards those who come from a distance, this is their mode of reasoning, and is imperative.

At page 38 he observes, "The viceroy, so early as 1678, INVITED the English to settle a factory at Canton." The writer thinks that the object of this was to prevent the expenses of two establishments of Hong merchants, &c., and to concentrate all foreigners in one spot, with an ultra design of increasing the revenue derived from the commerce. Mr. Thoms, in his Appendix on the Revenue of China, page 325, "entertains no doubt but what the whole of the impositions complained of by the English residents when at Amoy, and the subsequent imperial edicts excluding the foreign trade from Amoy, and confining it solely to Canton, were *political schemes* of those at the head of government at Peking, to effect that desired change. They, no

doubt, took into consideration that, by the trade being confined to the province of Canton, considerable benefit would result to the empire at large, as the expenses attending the transfer of the tea from the black-tea districts would be considerably increased." If so, is it likely that they will suffer us again to trade at Amoy?

To return:

"We find, in 1806, the Emperor of China thus writing to his 'reverently-submissive tributary" the King of Great Britain:—'Your Majesty's kingdom is at a remote distance beyond the seas, but is observant of its duties, and obedient to its laws; beholding from afar the glory of our Empire, and respectfully admiring the perfection of our Government. . . . With regard to those of your Majesty's subjects who, for a long course of years, have been in the habit of trading to our Empire, we must observe to you, that our celestial Government regards all persons and nations with eyes of charity and benevolence, and always treats and considers *your* subjects with the utmost indulgence and affection. On their account, therefore, there can be no place or occasion for the exertions of your Majesty's Government.'"

We feel rather disposed to quarrel with the word TRIBUTARY, as applied to the King of Great Britain. It is a word that occurs several times in the pamphlet before us, and very frequently in extracts favoured us from China, indicative of the insolence of the Chinese. The meaning of the English word *tribute* is "a tax or impost which one prince or state is obliged to pay to another, as a token of dependence, or in virtue of a treaty, and as a purchase of peace." If this be a correct definition, we ask Mr. Matheson, and those who make such a splutter about TRIBUTE and TRIBUTARY, how the Chinese can apply the word to us or our Sovereign, who never purchased peace at their hands, nor were ever in treaty with them? The writer hesitates not to assert that to restrict the word Kung to "*tribute*," as a mark of dependence, is a violation of its meaning; it must have some other word attached to it, or be restricted by what has preceded it. The first example of *Kung*, as given in the Imperial Dictionary, the only authority worth consulting, is "*to offer up to*," and is illustrated by an extract importing that "Yu on dispersing the remaining waters of the deluge, and marking out the nine divisions or districts, *handed* or *offered* to his Majesty a statement of what he had done." According to the work Chow-le, there were nine officers, or a board denominated the Kew kung, consisting of nine officers, who visited the neighbouring states to see what they required. If the King of England were tributary to China, to express this tribute the word Kung would certainly be made use of, and, according to the Romish missionaries, the phrase would be, Tsin kung tĕĭh kwŏ too, "The nation's earth *offered up to*," *i. e.* "The product of the country *offered up* to the emperor." Kung also signifies "*merit*," "to bestow on in consequence of merit," and "to give to." There is no definition in the Imperial Dictionary restricting the word Kung simply to *a tax* or *impost*. Tsin-kung, which has been rendered *tribute*, of which so much complaint is made, implies nothing more than "an offering from respect." For example, if one person makes a handsome present to another, it is expressed by Tsin-kung-ta, that is, "he presents him with the present." But surely making a person a present would not necessarily constitute any one *tributary* to him!

During the writer's residence in China he received many trifling presents from the Chinese, which were generally accompanied by the simple expression Wo-kung-ne, "I offer you this or that," the use of the word Kung indicating respect for the person addressed. From the above remarks, it appears that the Chinese, by the words Tsin-kung, "introducing presents," whether from the king of England or from any other quarter, means no offence. Kung-sze signifies "envoy," the bearer of presents, the personator of the king. Dr. Morrison has it, "he who does homage in the name of the king." The writer would say, the person who transacts the king's business. He knows of no envoy that goes expressly to do homage. At one time we were offended because we were called Hung-maou-kwei, "red-haired devils;" but, having shown that Kwei was applied to good spirits as well as bad, and that consequently the expression might mean *red-haired genii*, "beautiful, or handsome people," in contradistinction to *black-haired people*, which they style themselves, he has heard no further complaints on that subject.

We quite agree with Mr. Matheson in what immediately follows the preceding extract, that "in the management of so extensive a trade, where between two and three thousand individuals are daily coming in contact with the lowest of the Chinese, they have, or the Company had, a tremendous responsibility devolving on them, to say nothing of their dangerous situation."

At page 51, the melancholy death of Lord Napier is alluded to as being "YET UNREVENGED." We are further told that Lord Napier was sent out to China at the express instance of the Chinese government. Query, Did this originate with the Viceroy? or rather was it not suggested to him by the Hong Merchants, and were not these again influenced by those who wished to facilitate the destruction of the East India Company? His lordship's mission being a lamentable failure—a catastrophe which years will not repair—Mr. Matheson in his pamphlet strenuously urges on our government the necessity of visiting China for the insult thus offered, and requires them to demand the right to pass by the whole machinery which that government has thought proper to set up,—of the Hong Merchants, the Hoppos, and the Viceroys,—and to address the Emperor direct on all matters of dispute!

At page 55 Mr. M. remarks,

"It is impossible to foresee to what lengths of outrage and oppression the Canton authorities may be emboldened to proceed, should their unwarrantable treatment of his Majesty's representative be permitted to pass without even a show of remonstrance: the consequence of which, it is but too probable, would soon be developed in such a systematic aggravation of existing evils, as would lead to constant collisions and stoppage of trade. When these interruptions occurred during the East India Company's monopoly, their united influence and capital enabled them sometimes to make a stand against the Chinese, *and to sustain the heavy commercial losses attendant on the struggle.* Widely different, however, would be the case under present circumstances; when the free traders, pursuing each his separate and disunited view, and having no common head recognized by the Chinese, must fall a sacrifice, in detail, to their well-combined machinations."

The above extract (which is written by one who advocates the

free-trade system) shows the power our government has destroyed by not renewing the Company's charter under some new modification. To prevent any further speculations on the subject, ought not the *Leadenhall-street Tea Dealers*, as they have been designated (or some other corporate body) to be again required to renew their charter, that bloodshed may be prevented, and that affairs may go on smoothly?

At page 59, Mr. M. calls upon us to

"Listen to the marvellous language adopted by the Viceroy (27th October, 1830), in addressing our Committee.

"'The celestial Empire benevolently nourishes, righteously rectifies, and gloriously magnifies a vast forbearance. How is it possible that for driblets of men in a petty—petty barbarian factory, *troops* should be moved to exterminate!! [*sic.*]' But the said Chief, and others, could not explain this intention (in the Hong Merchants' threat); they stupidly listen to the teaching of traitorous persons, and forthwith presumed, in opposition to inhibitions, to order guns and arms to be brought up, and arrayed them at the door of their factory. This is still more wild and erroneous. Only try to think—if indeed the said foreigners had among them an illegality of a very important nature—I, the Governor, would instantly fly to report to the Emperor, *and the Government troops would gather together like clouds, exterminate them, and leave a perfect vacuum!!* How could their guns and arms they have brought, presume to oppose such a force?' Is this the sort of fulmination at which Britain must turn pale?"

We believe that Mr. Matheson makes no pretensions to be a Chinese scholar, although he has resided in China many years, or we might be disposed to question him on the rendering of "benevolently nourishes," "righteously rectifies," and "gloriously magnifies a vast forbearance." The latter part is mere oriental verbiage, and means nothing, and surely Ching-kung should not have been rendered "a perfect vacuum!" What, it may be asked, do the Chinese, a haughty, covetous, imbecile people, designate their empire *the Celestial Empire?* Yes they do. If a reason be asked them for so doing, the reply would be, that their ancient sovereigns, Füh-e, Shin-nung, and Whang-te, governing by principles that they received from Heaven, or which were considered to accord with the *will of Heaven*, this mild and paternal government was called *celestial*. Hence, transferring the word celestial to the kingdom, it is spoken of as the *Celestial* Kingdom or empire. We speak of our own country in a somewhat similar manner when we call it a *Christian* country, as the disciples or followers of Christ. No arrogance is meant by either one country or the other. Why then take offence?

The writer does not feel disposed to follow Mr. Matheson through the other parts of his interesting pamphlet, having restricted himself to that portion of it which treats of the general conduct of the Chinese. His object in taking up his pen has been to remove those erroneous impressions which *a slight knowledge of the Chinese language* is sure to produce, that those who are called to legislate may see the subject fairly before them, and that so momentous a question as the continuance of the Chinese trade may have *that calm, unbiassed deliberation* that shall tend to put the matters in dispute on a permanent footing. The

failure of Lord Napier's mission was foreseen by the writer before his lordship left this country. The greatest difficulty in the way of an honourable commercial understanding with China will be found in the *illegal trade of opium* which is carried on, of which many thousand chests are imported annually. The Chinese government, officially, do much to prevent the trade by prohibitions; but owing to the great demand for the article, and the systematic way in which this illegal trade is conducted, not only the retainers about the public courts are bribed, but the magistrates themselves participate in the guilt. It makes them avaricious and gives them a power to domineer, while it tends to destroy all upright feelings and to trample under foot the laws of their country. The Company not allowing their Captains or servants to trade in it, or to bring it in the ships under their command, when any dispute arose, their servants were not implicated; and when required to stop the traffic, they denied that they had any power whatever to interfere. Thus the offending parties settled the affair by a bribe, or by quitting the port. When a successor to Lord Napier shall obtain a footing, unless by force of arms, may we not expect that the Chinese will require a discontinuance of this trade, as far as the English nation is concerned? Whenever this takes place, will our government compel the Chinese to deal in what carries off tens of thousands of her subjects annually? The legitimate trade with China has never violated any of her laws, and might be carried on without much annoyance. But when sailors, captains, and merchants deal largely in contraband articles, and run goods to defraud the revenue, how can a good understanding exist? It is but the beginning of evils. What should we say if France or Russia imported a large quantity of contraband articles annually, and to further that trade kept one or more ships constantly anchored at Gravesend, as a depôt, from which, both by night and by day, lawless persons sent them through the country? On our remonstrating against such an insult, and, like the Chinese, unable to force them away, would there be a good understanding between the governments? Certainly not. There is no force in the assertion that opium is used at court, and hence the traffic in it is tolerated. Would the fact of a British Queen wearing a French kid-glove, be any proof that the British nation recognized smuggling, while its laws were in existence against the importation of that article? Who is the man, whatever be his rank, that, without being backed by a sufficient force, will be able to carry on such a trade with the Chinese, having to take charge of the *illegitimate* as well as the legitimate commerce of the country? It is mere childishness to be indignant because they now and then style us *barbarians*, and affirm that *our sovereign is a tributary prince to their monarch*. Show them that you trade honourably, that you aim at what is correct, and you will then be able to apply to them some of their own maxims, many of which are not surpassed by those of modern Christian writers.

When the writer penned the preceding remarks, he had not heard of Mr. Lindsay's Letter to Viscount Palmerston. Having now perused it, he finds that that gentleman also recommends to our

government the necessity of sending to China "a direct armed interference to demand redress (of the Chinese) for past injuries, and security for the future;" or "that a person of no pretensions should be sent out as agent for the Customs, whose sole duties should consist in registering ship's papers and counter-signing manifests." This latter mode Mr. Lindsay thinks would highly embarrass the Chinese, for, on the very first difficulty or dispute, they would most anxiously enquire "why no such authority existed." Our reply then is obvious. "It is your own fault, for, when we sent one to you, you treated him with insult," &c. Probably Mr. Lindsay imagines that the Viceroy would then send another letter to our government for a person to come and take charge of the trade. But suppose the Viceroy, in the absence of any one acting for the king of England, should enact fresh laws, and make individuals thus unprotected amenable to his own decisions, based on the Emperor's letter to our King in 1806, "That our Celestial Government regards all persons and nations with eyes of charity and benevolence, and always treats and considers *your* subjects with the utmost indulgence and affection. On this account, therefore, there can be no need for the exertions of your Majesty's Government,"—would he recommend that persons thus awkwardly situated should patiently wait till redress be sent from England?

At page 7, Mr. L. says, supposing demands of a hostile nature to be necessary, they should be no more than "a commercial treaty on terms of equality, giving us the liberty of trading at *two or more* of the northern ports;" also, "that there shall be a discontinuance of all those insulting expressions, implying national superiority, in which the Chinese have indulged so largely, and which," he maintains, "the Chinese use in the most offensive and insulting sense, and with no object but the deeply rooted one of persuading themselves that all foreigners are beings morally degraded and inferior to the Chinese, nor can we reasonably expect better treatment so long as the impression is allowed to remain." To substantiate this Mr. L. says, "I could quote numerous passages from Confucius, in which the term *E*, which we translate 'barbarian,' is found to denote those out of the pale of the Chinese empire, and always in a derogatory and contemptuous sense. I cannot resist quoting one sentence, written by a classical Chinese author, and one of the most distinguished commentators on Confucius.

"Sootungpo, the author above alluded to, in defining the identical word *E*, says:—

'The *E* and the Teih cannot be governed by the same rules of government as those of the central nation (the Chinese). They are like the brute creation: if liberal rules of government were applied to them, it would infallibly give rise to rebellious confusion. The ancient kings knew this well, and therefore ruled them without law. This method of government is decidedly the most judicious mode of governing them.'

"11. Can any one who reads this, doubt the gross insult which is conveyed in the constant repetition of this word? I therefore maintain that it would have the greatest moral effect, were the discontinuance of this and all other insulting expressions made imperative, in all future negociations with the Chinese. I feel confident that insisting on this point would greatly facilitate

all ulterior arrangements, and this is my reason for placing it foremost among our grounds of complaint."

Mr. Lindsay is so confident of the tenableness of the ground on which he has stuck his standard, that he risks the whole weight and importance of his Letter to Lord Palmerston, with all the advice it contains, on the force of a single passage he has selected from the works of Confucius, which were written above two thousand years since! In the above citation Mr. L. has been, however, most unfortunate; for Sootungpo is not defining "the identical word E," but he is speaking of two nations or clans of people, the one living on the east of China, and the other on the south, to whom the good rules of government were of no avail, and whom therefore the ancient kings governed without fixed laws, adopting a law as the emergency required. Had Sootungpo been defining the word E, he would have told us that it is formed of Ta, "great," and Kung, "a bow," hence "a great bow," which implied anciently "to wound," &c. E has a variety of meanings, such as, good, long-lived, easy, comfortable, &c. Dr. Morrison says it signifies *foreigners generally*. It is the exact word which Mr. L. himself renders "foreigner," and he says, "My Chinese correspondents used it, in lieu of the offensive word 'Barbarian,' ever afterwards in their correspondence, the originals of which are in my possession."

The writer does not know how to account for it, but it is evident that Mr. Lindsay has confounded the word E, "foreigner," with which the Europeans do not quarrel, with Mwan, which is generally rendered "barbarian," and which is considered so offensive. It is remarkable that, at the time of the E and Teih people, alluded to above, there were two other nations or clans of people, denominated Mwan and Keang, the former living on the south of China, and the latter on the west. The word Mwan, here used, is the identical word which is generally rendered "barbarian," while Keang means "western shepherds." The Imperial Dictionary says Mwan signifies *a name for southern foreigners*, and in this definition E is made use of for foreigner; it also makes a quotation from the work Chow-le Ta-sze-ma to the effect that, during the Chow dynasty, all land was deemed foreign that extended 500 le (Chinese miles) beyond the influence of the then government, in a southern direction. Mwan is also the name of several birds, one of which is said to be powerful, having one eye and one wing, with which it can fly; probably from what is said in fable, or otherwise, of the cruelty of this bird, is derived the phrase Mwan-sin, "cruel disposition," and this may have led to the error of restricting Mwan to *barbarous*, or *barbarians*, when applied to people; whereas its general import, adopting the first meaning given in the Imperial Dictionary, is simply *southern foreigners*, and, as Canton is the southern part of China, nothing can be more respectful on the part of the Chinese, especially when speaking of Europeans in the aggregate.

The Four Books of Confucius being written in a very chaste and elegant style, and the Commentary not less so, the writer feels confident that Mr. L. is unable to produce any complete sentence which, in its rendering into English, requires the use of the word barbarian, in allusion to foreigners.

If the above remarks be just, there is an end put to the contention about insulting language, and Mr. Lindsay, by his own indiscretion, has called forth remarks which defeat the object of his pamphlet—to have recourse to arms to teach the Chinese *etiquette*.

The writer, before he concludes, cannot refrain from noticing a pamphlet entitled "Remarks on the British Relations with China, and the Proposed Plans for Improving them. By Sir George Thomas Staunton, Bart." Its birth is owing solely to Mr. Lindsay's Letter, which we have noticed above, on which it contains strictures. It commences by saying, "I very reluctantly take up my pen for the purpose of entering into the field of controversy; but feeling, from early associations and much subsequent intercourse, diplomatic as well as commercial, with the people of China, a deep interest in the preservation of our peaceful relations with them," &c. The pamphlet is highly interesting, as advantage is taken of some remarks which appeared in the Quarterly Review on this important subject. Sir George Staunton, besides calling in question the propriety of adopting Mr. Matheson's and Mr. Lindsay's suggestions as to the policy of sending an armed force against an inoffensive people, gives a minute account of the misjudgment, on the part of Lord Napier and his advisers, as to the measures he unfortunately adopted at Canton. He, however, falls in with Mr. Lindsay's idea of the propriety of the "withdrawal at once of all his Majesty's Commissioners (from China), and of sending a person of *no pretensions* to rank as agent for the customs."

At page 31, Sir George says, "I cannot believe it possible that our government can, for a moment, listen to the first of Mr. Lindsay's proposals; but I do hope that they will pay that deference which is due to his knowledge and experience, by adopting the second."

Sir George Staunton is the author of a translation of the Chinese Penal Code, and is therefore acquainted with the language. On alluding to the controversy between Mr. Lindsay and the Quarterly Review, as to the import of the epithets "barbarians" and "devils," when applied to Europeans, he says, "With respect to the term E, which has been translated 'barbarians,' I am far from undertaking to say that it is the most honourable term that might be applied to foreigners." The writer is surprised that Sir George has not discovered the error that Mr. Lindsay has fallen into as regards the word E, implying "barbarians."

At page 36, Sir George Staunton, referring again to the controversy between Mr. Lindsay and the Quarterly Review, remarks,

"Among these distinguished Chinese scholars must be reckoned the late Dr. Morrison himself, though the Reviewer erroneously concedes the weight of his opinion to be in the opposite scale; for the word *E* is thus explained in his Dictionary:—'Foreigners in the East; foreigners generally; the character *E* being formed of *ta*, great, and *kong*, a bow, in allusion to the *great bows* used by foreigners in the East. *E jin*, a foreigner; *E chuen*, a foreign ship.'"

All this is a correct definition of the character E. Sir George then adds, "Various other meanings follow, but not one which justifies, in the smallest degree, the interpretation of "barbarous" or "barbarian." Here Sir George shows a want of acuteness which

surprises the writer; for barbarous or barbarian is always expressed by a very different character, as we have shown above. Relying on Mr. Lindsay's translation, at page 37, he says, "I might contend, even on the authority of Confucius, that 'foreigner' is the preferable word. 'Barbarian' is *never* used by us in the sense of 'out of the pale of the empire,' and not *almost always*, but *always*, in a derogatory sense."

It is now high time to take leave of Mr. Lindsay and Sir George Staunton for the present, and hear what Soo-tung-po and Confucius have to say. Soo-tung-po enquires of Confucius respecting the E and Teih nations. Confucius replies, "The E and Teih nations, which compass or press on China, cannot be governed by the same laws as China, for *they have neither a sovereign nor nobles*, they are all equal, like the brutes. When good government was conferred on them it led to confusion. The ancient sovereigns of China knew this, and therefore ruled them without fixed laws. This mode of governing them proved beneficial." Confucius was not speaking of people in his own day; he was giving his opinion of two governments that had existed a thousand years before his time, and whose mode of government he disapproved of, because it was what is termed *a free government* and not a monarchy. He had no occasion to speak in contempt of them, or even to call them foreigners, because, in his day, they had become subject to China. Mr. Lindsay may speak the Chinese language very well, but, before he again cites quotations from the Four Books of Confucius, he should let them be well imbued with exhalations of the lamp.

The writer would be guilty of remissness did he not extract the following judicious advice given by Sir George at page 37. He says:—

"I cannot omit here also to protest against the nonsensical phrase 'barbarian eye.' The Chinese word, here translaled *eye*, is thus explained in Dr. Morrison's Dictionary:—'*Moo* or *muh*, the eye; that which directs; *the head or principal person.*' Now, it is quite obvious that when this epithet was applied to Lord Napier, the *third*, and not the first, of these senses was intended; and that therefore, in point of fact, his title of Foreign Superintendent was very fairly translated. It is very difficult, therefore, to discover any adequate reason for employing the phrase 'barbarian eye,' which has been so much ridiculed and animadverted upon, except that of exaggerating the offensive and ungracious character of the document in which it appeared. I will not, however, impute to the translator any such intention, but merely observe, that this plan of translating, as it were, in 'caricature,' may be very harmless, as long as it is confined to cases in which it merely excites a laugh at Chinese ignorance or absurdity; but when it has the effect of producing or increasing ill blood between our merchants and the authorities of the country, and inflaming their minds with indignation at imagined insults, which nothing but the sword or the bayonet can expiate, it cannot be too severely reprobated, It is, unfortunately, but too true that the Chinese have often recourse to offensive and insulting phraseology in speaking of foreigners; and I am no advocate for dissembling the fact when it really occurs: but the phrase 'barbarian eye' appears to me as false to the letter, as it is to the spirit of the original."

Without making further extracts from the works that have been noticed, it is presumed that what has been advanced by Messrs. Matheson and Lindsay, as to the insolence of the Chinese in their official documents, has been satisfactorily refuted, and that consequently such complaints have arisen from *our ignorance of their lan-*

guage, which has led us to take offence where no offence was intended. The allusion of Sir George to the rendering of *barbarian eye* in the preceding extract, is most happy; for instead of considering it an insult that Lord Napier should be styled the *Southern Foreigner's Eye* (as it should have been rendered), that is, THE CHIEF OF THE SOUTHERN FOREIGNERS, we ought to have considered it the very reverse, as the precedence is given to our nation in preference to the Dutch, the Portuguese, and even the Americans.

In conclusion, it may not be amiss to remark that, instead of sending a person merely *to take charge of the customs*, as suggested by Mr. Lindsay and approved of by Sir George Staunton, it would be much better to send out a person well acquainted with the language, of known integrity, as the bearer of a letter to the Emperor of China, informing him of the discontinuance of the Company's charter, and of his Majesty being desirous of continuing to trade on honourable principles with his subjects, which letter should be consigned to the care of the Viceroy. At the same time address another letter to the Viceroy, informing him that the bearer of the said letter will take charge of the trade, but that his powers are limited, and consequently, in case of any serious misunderstanding occurring, he will have to consult with his sovereign. This would always leave the President of the Trade an excuse for not acting on the spur of the moment. The time that would necessarily elapse before an answer could be received from England would be such that the matter in dispute would be nearly or entirely forgotten.

Indeed, we would even recommend an acknowledgment that Lord Napier had acted, in the late affair at Canton, on his own responsibility in attempting to obtain a residence at Canton by force, instead of seeking it in an honourable and peaceable manner. The Emperor and Viceroy would then understand the principles on which we continue to trade, and a reciprocal cordiality might be established. But the attempt to pass by all the great officers of the Chinese government, and to obtain redress direct from the Emperor, as though he did not act under due deliberation of his ministers at Canton, or of the Six Public Boards at Peking, indicates very imperfect knowledge of the Chinese government. All the Viceroys have the power of writing directly to the Emperor; while all affairs of business are sent to one or the other of the Six Boards for deliberation, according to the nature of the business, whose decision is then submitted to the Emperor; thus the dignity of the Emperor is maintained, and the great ministers of state have an influence in the government. In our country *vox populi* rules, but in China the TEEN-TSZE, "the man who is appointed by Heaven to rule." At the same time, he is sensible that so vast an empire cannot be governed without the unremitting attention of his ministers, from the Viceroy down to Hëen, or the district magistrate. If this be correct, whoever is sent out should be courteous, yet dignified, and of an unimpeachable character, in the strictest sense of the word. Let this be reversed, and, though his titles should rank him next to the king of Great Britain, he will not be respected. His servants will publish his faults, foreigners will magnify them, and his slight failings (if they may be so termed) will certainly reach the ear of the Viceroy.

During the writer's residence at Macao, Senhor Paulino (who was a captain) assumed the government of that place, by consent of the Bishop, the Baron de Port de Alegre, Conselheiro Manoel Pereira, &c., &c. A Portuguese frigate was despatched from Goa with troops, and a despatch addressed to the Senate to re-establish the former order of affairs, but the Portuguese residents would not suffer the frigate to land her men, nor even the captain to come on shore, the people watching under arms by night. After the lapse of a month, the captain addressed a petition respecting his commission to the Viceroy, who deputed two Mandarins to go down to Macao. They were attended by about 200 soldiers, with matchlocks, spears, and shields, and conducted into the Senate, the soldiers lining the staircase, and forming themselves in a body without. The Mandarins on entering the Senate took the uppermost seat. Captain Paulino sat on the side seat in his uniform with his long sword. The captain of the frigate entered with his letter, attended by a gentleman who came with him from Goa. Padre Consalvos was the interpreter. The Mandarins without any ceremony, said "they had been sent by the Viceroy to see the opening of a letter that had been sent by the king of Portugal." The captain produced the letter. The Mandarins desired him to open the letter. He declined doing so. The Mandarins nodding to Senhor Paulino desired him to open it. The captain refused to deliver it to him, stating that his instructions were to deliver it to the bishop, or the senate; but, none of them being present, he then offered it to the Mandarins to open. They then asked the interpreter to read the address on the letter, on hearing it interpreted, they also declined opening it. The Mandarins now asked if none of the senate were present; the answer was, on mentioning about half a dozen names, the bishop included, that they were all ill of the cholera. This excited a smile from the Mandarins. The interpreter now called to one of the young priests, and told him to "go and tell the bishop that such a person was present—adding, he will come then." In about ten minutes the bishop entered, wearing his gold cross suspended from his neck. All the Portuguese rose and saluted him by kissing his hand, as he passed up the room, and even the captain and his friend advanced towards him, which excited the attention of the Mandarins. The bishop took his seat next to Senhor Paulino. It should have been noticed, that the bishop was a very *little* man. But his countenance indicated much good nature, combined with gravity, and a commanding demeanour. On seeing the bishop seated, his small stature excited a smile, but on fully noticing him, and perceiving that there was that which commanded a high degree of respect, regaining their former placid manner, the Mandarins asked if he would open the letter, to which he consented. The captain approached with the letter, which the bishop took, evidently not pleased with the conduct of the captain, and opened it. The letter being thus opened, the Mandarins spoke as follows: "The king's letter being opened, this terminates our commission. We hope that all affairs will now be amicably adjusted among you. There has been a long and mutual understanding between the emperor and the king of Portugal. You have been permitted to reside in China for

a great number of years, and have enjoyed all the blessings that the subjects of the empire enjoy. The emperor has noticed the peaceable manner in which you have lived, and expects that you will continue thus to live. Among you reside many foreigners, the Hung-maou-kwei" (on the individual alluded to above, looking the Mandarin hard in the face, as he was close by his side, and touching his hair, the Mandarin perceived that the epithet did not please, and immediately said, "the *English*, live among you also; it is therefore important that you live peaceably and orderly, if so, the emperor will ever take care of you." Having thus spoken, they arose, and were attended to their chairs by the person alluded to above; when, preceded by their troops, they went through the city to Casa Branca fort. From the manner in which the Mandarin made use of the term Hung-maou-kwei, it was evident that it came involuntarily from him, and the smile of approbation which followed on his correcting what seemed to give offence, convinces the writer that we have hitherto generally misunderstood its meaning, or that they are not aware we take offence at it.

The writer having as far back as the year 1822 discovered, satisfactorily, the reasons for removing the trade from Amoy to Canton, as mentioned already, is convinced that the idea of opening other ports in China is just as likely as that they will suffer the Russians to trade at Canton, which we know full well they will not, as that has been tried. With respect to the imports, it is true that they frequently treble the duties levied. This is an error of their government; but it is not confined to the imports, it extends to every department of the revenue. The stipulated income of an officer is the same now that it was 500 years since, but, as this is now inadequate to his support, he makes up the deficiency by surcharges. It is absurd to expect that a people like the Chinese, who so tenaciously adhere to long-established usages, will be induced to yield to the notions of foreigners, whether we appeal to the Viceroy or to the Emperor.

12, *Warwick Square.* P. P. T.

LINES BY LADY JIN-SHE.

FROM THE CHINESE.

Why do I weep? Awake my soothing lyre,
And charm the sorrows of my heart away,
Lest grief should prove a self-consuming fire,
And blight the opening flower of life's young day.

O sing of love, and charm the listening ear
Of one who may the tender passion feel;
Some future day, these lines may bright appear,
With smiles of joy that two fond hearts reveal.

My verse, inscribed on an autumnal leaf,
May gentle zephyrs waft to that soft breast,
Where love shall melt in pity for my grief,
And in a mutual flame our hearts be blest. P. P. T.

FRAGMENT OF A JOURNAL.

My debts were considerable—when I say considerable, I mean they were most extensive. At the very least, two hundred thousand pounds had been squandered away in the most unaccountable manner. I never can think upon the time now without feeling a sense of the most confusing shame and regret. I had had experience sufficient in the world, more than enough experience to have prevented in every other individual such conduct as that I indulged in. But my character was always different from any other character; ambition, boundless, insatiable ambition, was my leading trait. Nothing I thought was too great or too sublime for me. I *would* follow every frivolous fashion, every changeable *mode*. I *would* have every luxury gold could procure. I had made Paris my place of abode, and with the advantages of the very best introductions I got into the highest French society.

I had a wife. . . . Angelic creature! Oh! my pen stops . . . my hand refuses its office, when I think of her! . . . . dead and gone! . . . She was the very pattern of a wife. I think there never existed a more perfect model of Christian meekness and woman-like modesty. Oh! had I but followed her advice, what would not have been my present fate! But no! I was too proud, too self-confident. I trusted only in my own powers; and here I am a sad, but just example for all who, like myself, will only be guided by their passions.

I once knew the joy of a father's heart. It lasted not: in one short year my best hope was cut off. After her infant's death, my beloved Caroline lost all cheerfulness of heart. She sat absorbed in grief, and sought no earthly friend to comfort and console her. She pined away, and died amidst ruin and desolation, leaving her husband in gaol for debt, and not an heir, not a human being to uphold the long respected name of Lytton.

Some months after my beloved wife's death, I was liberated by the insolvent act. No sooner was I free than all the remaining energies of my mind, which had been severely and for ever wounded by all my late misfortunes, I devoted to my favourite pursuit of money-making. I succeeded! Wonder upon wonder. I paid my debts! I believe I *had* one honourable feeling remaining—*that was to pay my debts*. Good fortune attended all my endeavours. I regained my previous position in life. I renewed my old acquaintances. I embraced once more my former mode of life. But my heart had lost all comfort; I felt a void I had never felt before, and I tried every way, I exhausted every nerve, to find some relief to my soul. I have never known love. I have felt many times a sincere attachment to a particular person, but I have never experienced that fatal passion, that bane of human existence, and, yet, without which life, they say, is without a charm. Love! No. I have never wished to love. I have gone through enough of passions, of dreadful gnawings of heart. I never wish for more. My spirit is broken. I am curbed. I am vanquished.

I was once in company with a chosen set of companions. The ban-

quet room was splendid. The beautiful hangings and gilded panels bespoke the riches and taste of the possessor. The rooms had been fitted up by the hand of a well-known *artiste*. The supper table was crowded with every dish that the best "cordon bleu" could furnish. The most acute epicurean critic could have found nothing to complain of. Wine sparkled in every direction. The dresses of the females were of the richest stuffs, and made according to the very last fashion. Every one was pleased, every one was delighted. I took very little part in the conversation. The subjects that were discussed were not interesting to me. I was insensible to the praise bestowed on some, and to the sarcasm cast on others. I was not in a cheerful mood. My heart was sad. I could assign no cause for the unusual de pression of spirits under which I laboured.

The company dispersed from the table. Some went to listen to the exquisite music. Some joined in groups to converse. Some went to the card table, and others to dice. I was amongst the latter: I wanted something to rouse my spirits, something exciting to refresh my heart. Fortune once more turned her back upon me. I was unlucky. I lost. Played on. I lost again, and again I staked a large sum. I lost again, This soured my temper. A friend of mine came up and offered to give me a chance of winning back from him what I had lost. I accepted the proposition, but I was again unfortunate. I could now no longer bear up. I quarrelled with my antagonist. I broke forth with the most violent expressions. So far forgot myself as to call him villain! cheat! I became furious, and upbraided him for what I thought was undeserved treachery on his part. "Sir Frederick Lytton" said he, "I am not accustomed to hear such words from you! I demand an explanation. I answered him with more opprobrious epithets. I forget the words I used. Never can I remember the circumstances without feeling still the dire disgrace I brought upon myself by my unguarded violence. It was arranged we should meet the next morning at seven in the *Bois de Boulogne*. The company dispersed. The party was broken up. Every one went home with sad forebodings.

Etienne de St. Foix, the man I had so grossly insulted, was the only existing remnant of a noble French family. I had first met him in England. During the revolution, and the reign of Buonaparte, he had been one of those unfortunate emigrants from their native land with whom England abounded at that time. A long acquaintance with him had disclosed to me his noble character and unchangeable devotion in friendship. We had lived as brothers, and till that night not the slightest dispute had ever arisen between us.

When I reached my home, and retired to my bed-room, I sunk on my couch oppressed by successive feelings of rage, despair, and shame. I remained with my face hid in my hands unmoved. The most horrid reflections came across me. Scarce six hours were there between me and the prospect of eternity! On one hand, I thought upon my own dreadful state should I be a murderer. On the other, oh! what were not the awful thoughts of appearing unprepared before my Eternal Judge! within the short space allotted to me. I suddenly arose. I tried to write my last wishes. To whom could I leave my wealth? To whom could I turn in this dreadful moment? Oh! how

I cursed my imprudence, my folly. I had never been accustomed to pray, my heart had never known the joy of turning to that Great God who reigns above for comfort. I had always trusted in my own destiny. I had not been left quite ignorant of the existence of the first great Cause of all things, but I was afraid to pray. I feared that the great Deity would turn from me in anger. I had never trusted in his mercy; but gradually I sunk on my knees. I prayed long, uninterruptedly; and when I arose my heart was calmer. I felt now resigned. I knew I could not shrink from my engagement. I knew I *must* meet my long-known friend as an enemy, but I was now comforted and more prepared to meet my self-imposed trial.

Morning began to dawn. I had seen my second the evening before, and, when he came to call for me, I felt as if I had been relieved of a great weight. When we reached the spot agreed upon, my adversary was already there. I could hardly look upon him. I could not bear his gaze. Agony, dreadful agony, was written on his noble features, and it was with trembling hands we took our respective places. We were to fire both at once. As the signal was given, my strength failed me. I could not raise the pistol above the level of his head. Etienne staggered a few paces. I rushed forward, and was just in time to catch him in my arms. His eyes turned upon me with a look of heart-rending anguish. I had scarce strength enough left to support his head. The ball had entered his breast a little below the neck. He breathed, however. The surgeon who was in attendance declared the wound not mortal. I felt relieved. We conveyed him home in a carriage which had been pepared by my second, and the surgeon immediately extracted the ball. I could not leave his bedside. He was for a long time insensible. When he came to himself the first object that met his eye was myself. He started, then smiled. He took me by the hand. My eyes swam in tears. I could no longer suppress my feelings. I fell on the couch and wept bitterly. This seemed to distress him. He entreated me to be calm. I curbed myself. I became more quiet and was enabled to talk to him.

Frederick," said he, "tell me—I am in the utmost anxiety—tell me, did you *wish* to take my life?" "Believe me, Etienne," I replied in a scarcely audible tone, "believe me, I had no intention of taking aim. As the signal was given, I lost all firmness. I could not raise my hand sufficiently high for the pistol to be above the level of your head, and thus have I made myself the instrument of torture to him I have best loved on this earth! Forgive me, Etienne! Can you forgive me? Can you believe I was in a right mind when I so dreadfully disgraced myself? Can you forgive the action of a mad man? Can you feel any mercy for a repentant offender. Oh! Etienne, that I ever lived to break for one moment that hallowed tie which united us together!" I again burst into tears, but he heard me not. He saw not those tears of anguish and repentance. He had fallen into a sweet slumber. He slept some hours, during which I never moved from my seat. Reflections of different natures coursed each other in my brain, but the most prominent of all was thankful-

ness that I had been spared the feelings of a murderer. I became calm. I had hopes, strong hopes, that Etienne would recover, particularly as he evinced no signs of great pain. His mind was now at rest. He was sure I had not wished his death. He felt grateful that my heart at least was not perverted. I made a vow never again to expose myself to endure such fearful agony of mind as I had gone through within the last twenty-four hours. He insisted upon my taking some rest. The surgeon came to visit him, and to apply a new bandage to his wound. I entreated permission to remain during the operation. It was granted. He supported the whole with the most unshaken firmness, and I left him in good spirits and quite reconciled to me.

After some weeks, he recovered, slowly indeed, but entirely, and our friendship was only strengthened by the late event.

Etienne was young: he had scarce reached his twenty-seventh year. His affections had long been engaged to a female of distinction, who was in every point worthy of him. Léontine de Valéry, daughter of a French Count, who had fallen a martyr to party spirit, was not more remarkable for her beauty than for the upright frankness of her character. Adversity had been her teacher ever since her father's death, which had happened while she was yet a child. She had been reared in that cruel but instructive school. But she was not subdued by misfortunes; they only served to strengthen her heart and to form her mind, and she was always thankful that she had acquired so much experience as her trials had afforded her.

But Etienne de St. Foix was not the only one whose heart had been touched by Léontine's charms. Henri de Bertou, the son of one of those officers who distinguished themselves under Napoleon, had not been insensible to her attractions. He was proud, hard hearted, unbending; but he had acquired a great facility of concealing his real character. He was versed in every art of politeness, and was considered one of the most accomplished cavaliers in Paris. He had fallen deeply in love with Mademoiselle de Valéry, and was on the eve of declaring his feelings. But he well knew no affection answered his. He was well aware that another possessed the heart he would have given his life to have called his own for one moment. He was ignorant who this rival was, and all his energies were upon the alert to discover him. Meanwhile Etienne made his offer. He was immediately accepted, and his nuptials with Léontine were celebrated with heartfelt joy by all. He had determined to travel, and the first place they were to visit was Spain. I accompanied my friend. Nothing more retained me in Paris; on the contrary, the very name of that town was odious to me after what had happened there. We accordingly started together, and arrived at Madrid a week or two afterwards. I shall not dwell upon the incidents of our journey. Suffice it to say that, after visiting the greater part of Spain and Portugal, Etienne proposed to return through Madrid and proceed onwards to Rome and Naples. We therefore took a tour through Switzerland and arrived at Rome after a charming journey across the Alps. I had completely regained my spirits, and St Foix

was more dear to me than ever. One day, I happened to stroll out alone into the suburbs, when I returned home I found Léontine in tears. Etienne was pacing up and down the room. His countenance expressed deep anxiety. The moment I entered the apartment, Etienne stopped and exclaimed, "Here you are at last, Frederick. We have been expecting you with the utmost impatience!" "What has happened?" said I. "I am as ignorant as yourself," replied he. "Léontine has met with some extraordinary adventure which she would not tell me till you came." I turned to Madame de St. Foix and asked an explanation. "I must entreat you both to give me a cool hearing. Promise me to listen to the end without interruption." We both made the required promise, and, although I was extremely anxious, I sat down and tried to appear calm. She then began as follows:—"I went out this morning accompanied only by Victor, and, as the weather was so beautiful, I determined to take a stroll into the country. I went towards the Tiber. I had observed in the streets a strange looking man who seemed to follow us, but, as I knew Victor was armed, I felt no sort of alarm, indeed, I hardly gave a thought to the circumstance. Suddenly, however, as I was walking along the banks, this same man came from behind a bush directly towards me. He advanced, and said in a muffled voice in French, "Madame, I wish to speak with you." I started back. He was enveloped in a thick cloak, and his hat was slouched over his face, but I thought I knew his voice. "Mr. de Bertou! is it you?" "I cannot answer your question," said he, "till you have told your servant to leave us a few minutes." Resolved to know what he meant, I mentioned to Victor to retire a few steps. I knew I could rely on him in case of treachery. The stranger then threw aside his cloak, and I recognised indeed Henri de Bertou. "You know," he said, "that I have long loved you. Nay, start not, but listen to me. You know I have long pined after you, that I have made you my idol, that I have sacrificed my life to you, that I have sworn no other woman shall ever possess the heart that I had consecrated solely to you. Listen," he continued, as I attempted to speak, "pray listen to me. I had determined to declare my affection to you. I had resolved to ask your hand. Although I knew you loved me not, I yet entertained a mad hope that you would not discard me for ever. But that hated man who is now in quiet possession of you overturned all my hopes. I knew not who he was. I now know him, and ere long the name of St. Foix shall be blotted from the earth." I was thunder-struck—I knew not what to say—I was so bewildered I could hardly stand. However, I lost not all power. I tried to speak, but he interrupted me. "Forgive me, Léontine, for thus torturing you. But I have sworn I would not take my vengeance till I declared to you both my love for you and my unquenchable hatred towards the destroyer of all my happiness, that odious St. Foix. Try not to dissuade me from my purpose. It is fixed, irrevocable. I have vowed that my sword shall pierce the heart of St. Foix, and, unless I am prevented by death, my oath shall be fulfilled. Seek me not. You will never find me till your detested husband is dead. Adieu!"

He disappeared from my sight. In vain I looked around. In vain I sent Victor in every direction to find him. He was gone, and I returned here in a most dreadful state of wretchedness. Léontine ceased speaking. I glanced my eyes towards Etienne. He was apparently wrapped in thought. I watched him for some time. He seemed to be unconscious of our presence. At length he started up and said, "Léontine, this is no idle tale, I will use every effort to find him out. I will have him searched for all over Italy, all over Europe, if it be necessary. Only be calm about it yourself. Do not let anxiety for me disturb your mind. I feel convinced I shall find him.

We accordingly set on foot a severe search. We took every precaution. But to no purpose: we heard nothing more of de Bertou. We left Rome and proceeded on towards Naples. There we hired lodgings for a month, determined, if possible, to obtain the object of our search. The whole affair had a terrible effect on Etienne's spirits. He had always thought himself the only one who could appreciate Léontine. He had always rejoiced at being free from all the jealousies of a rival, and now his happy delusion was dissolved. He knew now that he had a rival, and that rival was the most violent and hard-hearted of all human beings. He feared nothing for himself; he only dreaded the effect his death would have on Léontine. He felt a sort of security that he should not die by de Bertou's hand, and yet he had a sad foreboding, for which he could in no ways account.

All our endeavours to trace de Bertou were fruitless. Léontine prevailed upon her husband to return to France, and in a week or two afterwards we once more took up our abode in Paris. The dreadful suspense that preyed upon us from the circumstance of Léontine's rencontre at Rome had a dreadful effect on her spirits. I well understood the object of the wretched Henri, in thus delaying to accomplish his threats. I well knew the feeling he had of allowing Etienne's happiness to become full, ere he wreaked on him his vengeance.

About seven months after our departure from Rome, Léontine received a note from an unknown hand. She opened it in the presence of Etienne and myself. It contained the following ominous words: —"Beware, a traitor seeks your life and that of your husband. Take care where you go. Never be unguarded." There was no signature. This letter revived all our fears. Léontine could no longer bear up. She became dangerously ill. Week after week she suffered, and it seemed as if she would never recover. She gradually, however, and slowly got better. Country air was advised for her. But all was unavailing. She drooped. The resources of art had no effect; her hour was not yet come.

Some time after the reception of the fatal note which had been the ruin of Léontine's health, Etienne, herself, and some friends, amongst whom I was, were taking a stroll upon the heights of Montmartre. This delightful place is about a quarter of a mile from Paris, and commands a splendid view of the town and the surrounding country. It was a beautiful sunny day.

The spring was just beginning to cheer the earth, and the balmy

air had a good effect on Madame de St. Foix's spirits. We all admired the beautiful prospect before us. On all sides was a wide extensive plain, with hills in the distance. We stood on an elevated point, which was cut perpendicularly on one side. At the foot were some old stones and bricks, with a few workmen's tools.

"How beautiful is the plain below," said I to Léontine. "It would almost make me forget all our misfortunes to live in this delightful spot." "Ah!" replied she, "would to Heaven I could efface all mine from my memory, I would do any thing." She suddenly stopped. We heard the report of a pistol, followed by a dreadful shriek. "At last I am avenged!" cried a voice I immediately knew. I turned round. Etienne de St. Foix was lying prostrate on the ground, bleeding profusely; and a man, muffled in a cloak, with a pistol in his hand, was standing over the dead body of my friend. All the spectators were horror-struck. Before any of us had time to recover our senses, the dark figure threw off his cloak and showed the features of Henri de Bertou. Every one rushed suddenly towards him; but he escaped from our circle, and, running to where Léontine had fallen senseless to the ground, took her up with a mighty grasp and backed fearfully towards the edge of the rock. "If any one advances," he cried, "I throw her headlong down the steep!" I cannot go on—I cannot find words to describe the horror that seized us all. We stopped suddenly. He took advantage of the moment to implant a long kiss upon her drooping forehead, then laid her down and leaped from the rock into the vale beneath. Speechless with horror, we rushed towards Madame de St. Foix. What was our agony to behold a knife buried in her breast! The villain had stabbed her to the heart! We descended from the height and came to the spot where was lying amongst the stones and bricks the mangled body of Henri de Bertou. He had just time to utter a few imprecations. He expired in the most fearful convulsions!

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After having assisted at the funeral of my last friends, I began to reflect upon my own now desolate state. The death of Etienne and Léontine had destroyed every tie I had left upon earth. I felt that I must create a new existence for myself. I could not decide on any plans. Day after day, and week after week, I lingered on in Paris; and it was not till some months after the lamentable catastrophe I have just recorded that I began to grow more accustomed to my solitude. My late absence from France had of course broken again all the acquaintances I had formed there. I did nothing for the following year. At last, I determined to come to England and try a new existence. I was possessed of sufficient riches. I wished for no more. I tried to interest myself in the politics of the day, and I gradually become acquainted with the policy of all the different courts of Europe. I ingratiated myself with the party then reigning. I got gradually identified with my pursuit, and, ere long, my whole soul became devoted to it. Four years had now elapsed since I had left Paris. I could never bear to call to

memory any of the events of my past life. I was no longer the same man. I undertook a diplomatic charge. I was but partially successful. I was dissatisfied with myself, and I resolved, if I failed in my next endeavours, I should retire at once from every public office and lead a quiet and retired life. I therefore made a great effort. I was entrusted with a secret mission, and returned triumphant. I had obtained complete success. This again elated me, and I took fresh courage. Every thing went on smoothly. I became now more interested in the line of life I had chosen. I was again the favourite of fortune. I succeeded in every thing I undertook, when suddenly a change of ministry brought with it a complete change of affairs. I tried to battle against the consequences of such a change, and I applied myself soul and body to gain my point. I kept my position to the very last moment, but I could not fight against thousands. I was discarded and dismissed with foul reproaches and disgraceful taunts. I was now completely broken. I never recovered from that last stroke. I believe I never shall. I am now leading a most retired life. I have quite given up every thought of exerting myself in any way. Reminiscences alone constitute my present enjoyment and distress. I live in memory only. I have taken a long, a last farewell of this world! May I prepare myself for leaving it entirely.

FREDERICK LYTTON.

The foregoing pages, collected from the papers of the late Sir Frederick Lytton, are offered to the public by his confidential Secretary,

March, 1836. O. O.

A SONNET.

Alone and sad, at midnight's shadowy hour,
I sit me down to meditate and mourn
The phantom—past in all its faded power:
The few bright sunlights, and fond wishes torn
From out my weakened grasp—nor fruit, nor flower
To gladden, or to cheer my heart forlorn.
Dim spectres of the Past! Ye bring no ray
To light my trembling steps—already weak
From care and weariness. Ye cannot stay
To ease a troubled heart, that fain would break.
God of the just! thou know'st the heart,
Its pangs, its conflicts, and its woes—
Guide Thou my path-way—and impart
A holy trust in Thee—nor let me start
When Thou shalt hush its 'plainings in repose.

RECOLLECTIONS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

(Concluded from p. 315.)

In the course of the evening the conversation turned on Sir Walter's latest poetical works. I was afraid, when the subject was first broached, which it was, seemingly by accident, by Mr. Ballantine, that as those poems were so unsuccessful, and were so much ridiculed by the critical press of the day, that Scott would have felt sore on it. Not so. Indeed he seemed to me to enter on it with peculiar pleasure. The fact was that he lived and died in the firm belief that the silliest of his poetical productions was fully equal to "Marmion," "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," and those other poems which were so favourably received by the public; and that the reason why they were not so successful as those last alluded to was, as he has since stated in print, that his too frequent appearance before the public as a poet had created a kind of satiety, and that this feeling was increased by the circumstance of Lord Byron's reputation beginning at the time to rise so rapidly. In thus thinking as highly of his worst as of his best poetical works Sir Walter was not singular. Thousands of authors before him have been equally at variance with the public in the estimation of their own works. The fact that Milton clung to the impression to the last that his "Paradise Regained" was not only equal but superior to his "Paradise Lost" is one instance, not to mention any more, with which the reading world are well acquainted.

Sir Walter on this occasion, as indeed I understood from his friends he often did, referred with much seeming pleasure to the short period during which he practised as a Scottish advocate, or rather attempted to practise; for the cases with which he was entrusted were so few as to be hardly worthy the name of a business. Among these few, however, there was one of a very extraordinary kind. It was that of a clergyman of the church of Scotland, of the name of Mr. M'N. It occurred in 1793, and created the deepest interest throughout Scotland. The case was not tried before a civil court, but before the General Assembly of the church. The charges preferred against the reverend defendant were of the gravest nature. The preamble of the libel (I was shown a copy of the report of the proceedings in the case) was in the following terms:—The Rev. Mr. John M'N——, minister of the gospel in the parish of G——,* is hereby indicted, at the instance of the elders and heads and familiars in the parish of ——, for the crimes of drunkenness, lying, cursing, swearing, blaspheming, using obscene, immodest, impious, and wicked language and expressions, of misconstruing the holy scriptures, and thereby burlesquing and ridiculing the same, of endeavouring to corrupt the faith of the teachers of the gospel, of profan-

* I do not give the names at full length, though at the time the case was known, as already mentioned, all over Scotland, as by reviving it, it might give unnecessary pain to some of the reverend defendant's relatives, if any such there be alive.

ing the Lord's day, of withdrawing and detaining the funds belonging to the poor * * * deliberately violating both law and justice, being guilty of the most flagrant acts of injustice, corruption, extortion, and oppression, compounding and transacting crimes, demanding and receiving money under false pretences," &c. &c. I am sure the reader will concur with me in thinking that, if this "criminal of the cloth" had only been guilty of one half the offences here laid to his charge, he would still have been a transgressor of no ordinary magnitude. I expressed a hope in the hearing of Sir Walter that the clerical defendant was innocent of most, if not all of the charges; but from the statements made to me I found that my charity had been misplaced. Indeed, I learned that, with the single exception of not violating the sixth commandment, the reverend culprit had run the round of the cardinal vices. It is more than probable—though this is only conjecture, nothing having fallen from Sir Walter in the course of the evening which directly sanctioned the opinion—that this clerical delinquent was afterwards taken by the author of Waverley as the model of some of the "consummate villains" whose characters are so forcibly pourtrayed in several of his novels.

It is right to mention that Sir Walter viewed with the utmost horror the conduct of his reverend client, and, though of course maintaining a prudent silence on the subject while the case was pending before the General Assembly, he never spoke of it after the decision of that venerable court without censuring the reverend gentleman's conduct in the most unqualified terms. Sir Walter (then Mr. Scott) did, as in duty bound, every thing possible to obtain an acquittal. He cited no fewer than thirty-one witnesses in his favour. In the peroration of his speech, which was remarkable alike for its earnestness and eloquence, he expressed a hope that the venerable court would not by its decision utterly and for ever ruin the character, destroy the peace of mind of his client, and reduce him and his parents, entirely depending on him for support, to beggary, but that the severe sufferings he had already undergone would be considered some atonement for his improprieties, and that in its judgment it would remember mercy. The court however, very properly considering that the character of the church of Scotland and the interests of religion and morality were deeply involved in the matter, came to a unanimous decision to depose him from his pastoral charge, and excommunicate him from a church which he had done so much to bring into discredit.

This visit to Sir Walter at Abbotsford took place about ten years before he formally avowed himself the author of the Waverly novels. I had not, any more than the public, the shadow of a doubt for some years previously that that extraordinary series of works owed its parentage to him. If I had had any doubt, it would have vanished by a merely accidental circumstance which came under my notice on this occasion. I saw several printed sheets—there were no corrections on them—so far as I could see from the rapid glance I was able to give them, of the second volume of one of his forthcoming novels, lying on the table, which, however, he hastily gathered together and placed on a shelf among a quantity of other loose sheets, as if desirous that

the eye of no second party should see them. I will not now be positive as to the novel; but, if I recollect rightly, it was "Anne of Gierstein." This I remember perfectly well, that the work was not published for four weeks afterwards.

I may here, by way of episode, mention that every possible precaution was taken to preserve Sir Walter's incognito, until he himself thought fit to throw it off. Mr. James Ballantine, the printer of the Scotch novels, copied the manuscript over himself, instead of hazarding the secret by committing the task to any subordinate in his establishment. And one of the sons of the late respected Mr. Constable, Sir Walter's publisher, mentioned to me on one occasion that, when his father wrote even to Sir Walter himself on the subject of the Waverly novels, he never spoke of them in any other terms than as the "novels," "certain popular works," or in some such indefinite phraseology. This precaution was taken lest any of Mr. Constable's letters should accidentally have fallen into the hands of a third party, and thus the secret have escaped.

Sir Walter possessed an extraordinary memory, especially with respect to old ballads. The number of Scotch ballads he could repeat without the least hesitation, and without mistaking a word, was almost incredible. I saw enough on the evening in question to satisfy me of this; but the fact was still further borne out by the statements of Mr. Ballantine. Indeed, there was hardly a Scotch ballad of any note that he could not repeat from beginning to end. His memory was remarkably retentive, too, with regard to all literary matters. Whatever he once read, if it deeply interested him, he never afterwards forgot in substance, and, indeed, often for years after he recollected the very words.

One Herculean part of the labours he performed is little known to the world, though it must not only have been irksome in itself, but consumed a great portion of his time.

There was scarcely an hour, certainly not a day, in which some unfledged author was not sending him his manuscript for the purpose of getting his opinion as to its merits, or some young writer sending him his maiden printed production with the same view. Two instances of this occurred on the evening in question, and Mr. Ballantine assured me that in almost every instance Sir Walter paid the most respectful attention to such applications. His remarks in such cases were always full of good nature, but were at the same time candid. To him it was the most grateful task to discover and point out excellencies, but he never shrunk from specifying defects. The minuteness of his criticisms, in many instances, showed not only his candour but the remarkable care with which he had read the manuscript or printed book submitted to him. He always concluded in such cases by advising the young author, whether embryo or already before the public, to guard against making literature a profession, that is to say, depending for his bread on the fruits of his pen, assuring them that if they did they would find, to their cost, they were leaning on a broken reed. He urged them to pursue literature as a recreation, or a refined source of enjoyment, rather than as a business, adding that, if it were their good fortune to rise to such

eminence as would secure adequate pecuniary remuneration for their works, and thus enable them to live by their literary labours, the circumstance would be the more agreeable that it was unexpected.

Sir Walter Scott did much to inspire a correct literary taste in others, by his private criticisms and advice to young and old, as well as by the example of chaste and elegant composition which he set in his own works. Were it not that it would be a digression, I could mention many such instances within my own personal knowledge, but I shall only give that of my late respected friend, Mr. Thomas Atkinson, of Glasgow—a gentleman who, considering the early age at which he was snatched from us by the hand of death, has done more for the literature of his country than any other Scotchman he left behind him. When he published his maiden production—The Sextuple Alliance, I think, was the name—he sent an early copy to Sir Walter Scott, and in a few days after he received from the distinguished novelist a letter full of the soundest criticism on his work and the best advice as to the way in which he should pursue his future literary studies. The commendation given in this letter—the kindly feeling it breathed while pointing out the errors the author had committed—and the suggestions it contained for the future, formed, as Mr. Atkinson always afterwards delighted to admit, the ground work of the literary eminence he afterwards obtained.

It would extend this article to too great a length to notice the various other topics on which we conversed on this occasion. Suffice it to say that Sir Walter entered into them all with much seeming zest, and in every instance appeared quite at home in them.

Our little party broke up at a late hour, but met again at breakfast next morning. The topics then introduced related chiefly to matters connected with Abbotsford. In doing the honours of the table—and none could personate "mine host" better than the worthy baronet—Sir Walter remarked that he was under great obligations to his friend Mr. Hogg for several valuable hints, or rather examples, as to what constituted the component parts of a good breakfast. The breakfast struck me as much better than any thing of the kind to which I was accustomed in England. I made an observation to that effect. "Ye're nae far wrang," answered Sir Walter; "but ye have Jamie Hogg, and nae me or Lady Scott, to thank for it." He then mentioned that some considerable time previously he and Sir A. Fergusson had breakfasted with the Ettrick Shepherd, when there was laid before them ample supplies, in addition to the usual fare of tea, eggs, &c. of broiled salmon, broiled ham, mutton, ham, &c. "Before that time," said Sir Walter, "I had just the plain tea, roll, and egg, and nothing more, to breakfast." On the table before us, in addition to these, were reindeer, tongue, ham, corned beef, &c., to do justice to all of which we were well pressed both by precept and example.

I was strongly urged to prolong my visit for at least a few days, but, being limited as to time on that side the Tweed, I was unable to accept the invitation, which, under other circumstances, I should have had infinite pleasure in doing. After a second survey of the exterior of the mansion-house and the adjoining pleasure-grounds, I

parted with my venerated and kind-hearted host. Mr. Ballantine and I proceeded to Edinburgh together.

How altered the circumstances under which I again saw Sir Walter! It was in London, two days before his leaving it for Portsmouth, on his Italian voyage. He was then pale and emaciated. His eyes were sunken, and his countenance had a peculiar air of melancholy about it. He seemed as kind-hearted as ever, but evinced an indisposition to general conversation. I saw this, and so did those who were present; and consequently we made no effort, but rather the contrary, to draw him into conversation. It was in the evening, and during the time we were together one of the newspapers came in. He enquired the news; and was answered that the paper was chiefly filled with matter relative to the Reform Bill. His countenance, as the last two words were uttered, instantly assumed a more animated aspect, and he energetically exclaimed, "That bill will yet be the ruin of the country!" One of the gentlemen present expressed a hope that the measure would not be so injurious to the national interests as many well-meaning people apprehended. Whereupon Sir Walter, waxing yet warmer than before, observed, "Aye, it will, take my word for it, more than realize our worst fears!"

We at once saw that, in the then state of his health, it would have been improper to make any new observations having a tendency to keep up the excitement under which he laboured, and accordingly one of the gentlemen present contrived to introduce some new topic.

Sir Walter was the most sincerely and strongly attached to his political opinions of any man I ever saw in my life. He said himself more than once, publicly as well as privately, that he was ready, if necessary, to shed his blood for his opinions. I verily believe he would, had the sacrifice been called for, submitted to martyrdom rather than renounce them. The ascendancy of opposite principles in the councils of the nation since the expulsion of the Duke of Wellington from office did, in the opinion of those who knew him best, so seriously affect his mind as to accelerate, to say the least of it, his death.

R. A.

THE PROSCRIBED.—No. 4.

Translated from the French of M. de Balzac, by Miss Margaret Patrickson.

(Concluded from p. 322.)

THE *splendour* became distinct. It became greater. Soon I perceived the glorious cloud in the midst of which go the angels. A species of brilliant smoke, of luminous light emanated from their divine substance, and which here and there sparkled in tongues of fire. A noble head, of which it is impossible to support the splendour without being invested with the mantle, the laurel, and the palm—attributes of the *Powers*, rose above this cloud, as white, as pure as

snow. It was a light within the light. His wings fluttered and shed dazzlings and undulations in the spheres by which he passed, as the eye of God passes through the worlds. In fine, I saw the archangel in his glory! The bloom of eternal beauty which decorates the angels of the Spirit shone in him. He had in one hand a green palm, and in the other a flaming sword—the palm to give to the pardoned sinner, the sword to make hell entire recoil by a single wave of it. He was smiling, but sadly. At his approach we felt the perfumes of heaven, which fell like a dew. In all the region where he was the air took the colour of an opal, and trembled with the undulations caused by the angel. He arrived, looked at the shade, and said to it, "*To-morrow.*" Then he turned towards heaven with a graceful motion, extended his wings, surmounted the spheres as a vessel divides the waves, which in an instant scarcely leaves to the exiles abandoned on a desert shore a sight of its white sails glistening in the sun beams. The shade gave a frightful cry, to which all the damned replied from the circle the most profoundly plunged in the immensity of the worlds of suffering until the one the most peaceful, on the surface of which we were. It was a horrible concert. The most poignant of all anguishes had made an appeal to all the others. The clamour was increased by the roaring of a sea of fire, which served as a bass to the terrible harmony of innumerable millions of suffering shades. Then all at once it took its flight through the *cité dolente* and descended from its place into the lowermost pit of hell, remounted suddenly, returned, replunged again into the infinity of circles, over-ran them in every direction, like to a vulture who, put for the first time into confinement, exhausts itself in useless and superfluous efforts. The shade had the right to wander thus. It might traverse the infernal zones, glacial, fetid, burning,without participating in their sufferings. It glided into this immensity as a ray of the sun penetrates into the bosom of obscurity. "God has not inflicted this punishment upon him," said the master to me; "but not one of those souls whose tortures you have successively considered would change his suffering for the hope under which this one groans." At this moment the shade returned near us, led back by an invisible power which condemned him to wither on the extreme edge of hell. My divine guide, observing the curiosity which had taken possession of me, touched with his palm-branch the unhappy wretch, occupied perhaps in measuring the age of pain which was to be endured between that moment and the ever-fugitive to-morrow. The shade shuddered and cast upon us a glance full of all the tears that he had already shed.

—"You wish to know my misfortune," said he, in a tone of sadness. "Oh! I love to relate it. I am here. *Theresa* is on high! This is the whole. On earth, we were happy, we were always united. When I saw for the first time my dear *Theresa Donati*, she was but ten years of age. Then we loved each other without knowing what love was. Our lives formed but one life. I turned pale at her paleness. I was happy from her joy. Together, we gave ourselves up to the charm of thinking and feeling, and one by the other we learned the secret of love. We were married at Cremona, and

never did we know our lips otherwise than adorned with the pearls of smiles. Our eyes beamed with delight. Our tresses were not more divided than our vows; they mingled as our heads rested against each other when we were reading, as our steps were united when we walked. Life was a long embrace. Our home the temple of bliss. One day Theresa was pale, and said to me, for the first time, 'I am unwell;' and I was not unwell! She never rose again. I saw, without dying myself, her beautiful features shrink, her bright, wavy golden hair turn dull and straight. She smiled, to conceal her sufferings from me, but I read them in the azure of her eyes, of which I knew how to interpret the faintest tremblings. She was whispering to me, 'Honorino, I love thee,' at the moment that her lips blanched. In fine, she was still straining my hands in hers when death chilled them, and then I killed myself immediately, in order that she might not rest alone in the cold and humid bed of her sepulchre, under her marble sheets. She is above, Theresa, and I am here. God has separated us. Why then have united us upon earth! Heaven is jealous. Paradise is, doubtless, much more beautiful since the day that Theresa ascended there. But do you see? She is sad in her happiness. She is without me. Paradise can be but a desert to her."

—"Master," said I, weeping, for I was thinking of my own amours, "from the moment in which this unfortunate desires paradise for the love of God alone, will he not be delivered?" The father of poesy gently inclined his head, in token of assent. We departed, cleaving the air, and making no more noise than the birds which sometimes pass over our heads when we are lying extended in the shade under a tuft of trees. We might have attempted in vain to prevent the unfortunate from blaspheming as he had done. One of the misfortunes of the angels of darkness is not to see the light even when they are environed by it. He would not have understood our words."

Just then the rapid steps of several horses resounded in the midst of the silence. The dog barked. The grumbling voice of the sergeant answered him. Some horsemen alighted, knocked at the door, and the noise arose all at once with the sudden violence of an unexpected detonation. The two proscribed, the two poets, fell upon the earth from all the height that separates us from heaven. The painful shock of this fall from the clouds to the world ran, like another blood, through their veins, but in whistling and flowing as if full of sharp and cutting points. The suffering was in some sort an electrical commotion. The heavy and sonorous step of an armed man, whose sword, cuirass, and spurs produced an extraordinary clangour, was heard upon the stairs, and presently the individual appeared before the astonished stranger.

—"We may return to Florence," said the soldier, whose rough voice appeared gentle in uttering these few words in Italian.

—"What sayest thou?" demanded the great man.

—"The *whites* triumph."

—"Dost thou not deceive thyself?" replied the poet.

—"No, Dante," replied the soldier, whose warlike voice expressed

the trembling eagerness for the excitement of battle, and the joys of victory.

—"To Florence! To Florence! O, my Florence!" cried with vivacity DANTE ALIGHIERI, whose countenance shone resplendent.

He drew himself up to his full height, sent a piercing glance through the fields of air, believed he saw Italy through them, and became gigantic.

—"And I, when shall I be in heaven," said Godfrey, who remained, with one knee on the ground, before the immortal poet, like an angel in face of the sanctuary.

—"Come to Florence," said Dante to him, in a compassionate tone. "Come! and when thou sees't the lovely landscapes of *Fiesolé* thou wilt believe thyself in paradise."

The soldier began to smile. For the first, the only time, perhaps, the sombre and awful countenance of Dante was expressive of joy. He had in his eyes, upon his forehead, all the pictures of happiness of which his *paradise* is so lavish. It might perhaps seem to him that he heard the voice of Beatrice. And now the light step of a woman and the rustling of her dress were distinctly heard in the silence. The dawn was just breaking and scattering her first faint rays, when the beautiful countess Mahaut entered, gave a shriek, and flew to Godfrey.

—"Come, my child, my son! it is now permitted me to acknowledge thee; and paradise shall be the heart of thy mother."

—"I recognize *the voice* from heaven," cried the enraptured boy.

This cry aroused Dante, who beheld the youth embraced in the arms of the countess. He saluted them by a glance, and left the companion of his studies upon the maternal bosom.

"Let us depart," cried he, in a voice of thunder. "Death to the Guelphs!"

THE FIRST "MEDITATION" OF M. ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE.

BY MISS MARGARET PATRICKSON.

ISOLATION.

How oft upon the mountain's side, beneath an old oak's shade,
When the sun is sinking to his rest, I mournfully am laid,
While my looks that seek no object, all regardless what they meet,
Roam idly o'er the changing scene extended at my feet.

Here rolls the stream his billows high, loud murmuring as they flow,
Till lost in far meanderings we trace not where they go;
And there, the calm lake motionless, its sleeping waves outspread,
Where the star of evening rises pure in the azure over head.

On the summit of the mountains, with sombre forests crowned,
The twilight still dispenses a lingering ray around,
While the car, in vapours shrouded, of the queen of shades is seen
Slow mounting o'er the horizon, dim whitening all the scene.

Yet, rising with the evening breeze, and spreading wide around,
From the gothic village-spire comes a soft, religious sound.
The traveller stops to listen, while he blames his fond delay,
As the holy concert mingles with the last faint sounds of day.

But from all these lovely pictures with indifference I turn.
For me they have no charms. In my heart no transports burn.
I gaze upon the world like a spirit passed away.
The sun that cheers the living cannot warm the breathless clay.

In vain from hill to hill my wandering glances fly.
In vain o'er all the vast extent I cast an anxious eye.
The north, the south, the ruddy east, the golden tinted west,
That life contains no bliss for me too mournfully attest.

What are to me these palaces, these cottages, these vales?
Vain objects all, whose borrowed charm for nothing now avails.
The floods, the rocks, the forests, all beauteous though they be,
When the sole-beloved one is not there, unpeopled seem to me!

Whether the sun his circling round commences or concludes
My eye indifferent surveys. To the heart's deep solitudes
What boots it that he rise or sink in a pure or clouded sky?
What is the sun? To me the day can nothing now supply.

Could I follow him on mounting wings, in his wide and bright career,
My eyes would see on every side but a desert void and drear.
I nothing ask of the glorious light which around me sheds its rays.
I nothing ask of this universe, immense, on which I gaze.

But, perhaps, beyond the last faint line of his vast, yet bounded sphere,
Where o'er other heavens the true sun shines with a light more purely clear,
If I could leave my mortal spoils on the earth on which I pine,
The things that I so oft have dreamed before my eyes might shine.

There would I quaff the draught divine, at the source where I aspire.
There hope and love, refound once more, again my breast should fire
With the fancied good, so sweet in thought, which every heart demands,
And which has no name in this lower world where earth-born man commands.

Why cannot I, all lightly borne on Aurora's rose-tipped car,
Vague object of my longing vows, my bold flight take so far,
From this mournful scene of exile, as to mount up e'en to thee?
For there is no touch of sympathy betwixt this earth and me.

When the forest sheds its honours, and the fallen leaves decay,
The wind of evening rises and transports them far away.
And I, who but resemble a withered leaf forlorn,
Take me, ye stormy northern winds, on your blighting pinions borne!

Paris, March 18, 1836.

THE MANSE AND ITS INMATES.

(Continued from page 242.)

Chapter II.—*Ruth Watson.*

Mr. John Watson, the father of Mrs. M'Niel, was a clerk in the Bank of England, whose salary was something less than one hundred pounds per annum. He married, however, but he maried prudently, a young woman, a milliner and dress-maker, established on her own account in a small but safe and tolerably lucrative business, in the City. Miss Ruth Symonds was prudent and industrious. She continued her occupation after her marriage, and doubled—in very busy years, more than doubled—the income of her husband. His exertions were equally praiseworthy, and he was never better pleased than when a greater press of business than ordinary at the Bank gave, to all who wished it, employment at "*over-hours.*"

"They had only two children, girls; and, as it was evident that they must be brought up to provide for themselves, the most obvious and perhaps the most prudent plan would have been to have brought them up to their mother's business, to which they would have succeeded as a matter of course, which they might have learned without the expense of apprenticeship to strangers, while the savings of their parents were accumulating in the public funds; for the careful couple did save money and buy stock every year, though their operations were necessarily upon a very small scale.

But there is no path of life, however humble and obscure, in which ambition disclaims to walk; and Mr. and Mrs. John Watson were ambitious for their children, if not for themselves.

Mrs. Watson thought her business not *genteel.* She forgot to take into account its independence—that ever after she was established for herself she had had her own apartments, her own servant, her own choice of acquaintances, and, excepting at very busy times, when profit sweetened labour, the arrangement of her own time—that by moving always in her own sphere, and associating only with those of her own rank in life, she was respectably married to a sober, honest, industrious young man, perfectly suited to her in every respect.

Perhaps it was, in some degree, from the self-complacency with which she contemplated her own lot that her aspiring views for her children sprung. Her dwelling was very neatly furnished and nicely kept. It was the upper part of a house in Throgmorton Street, so that they had no annoyance in the shape of either shop or taxes. The drapers' 'garden was opposite, where the children could always be sent for air and exercise, and left in security; for, even if it rained, there were large stone summer-houses where they could play under shelter. It was not two minutes run from the Bank, so that Mr. Watson never got wet, never got cold, and his meals were always ready to place before him immediately after entering the house.

Never were husband and wife more completely suited to each other. He in his office—she in her work or show-room—all day. At night, each interested in what the other had to tell, however

trivial. All the week she read nothing, and he read nothing but the newspaper, but he read it to her; and always the same paper, for Mr. John Watson did not love change; and the man from whom it was hired for a certain period every week-day, knew that he must always send the same, and punctually to the time agreed upon, well aware that it would be scrupulously returned with the same exactness.

On Sundays they read nothing at all; but they attended the parish church, whatever the weather might be, dined at one o'clock, and were sure to have a pudding. When the weather was fine, they walked, till they were ready to drop with fatigue, on crowded roads, where they were half choaked with dust, for the sake of air and exercise. Sometimes, by way of *treat*, drinking tea at Chelsea or Greenwich. Their parents had enjoyed themselves in the same manner, and had been *very respectable people!* Mr. and Mrs. Watson had no idea of seeking their happiness or sustaining their respectability by any modern inventions in the disposal of their hebdomadal holiday.

On wet Sundays they sat in the show-room window, looking at the rain, the foot-passengers and now and then a hackney coach.

Though not inhospitably inclined, they seldom gave or accepted invitations, simply because they felt no want of society; consequently had no inducement to encounter the trouble or expense, since, scanty as were the materials possessed by each for companionship, they were sufficient for the demands of the other.

Thus they lived in this world, and journeyed towards the next, without thinking of either, further than to keep a clean house, make themselves comfortable, and pay every one their own, until the important affair of their daughters came to be considered.

Mrs. Watson thought that nothing could be so desirable as to make them governesses. "Give them a good education and they could provide for themselves like ladies, and live all their lives with ladies, and, may be, with *lords!*" She had read Richardson's *Pamela*, as far as to the marriage of the heroine with her master, and she thought it a very pretty, natural, and moral story—a kind of thing which she never doubted happened very often in "*great houses.*"

Her husband implicitly assented to all her arguments; for, if any thing did interfere with the regularity of her proceedings, it was the children; and change of any kind was so foreign to all Mr. John Watson's notions and habits that even one for the better would have deranged his little comforts.

The hoard in the funds was accordingly put in requisition, and each girl, as she was considered old enough, placed at a good school at Wandsworth. Ruth, the eldest, as soon as she was competent to the task, spared her parents part of the expense of her board, &c. by sharing in the tuition of the younger children; and so well did she succeed that, when she had completed her eighteenth year, she was chosen, in preference to several other candidates, to fill the situation of assistant teacher at a cheap preparatory school in Essex, where, for twelve pounds a year and her washing (so munificently are mental acquirements sometimes remunerated), she undertook about three times as much labour as an ordinary nursery-maid usually engages to perform.

It was a proud day for Ruth Watson when she was installed in her new dignity, for dignity she thought it. She had been taught to look forward to becoming a governess as an object of ambition, the attainment of which required and merited every exertion of industry and sacrifice of ease and self-indulgence which she could make; and to consider the conduct of her parents, in rendering her qualified for the task, as the perfection of wisdom and the extreme of generosity.

She was about to become useful and independent, and she entered upon her new duties with all the ardour of youth, the alacrity of good-will, and the earnestness of sincerity. She had three natural qualifications, of the inestimable value of which she was then totally unconscious, for at that period she did not reason much—good temper, good spirits, and good health. At a later period, when habits of reflection led her to trace from its commencement the progress of her career as a governess, reason showed her their importance, and religion taught her, in humility, where to offer her gratitude.

She was, besides, well disposed to respect in others, and to cultivate in herself, good sense and good principles. She identified herself with her principal and the interests of the establishment, and was not only desirous of *doing* every thing that was expected from her, but was anxious to do it *well;* so that notwithstanding her inexperience being often troublesome and embarrassing to her, during the first six months, it was seldom so twice upon the same subject, for her desire of improvement was infinitely greater than her self-love; so that even when, as would occasionally happen, a reproof was conveyed to her in an ungracious manner, or some instance of deficiency or ignorance unfeelingly noticed or unnecessarily exposed, the mortifying feeling of humiliation was more than counterbalanced by the sense of knowledge gained and a fault corrected.

Ruth's conduct met with that reward which plain, straight-forward honesty, a conscientious discharge of duty, and personal respectability will ordinarily procure. Her employer was not a person of extended views, or much power of observation or reflection, but she was a fair-dealing, well-meaning woman, who knew that Ruth had well performed her duties, and that she herself had been a gainer in consequence. Nor was she offended when, at the end of eighteen months, conscious that she had now earned a right to a better situation, her young assistant quitted her, having been surprised that she had not done so six months before. She did not make Ruth any present in addition to her scanty salary, but she gave her, what was better, a very handsome written testimonial to her abilities and good conduct, stating, that during twenty-five years she had never had so useful and valuable an assistant, that she parted from her with extreme regret, and that it was only from the nature of her establishment and her own consequent inability to afford more that she did not endeavour to secure a continuance of services she estimated so highly, by the inducement of a remuneration more adequate to her merits. And having expressed her readiness to answer any further enquiries into particulars, either by letter or personally, concluded by wishing Miss Watson every success in her progress through life.

By tolerable judgment in the choice, and very great care in the wearing, of her clothes, Ruth had contrived to make a neat and respectable appearance at so small an expense that she returned home with a wardrobe, modest in its pretensions, it is true, but quite sufficient for all her wants and wishes, and, thanks to her industry and good management, in perfect order; while five pounds of her little earnings still held their place in her purse. The greater part of this sum she expended in lessons from a good French master, with a view to improvement in her pronunciation, and to something like facility in speaking; and after a five weeks' residence in Throgmorton Street, at the end of the Midsummer vacation, during which the whole of the long, light mornings, and much of the days and evenings, had been sedulously devoted to study, she entered upon a new situation, differing materially from her former one, and as superior to her expectations as it was agreeable to her wishes.

Mrs. Somerive's school for young ladies, pleasantly situated at Brompton, was one of the best in the neighbourhood of London, and conducted upon the most liberal system. Though her terms were high, her number of pupils, thirty, was always complete. For these she employed four assistants, and also engaged the attendance of first-rate masters.

Mrs. Somerive was an accomplished well-educated woman herself, who had passed the seasons of youth and middle life in the businesss of private tuition; and, when arrived at an age which rendered a permanent home of her own desirable, she met with patronage and encouragement from those noblemen and gentlemen who had experienced her worth in their own families, or who had become acquainted with her merits in the mansions of their friends. She was observing and candid. She knew that fashion was ever changing and subjecting to its capricious mutability, not merely the adornment of the person, but the course to be pursued in the most important affairs of life, in the preservation of the health and the cultivation of the mind,—that as physicians and medicines, divines and doctrines grew out of date, as well as milliners and modes, though not with the same periodical regularity as the last named branch, so the accomplishments and teacher of twenty years' standing are obsolete, or nearly so, at the present moment. Wisely, therefore, leaving the detail and the labour to younger and more recently educated assistants, she vigilantly superintended the whole during the hours passed in the school-room, managed the domestic arrangements of her house in the intervals, and reserved her evenings to be devoted to the legitimate relaxations of a cultivated and elegant mind—literary leisure, and social intercourse with a large circle of intelligent and agreeable friends, whose tastes were similar to her own.

The head teacher, Mademoiselle Aurelia Doval, was a lively Frenchwoman of thirty, who could barely make herself understood in English, and Mrs. Somerive would have regretted extremely her making any considerable improvement. Mademoiselle's difficulties exercised the young ladies and the other teachers, and Mrs. Somerive herself, who had resided three years in France, never conversed with

her but in her native language. Mademoiselle only taught French and some ingenious works.

The lessons of Miss Crofts, the second teacher, were principally in music, landscape drawing, and painting fruit and flower-pieces.

It was the business of Ruth, who held the third situation, to prepare the pupils for their lessons with these two ladies, while history, geography, English grammar, and reading, devolved entirely on herself; or she might obtain the subordinate assistance of Miss Povey, who, as yet remained on the lowest step of the professional ladder of learning—a kind of handmaiden to the rest, who only mounted occasionally to a more important station when her services were specifically called for by some of the superior teachers.

Here Ruth felt in a new state of existence, and among a new order of beings. She sometimes half doubted her own identity, and the fact that she was to receive a salary of twenty-five guineas a year; while, so far from becoming conceited and self-important upon the occasion, she only felt grateful to Mrs. Somerive for the confidence reposed in her, and determined to use her best efforts to merit that lady's good opinion, at least to prevent her ever regretting having entertained it.

Mrs. Somerive was not a woman to choose lightly. She had been struck and pleased by the strong recommendation written by her former employer, Mrs. Carter. She liked Ruth's appearance and manners. Her dress, plain and simple as it was, indicated good taste and a desire to appear as a gentlewoman; while, through all the timidity attendant upon a personal application for a situation so extremely desirable, and which covered her cheeks with blushes and caused her voice to falter, when she answered Mrs. Somerive's questions, or brought forward any thing in her own favour, there was still a modest self-possession which enabled her, though with difficulty, to do justice to herself, and which very much disposed that lady in her favour.

Perhaps there is no quality so highly advantageous to a young woman having her own way to make in the world as this. There may be confidence, there may be boldness, even stupidity or insensibility, want of feeling or delicacy, and many other causes, sufficient to banish diffidence; but *modest* self-possession, justly so styled, in a young female whom duty calls upon to act for herself, can scarcely mislead, when taken as the indication of a character combining moral worth with intellectual power, of the existence not only of a mind, but of a mind at the command of its owner, ready to act when required.

Mrs. Somerive saw in Ruth an absence of all pretension and affectation, and she was well aware how frequently among young women of her class such vulgarity was to be found. She did not ask Ruth the amount of her former salary, but she stated what she gave herself in the situation that was vacant, took Mrs. Carter's address, and, saying that if she received a favourable answer to a few particulars which she wished to ask she would engage her, and that, at all events, she would write immediately, as she could not think of her coming

so far perhaps to be disappointed, dismissed her kindly; and Ruth took her long walk back again into the City, scarcely sensible of the distance, so much was her mind engaged.

When the favourable note arrived, it invited her to Brompton to take tea, at an early hour, with Mrs. Somerive, who wished to have some conversation with her. She went, and the result was that she took possession of her apartment three days' before the opening of the school, by which means all her little arrangements for her own comfort were made before she entered upon her duties, and, what was of more importance, she became a little familiarized to the house and its inmates.

(To be continued.)

TO POESY.

BY ROBERT STYLES.

All colours blend for thee, and glow
In light celestial o'er thy brow.
All fragrance mingles in one urn,
As incense at thy feet to burn.
All beauty from earth, sea, and skies,
Presents to thee its sacrifice.
Thine is the music of the spheres,
And seraph voices greet thine ears,
And scenes to mortal ken unknown
Surround the glory of thy throne.
Thine eye can track the foot of Time
And see his future march sublime,
Pierce into dark Oblivion's sea,
And wander through eternity.
The pencil with thy beauty glows,
And music from thy rapture flows.
Whate'er of beauty Art can bring,
Sweet Poesy, from thee must spring.
I would, a grateful son of thine,
Present my offering at thy shrine;
For thou to me hast been a joy,
Nor scorn nor envy could destroy,
Of hidden treasure wert the key,
And woke the silent harmony
That long had slept within my breast,
And in my song hast made me blest.
Though some may say, with envious tongue,
My lyre had better lain unstrung,
They cannot give nor take away
The rapture that inspires my lay;
For, to the true and faithful bard,
Thou art *thyself* thy own reward.

THE MASS OF THE ATHEIST.

Translated from the "Chronique de Paris," of the 3rd of January, 1836.

BY MISS MARGARET PATRICKSON.

[In this number we give the conclusion of "The Proscribed," by Balzac, which was in our possession some time before the work was published in France. We are also enabled to present our readers with "The Mass of the Atheist," by the same distinguished individual. We are indebted for both to Miss Patrickson, a lady whose knowledge of French literature is perhaps unequalled by that of any other English lady of the present day.]

A PHYSICIAN to whom science is indebted for a splendid physiological theory, and who, though still young, is already ranked among the celebrated members of the *Ecole de Paris* (that centre of intelligence to which all the medical men of Europe render homage), the Doctor Bianchon, had long practised surgery before devoting himself to medicine. His first studies were directed and superintended by one of the greatest surgeons of whom France can boast, the illustrious Desplein, who passed as a meteor through the domain of science. By the confession of his enemies themselves, the tomb which closed over him buried, at the same moment, a skill and method incommunicable. Like all men of genius, he, was heirless: as he brought all with him, so he carried all away. Surgeons, with respect to their fame, bear a striking resemblance to actors: their glory is equally evanescent; they live but the period of their actual existence; their address is no longer appreciated when themselves have disappeared; they are but the heroes of the day. Him especially, whose name already lives but in a few faithful memories, and which will remain in his special science without passing its boundaries, for it requires little less then a miracle to give to the son of learning his immortal page in the great volume of human history. Desplein carried in the very first glance of his eye a divine power of seeing even to the source: he penetrated the invalid himself and his malady by an intuition, either acquired or natural, which enabled him to embrace at once the diagnostics peculiar to the individual—to determine the precise time, the hour, the minute, in which an operation might most advantageously be performed, by his calling to his aid the accidents of the atmosphere and the singularities of the temperament. To enable himself to proceed thus in accordance and intelligence with nature, had he then studied the incessant conjunction of animated beings with the alimentary substances contained in the atmosphere, or furnished by the earth for the use of man, who absorbs and prepares them, in order to extract from thence a peculiar expression? or did he proceed by that power of deduction and analogy to which is due the genius of Cuvier? However that may be, this man had rendered himself the confidant of the flesh, and of matter, he laid his powerful grasp upon it in the past as in the future, by supporting himself on the present; and it is impossible to deny to so unwearied an observer of human chemistry, a knowledge of the antique science of magic, as practised by the Persian Magi; that is to say, the knowledge of principles, while yet in

fusion, of the causes of life, of the life which precedes life, and that which it will be by its preparations previous to being. To him the terrestrial atmosphere was a generating envelope, he saw the earth as an egg in its shell; and, not being able to ascertain from whence it proceeded, he refused his credence to an assigned origin: he believed neither in man, posterior, nor in God. Desplein was not in a state of doubt, he affirmed. His atheism was simple and frank like that of many philosophers, the honestest men in the world, but invincibly atheists, atheists to a degree that religious men refuse to believe that atheism can exist. And that followed not unnaturally with a man accustomed from his youth to dissect the being of beings before, during, and after life, to dive into its profoundest secrets without finding any traces of that individual soul so indispensable to every religious system. On finding these three centres, the cerebral, the nervous, and the aëro-sanguine, of which the first two are so well qualified for replacing each other, he entertained during the latter part of his life the conviction that the sense of hearing was not absolutely necessary in order to hear, nor the sense of vision absolutely necessary in order to see, and that the Plexus solaris replaced them beyond the possibility of doubt. Desplein, finding thus as it were two souls in 'man, corroborated his atheism by this fact; and although he still abstained from prejudging the Supreme Being, this man died, it is said, in that state of final impenitence in which so many gifted spirits have quitted their earthly existence, and whom may God mercifully pardon.

The life of this man, great as he really was, presented many littlenesses, *petitesses*, to employ the French expression, which his jealous enemies made use of in order to tarnish his reputation and give vent to their envious spleen, but which it would be more agreeable to the truth to describe as apparent inconsistencies. Never understanding the motives by which superior minds are impelled to action, the envious or the silly arm themselves in haste with some superficial contradictions in order to draw up a bill of indictment, by means of which they subject them to an ephemeral censure. If at a later period success crowns the attacked combinations, rashly deemed incongruous, by showing their correlativeness, a little of the preparatory calumny is still sure to remain. Thus, in our times, Napoleon was condemned by his contemporaries, when he endeavoured to extend the wings of his eagle over England, and constructed his flat-bottomed boats at Boulogne: 1814 was necessary to the right understanding of 1804. With Desplein, fame and science being invulnerable, his enemies took advantage of his whimsical humour and singular temper, while the plain fact was that he merely possessed that quality termed by the English *eccentricity*. Sometimes he might be seen superbly dressed like Crebillon the tragic writer, at others affecting a singular indifference as to his vestments. Sometimes in a carriage. Sometimes on foot. By turns abrupt and gentle. In appearance sharp and avaricious, but capable of offering his entire fortune to his exiled masters, who accepted it for a short period. Never did the character of any individual give room for more contradictory judgments. Although capable, in order to

a *cordon noir* at which the sons of Esculapius would not be considered as entitled to pretend, of suffering a prayer book to drop from his pocket at court, be assured that he laughed in his sleeve at all around him, and that after studying men in all the gradations of life, from the highest elevation to the lowest point of degraded existence—after having surprised them in their veritable character, in the midst of the most solemn scenes in which they act a part,—he entertained for them the most profound and unmitigated contempt. The qualities which we admire in a great man are often so combined as to form one harmonious whole, each giving to and receiving support from the rest. If one has more talent than mental power, still his mind is more extended than his of whom we merely say, He is a person who possesses a good understanding. All genius supposes a moral intelligence capable of piercing to the cause of an effect. This power of vision may apply itself to some speciality; but whoever sees the flower ought to see the sun also. He who heard a diplomatist, saved by him, enquire, "How is the emperor?" and who replied, "The courtier returns, the man will follow!" that man was not merely a surgeon or a physician. Among the various enigmas that the life of Desplein presents to the minds of many of his contemporaries, we have chosen one of the most interesting, because the solution of it will be found at the conclusion of this recital, without the reader being referred to a future day for the satisfaction of his curiosity.

Among all the inmates that Desplein had at his hospital, Horace Bianchon was one of those to whom he attached himself the most warmly. Before becoming an in-door assistant surgeon at the Hotel Dieu, Horace Bianchon was a student of medicine, lodged in a miserable boarding-house in the *quartier-latin*,* known by the name of Maison Vanquer. This poor young man had been there a prey to the attacks of that extreme misery from which, as from a red-hot crucible, great talents seem often destined to issue like diamonds, which may be submitted to every kind of shock, even the rudest, without yielding or losing their firmness. In the fire even of all their unchained passions, they acquire the most incorruptible probity, and contract the habit of struggling with every species of difficulty, by the unceasing labour in which they have circled all their disappointed appetites. Horace was a straight-forward young man, incapable of tergiversation to the nicest shade in a question of honour, going to his point without any parade, as ready for his friends to put his cloak in pledge as to give them his time and his vigils, in a word, he was one of those friends who "take no thought" of what they are likely to receive in exchange for what they give, internally convinced, by judging from themselves, that they, in their turn will receive more than they have given, whenever the evil day arrives. His friends, for the most part, felt for him that inward and sincere respect which a life virtuous without display is sure to inspire, and many amongst them dreaded his censure. But his good qualities were put in action without pedantry. He was neither a puritan

* General resort of students, like the vicinity of the hospitals in London, or Lothian street and its neighbourhood in Edinburgh.

nor a sermoniser. An oath itself might slip from him with the most unequivocal good-will, in the very midst of giving a good counsel. He was willing enough to make one in a party of pleasure or a frolic, when an opportunity presented itself. He was a joyous boon companion, no more prudish than a cuirassier going roundly and frankly. Not like a sailor, for the sailor of our days is a cunning diplomatist;* but like a gallant young fellow who, having nothing to disguise, marches on with a head erect and a light heart. In fine, to sum up all at once, Horace was the Pylades of more than one Orestes, creditors being considered in our days as the figure most approaching to the thing figured, of the furies of the ancients. He supported his poverty with that gaiety which is perhaps one of the noblest elements of resolution; and, like all those who have nothing, contracted few debts. He was sober as a camel, alert as a deer, firm above all things in his ideas and in his conduct. Bianchon's success in life began on the same day in which the illustrious surgeon acquired the proof of the good qualities and the defects which the one as well as the other rendered the doctor Bianchon doubly precious. When a clinical leader takes a young man under his wing, the young man's fortune is made. Desplein failed not to take Bianchon with him as his assistant in many rich families, where it almost always happened that some good sum found its way to the pocket of the in-door hospital-student, and where were revealed to the provincial, by insensible degrees, the mysteries of Parisian life. Desplein retained him in his study during his consultations, and employed him there; and then he took opportunities of sending him to the different watering places as medical attendant upon some rich invalid ordered to try the mineral springs. In short, he was preparing him a connection.

The result of this was that, at the end of a certain time, the Mahomet of Surgery had a *Séide*. These two men, the one at the summit of honours and of his art, in the enjoyment of an immense fortune and an immense reputation; the other, the modest, unpretending Omega, possessing neither fortune nor fame, became intimate. The great Desplein concealed nothing from his in-door pupil: the pupil knew whether such or such a lady had been seated in a chaise at the side of the master, or upon the famous sofa in Desplein's closet, and which served him as a bed. Bianchon knew the mysteries of this temperament composed of the lion and the bull, which ended by enlarging, amplifying beyond measure, the bust of the great man, and caused his death, by the too great development of the heart. He studied the contradictions of this existence, so busily occupied. Bianchon having said one day to Desplein that a poor water-carrier in the quartier Saint Jacques was labouring under a horrible malady, caused by fatigue and privations—for the poor Auvergnat† had tasted nothing more nourishing than potatoes during the terrible winter of 1824—Desplein left all his sick, and, at the risk of killing his horse,

* This applies, I presume, solely to the French *marine*. Our own *Jack Tars* carry their blunt honesty (a part of themselves) with them wherever they go, as a matter of necessity from its homogeneity; witness the late Lord Exmouth on the Queen's (Caroline) trial, and the late Sir Joseph Yorke in the House of Commons.

† Native of the province of Auvergne.

flew, followed by Bianchon, to the poor sufferer, whom he caused to be transported, under his own direction, to the *Maison de Santé*, established by the celebrated Dubois, in the faubourg St. Denis. He attended this man himself, and as soon as his health was re-established furnished him with the sum requisite to purchase a water-butt and a horse and cart. This Auvergnat distinguished himself in the following original manner: One of his friends having fallen ill, he brought him, without a moment's loss of time, to Desplein, merely saying to his benefactor, "I could not have borne his going to any body else." Rough as he was, Desplein wrung the hard hand of the water-carrier as he said to him, "Bring me them all." And he ordered that the poor wanderer from the Cantail should be transported to the Hôtel-Dieu, where he took the greatest care of him. Bianchon had several times previously remarked in his chief a predilection for the Auvergnats, and especially for the water-carriers; but, as Desplein carried a sort of pride into his treatment of his patients at the Hôtel Dieu, the pupil attached no particular importance to the circumstance.

One day, as he was crossing the place St. Sulpice, Bianchon caught a glimpse of his chief, who was just entering the church, it being then near nine o'clock in the morning. Desplein, who was never known at that time to stir a step without his cabriolet, was on foot, and stole into the church, by the rue du Petit Lion, as if he was entering a house of suspicious character. Naturally seized with a feeling of curiosity, the in-door student of the Hôtel Dieu, who knew the opinions of his master, and who was *Cabaniste en dyable* by an *y grec* (which seems in Rabelais a superiority in devilry), Bianchon slipped also into the church, and was not a little astonished to see the great Desplein—this atheist, without pity for the angels, who offer no point of attack to the bistouries of the surgeon, and who are exempt from cholics and inflammations, in fine, this intrepid *scoffer*—humbly on his knees, and where? In the chapel dedicated to the Virgin, before whose image he listened to a mass, gave money towards paying the expenses of the service, and for the poor, remaining all the while as grave as if an operation was in progress.

"He certainly has not come here to seek to enlighten himself upon any question relative to the Virgin," said Bianchon (whose astonishment exceeded all bounds) to himself. "If I had seen him at the Fête Dieu, holding one of the cords of the canopy, it would have been no more than a jest; but at this hour, alone, without witnesses, there is certainly in it something to make one reflect!"

Bianchon would not appear to be acting as a spy upon the first surgeon of the Hôtel Dieu, and quitted the place. By chance, Desplein invited him to dine with him the same day, not at his own house, but at a restaurateur's. Between the "pear and the cheese," Bianchon contrived, by skilful advances, to lead the conversation upon the subject of the mass, affecting to look upon it himself as a mere farce.

"A farce," said Desplein, "which has cost Christendom more blood than all the battles of Napoleon, or all Broussais' leeches. The mass is a papal invention, which dates no higher than the sixth cen-

tury, and which they have contrived a base for in the *hoc est corpus*. What torrents of blood have been shed in order to establish the Fête Dieu, by the institution of which the court of Rome chose to signalize its victory in the matter of the real presence, a schism which kept the church in hot water during three centuries. The wars of the Count of Thoulouse and the Albigenses form the termination of this business, the Vaudois and the Albigeois refusing to acknowledge the innovation."

And at length Desplein, indulging to the utmost his sceptical humour, poured forth a volley of Voltairian pleasantries, or, to speak the whole truth, gave into a detestable imitation of the *Citateur*.

"Whew!" said Bianchon to himself, "Where is my devotee of this morning?"

He kept silence however, for he had no doubt as to the fact of his having seen his chief at St. Sulpice. Desplein had not thought it worth while to prevaricate with Bianchon, they knew each other too well; they had already, upon points equally grave, exchanged thoughts, and discussed systems *de natura rerum*, sounding or dissecting them with the knives and the scalpel of unbelief. Three months passed, and Bianchon attached no importance to this singular fact, although it remained engraven on his memory. In the course of the same year one of the physicians of the Hôtel-Dieu said to Desplein, before Bianchon,

"What is it that carries you to St. Sulpice, my dear master?"

"To see a priest there who has a carious knee, and whom her Royal Highness Madame the Duchess d'Angoulême has done me the honour to recommend to me."

The physician was contented to take this false money as current coin—not so Bianchon.

"Ah! and so he goes to see the sore knees in the church! Bah! he went to hear his mass," said the in-door pupil to himself.

Bianchon resolved in his own mind to watch Desplein. He recollected perfectly the day and hour on which he had seen him entering St. Sulpice, and made a promise to himself of returning the following year, on the same day and at the same hour, in order to ascertain whether or not he should again surprise him there. In this case the periodical return of his devotional exercises would authorise a scientific investigation into the subject; for in the mind of such a man so direct a contradiction between the opinions and the conduct could not be accounted for on ordinary grounds.

The year following, on the precise day and hour, Bianchon, who was no longer an in-door pupil of Desplein, saw the surgeon's cabriolet stop at the corner of the rue de Zournon and the rue de Petit Lion, from whence his friend stole jesuitically enough along the walls to St. Sulpice, where he again listened to his mass at the altar of the Virgin. It was indeed Desplein! the surgeon in chief, the atheist *in petto*. The mystery thickened. The perseverance of the illustrious son of science put all calculation at fault. When Desplein had left the place Bianchon approached the sacristan, who was clearing away the vessels, &c. which had been used in the chapel, and enquired of him whether this gentleman was a regular attendant?

"It is now twelve years since I came here," replied the vestry keeper, "and in all that time M. Desplein has never failed to come four times a year to hear this mass. It is a foundation made by himself."

"A foundation made by himself!" said Bianchon, as he walked away. "This is worth the mystery of all others calculated to render a medical man sceptical."

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE UNFORTUNATE LOVER.

I NEVER was in love but twice. I have no wish to be in it a third time. I lost my first inamorata by a blunder of my own. The fault of my losing the second was none of mine; it rested with the young lady herself.

I will not weary the reader with a long story touching the ways and means whereby I got acquainted with my first Dulcinea. Neither will I attempt to be minutely eloquent in praise of her charms. I am fond of a nervous condensed style of writing, particularly when speaking of either of the two girls I loved. I say then at once, that Jemima was a perfect angel, both personally and intellectually. What more could I say in her praise though I were to write till doomsday?

I never take things, particularly in matters relating to love, in moderation. I like to be either hot or cold. I have no conception of what is called an intermediate state of feeling. Nature has endowed me with unusually strong feelings and passions. I was desperately in love with Jemima; but the best of it was that I had every reason to believe that she loved me in return, if not so violently, at least to such a degree as ought to have made me satisfied.

Those whom we love we like to speak of. So says the proverb, and so say I. Nothing in the world afforded me greater pleasure than to hear other people speak of Jemima—always excepting the hearing herself speak—because I knew it was not in human nature to utter a word anent her save what was in her praise. When my acquaintances showed no propensity to speak of her charms of their own accord, I generally contrived to decoy them into the subject by some means or other.

Two of my acquaintances had a particularly good taste as regarded the ladies. I knew full well from an indirect source how highly they thought of Jemima; but somehow or other they provokingly eschewed, notwithstanding all my attempts to lead them into it, the subject of her charms when conversing with me.

I determined one day to fall on some scheme or other to call them out, not to fight—far from it—but to call them out in the way of saying what they thought of the attractions of Jemima. I spent an en-

tire blessed day in ruminating on the best way of doing this. After proposing and abandoning in my own mind countless devices for the purpose, many of them, I am convinced, excessively ingenious, I concluded that the best way would be to get my two friends and self seated in the head inn, and to begin discussing a bottle of the grateful grape, not doubting that the infinitely more agreeable discussion of the peerless attractions of Jemima would be substituted ere long.

It is no crime—is it?—to be poor. I know there are those who practically think so. But this comes of ignorance and a want of principle. I have no hesitation in admitting that I *was* poor when in love with Jemima: with my *present* circumstances the world have nothing to do. I consoled myself in my poverty with the reflection that it is often with lovers as with poets; that is to say, that the poorest make the best. As to poor men making first-rate lovers, I had an example in myself which abundantly satisfied me on the point. As to *poor* poets very often making the *best* poets—there is no Irishism here—my extensive learning supplied me with innumerable proofs. Does the reader want any? Let him take the instances of Homer, Terence, Tasso, Dryden, Otway, Chatterton, Goldsmith, and a thousand others.

But why acquaint the public with my poverty? Because when they have read what follows they will be the better able to appreciate the ardour of my affection for Jemima.

I have said that I intended to invite my two friends to partake of a bottle of wine with me at the head inn of the place. I knew the liquid was not to be got for nothing. I knew more than this: I knew the precise price which would be charged. When I had formed the resolution of treating my friends to a bottle, I had neither gold, silver, nor copper in my pocket. To speak the truth, I had not handled any of the circulating medium for some days before. My only expedient therefore was to levy on the pockets of my friends, not in the way of charity, for poor as I often have been that I have always scorned, but in the way of procuring a temporary loan, though I must confess that some of my loans have not been so temporary as I could have wished, and as I persuaded myself they would be at the time of contracting them.

By the kindness of eight of my friends—two of them severally advanced me a sixpence, it not being convenient to go further at the time, and the remainder a shilling each—by the kindness of my friends, I raised the sum of seven shillings. I was much elated at my success, notwithstanding the rebuffs and denials I had met with from several persons of whom better things might have been expected.

My first determination was to go to the Flying Eagle with my pockets replenished as they were; but on second thoughts, as the occasion was rare, and the object one of the most glorious kind, I determined that I should dedicate a bottle of Champagne to Jemima, Port, Sherry, &c., being infinitely too common for such an occasion.

Though I had never tasted Champagne in my life, I knew by report that it was one of the best kinds of wine, and I knew, moreover, that sixteen shillings was the price of a bottle. Usually, I am decidedly averse to borrow money of my friends; indeed, I have a sort

of horror of the task, and the exercise in that way I had just concluded was not calculated to abate that horror. But what will not a man do that is *really* in love? What would not I at that time have done for Jemima? Had she but said the word, I would have encountered a legion of tigers, I would have essayed to discover a passage to the North Pole, I would have voyaged round the world in a fishing boat, I would have traversed the continents of Africa and America on all fours, I would have scaled the highest point of Mont Blanc and vegetated a month, or longer, amongst its eternal snows I would have approached nearer than ever human being did before the crater of Mount Ætna, nay, I would have dashed into it, if I had thought there were any chance of getting out again—I would have done all this and a million times more, every thing, in short, within the range of possibility, for Jemima. Was I to hesitate a moment then in throwing myself anew on the generosity of my acquaintances to make up what was short of the sixteen shillings? They did not know me, they did not know my regard for Jemima, who would have done me the injustice to credit, even had it been declared to them on oath, any such thing.

I set out on my borrowing mission, and after four hours' hard unremitting labour, and travelling a distance, including the ascending and descending of stairs, of full seven miles, raised the additional nine shillings.

Seven o'clock in the evening came, and I called on my two particular friends, whom I chanced to find together.

"Chaps," says I, "I have no objections to treat you to a bottle of wine to-night, if you'll go with me to the Flying Eagle."

"What's ado?" said the one.

"A bottle of wine! There must be something unusual to-night," said the other.

"Never you mind," says I, addressing both at once," come away with me, come."

"O, I have it, I have it," said one of my acquaintances to the other. "He's going at last to be married to Jemima; come, let us go and congratulate him on his good fortune."

"With all my heart," said the other.

We departed that instant. In five minutes we were comfortably seated in the best room in the Flying Eagle.

I rang the bell smartly. The waiter appeared. "John," says I, pulling myself up as I spoke, "John, bring us here a bottle of your Champagne."

"Yes, sir," said John, accompanying the words with one of the lowest and neatest bows ever made to me before or since. He wheeled round, and bounded out of the apartment to bring us the Champagne.

It was brought us with due despatch. I uncorked the bottle. I filled a glass to each; and then emptied my own to the health of my two friends.

"Your very good health, Gilbert"—for that is my name—said each of my friends preparatory to inverting his glass.

I have already said that I never tasted Champagne before. I

should have said the same of my two friends. I thought the juice of the grape confoundedly sour, and swore in my own mind that, if the bottle on the table were disposed of, I should never put Champagne to my lips again for mortal man. Much, however, as I abominated the liquid, I was bound in honour, as I had invited my friends to partake of a glass with me, not to give in so long as there was a drop in the bottle.

I could easily have seen, though my friends had been "dummies," that they relished the Champagne no better than myself. The faces they made on quaffing their first glasses were absolutely frightful. It would have been perilous in the extreme for a pregnant woman to have seen them. My friends would beyond all controversy have carried off the palm from the celebrated cobbler whose grinning capabilities Addison has recorded in the Spectator. It was even questionable whether their grins were not as good of their kind as the "horrible grin" and "ghastly smile" of Milton's fallen angel. Still, however, in the excess of their good nature, my friends made no complaints, further than saying that they wondered people thought Champagne so good.

I filled another bumper to self and friends. "I suppose now," said the one, "we must drink the health of Miss Jemima R——," holding the glass in his hand as if ready to quaff its contents.

"Most certainly. Miss R——'s health, with all my heart," said the other, with an emphasis which made a doubt as to the cordiality with which the toast was drank, altogether impossible.

Both my friend's glasses were empty instanter. "Gentlemen," said I, "as you are pleased to associate Jemima's name with mine, permit me, in her absence, to return you"——I was going to speak of thanks; but the contortions of the two faces before me so far exceeded any thing I have ever before seen or imagined, that I was frightened out of what I was going to say: I abruptly terminated my intended brief speech.

"Gentlemen," said one of my acquaintances, after his features had resumed a more earthly aspect, "Gentlemen, you'll excuse me, I have an appointment with a friend to-night: the time is up, I must be gone."

The other had plainly some similar pretext on his lips for also abdicating his seat, and leaving me to drink the Champagne myself, but was prevented coming out with it by my immediately starting on my feet and seizing hold of the first speaker, adding, as by dint of manual force I placed him again on his seat, "No nonsense, now; you *must* stay until we finish the Champagne."

I had not well resumed my seat, when in rushed Boniface, the waiter, and a clumsy looking fellow of a wine-merchant, into our apartment, the face of each being a perfect personification of horror.

"Gentlemen, I beg your pardon," said the landlord earnestly.

"Gentlemen, I am truly sorry for the mistake," said the clownish looking vendor of wines.

We were all thunderstruck. "What can be the cause of the strange intrusion? What the meaning of these apologies?" enquired each at himself.

"What's the matter? What mistake is it?" asked I, after a moment's hesitation. My two friends were speechless all the time. They did nothing but gaze with amazement at the half-petrified trio.

"The Champagne, Sir," said Boniface.

"The vinegar, Sir," said the wine merchant, emphatically. Both speakers addressed their discourse to me.

"*What* vinegar?" said I, somewhat tartly.

"Gracious, gentlemen," said the waiter, who all this while was silent, "you have by mistake got a bottle of vinegar instead of Champagne."

To do justice to the scene which followed, the reader must stretch his imagination to the utmost.

My friends and self exchanged looks with each other. For some time we were so confounded by the announcement as to be unable to speak. I recovered myself first. "Explain yourselves!" said I, somewhat angrily.

With great difficulty, and after interspersing their explanations with a legion of "beg your pardons" and "am very sorry for the mistake," from each and all of the blockheads, they managed to make us understand that, Champagne being a species of wine which was seldom called for, the landlord had not a bottle in the house at the time,—that the waiter was naturally anxious to conceal the paucity of mine host's supplies, and that with that intent he ran with breathless haste to the wine-merchant's shop to get a bottle of Champagne for us,—that the wine-merchant himself being out at the time the boy who kept the shop, which boy was quite "raw," being a new importation from the mountains, gave John a bottle of vinegar instead of Champagne, which bottle the waiter placed before us in a twinkling,—that the wine-merchant on his return discovered the blunder which had been committed, and ran that instant and apprized Boniface of it,—and that as the business and character of both, waiter and all, were likely to suffer from the circumstance, they had all three resolved to come and beg our pardons, and to implore us not to let the thing be known.

My tongue loosed for once. Addressing myself to Boniface, I told him it was with him as landlord of the Flying Eagle I had to do; and accordingly I abused him in most unmeasured terms. Boniface shifted the blame from his own shoulders to those of the waiter, whom he scolded most unmercifully, while poor John reproached, as he best could, the wine-merchant for leaving ignorant boys in the shop in his absence. In short, there was nothing but downright abuse going among us; while the little rogue of a shop-boy who had done all the mischief escaped, like Cowper's thief in the lashing affair, with perfect impunity.

The whole matter spunked out that evening, and before next day the town, from one end to the other, rang with it. If the then current report may be credited many of the lieges seriously hurt themselves from the immoderate fits of laughter it occasioned. And, to crown the untowardness of the affair, the Provincial paper—one of the most despicable and unprincipled and stupid prints extant—narrated all the circumstances in its next publication. It wickedly

called Jemima "the Vinegar Lady"—a title which has ever since been kept up on her.

The reader will be prepared for the conclusion: Jemima never looked on me in mercy after the awkward occurrence. It so chagrined her, that, in four months after, she emigrated to Van Dieman's Land, where I hope she is now happy.

It were useless to attempt any description of how I felt after being "cut" by Jemima, as she and I were on the terms of marriage—of which fact I now inform the reader for the first time. Time, however, gradually diminished my misery. Ere twelve months elapsed I was in love a second time.

I mean to be as brief in my description of my second Dulcinea as I was in that of Jemima. Her name was Letitia—observe what fine names both my inamoratos had. Letitia was as pretty and good as Jemima; and that is saying a great deal. I have often thought none but themselves could be their parallels. I first fell in love with Letitia at a tea-party; but had no opportunity of letting her know the thing for some weeks after, which weeks I thought so many ages. When I did get my mind opened to her, she assured me she had felt towards me exactly in the same way. What a lucky oincidence! thought I. I devoutly thanked the gods for being so propitious. She asked me to write some poetry for her album, assuring me she *knew*, without condescending to tell me how she had come by the knowledge, that I had great genius and an admirable taste that way. I can call the gods to witness that I never wrote a line of poetry, of my *own*, in my life. However, there was no necessity for telling Letitia that. With the assistance of Moore I managed to write for my inamorato's album. "Now," says she, knowingly, as she read it, "I *knew* what you could do."

In two months our marriage day was fixed. I need not waste time in describing how matters progressed to this consummation. Suffice it to say that, when I got Letitia to "say the word," I was on the very best terms with myself, more especially as I knew that I had had several rivals to contend with.

To be sure, even after she was pledged to me, one of these—Braemar was his name—continued his visits; but then Letitia could not be so uncivil as to order him out when he called. I had not the most distant apprehension of any danger from the visits of Braemar; but I must own I suffered a good deal of annoyance from the circumstance, as ill-natured people made a bad use of it. I was teased out of my life with insinuations and allegations, that Letitia was only playing the coquette with me; nay, that she was deliberately and systematically fooling me, and that Braemar was the object of her affections, and would eventually be her husband.

I could have mustered up fortitude enough to bear all this in so far as self was concerned; but there was *another* party interested: the character of Letitia was reflected on, and *that* I could not endure. To act as a warning to others, I one evening called out an ugly-looking fellow who made unusually free in his insinuations as to the sincerity and constancy of Letitia's affection for me. The challenge was given after dark in a public house, in presence of two other per-

sons, one of whom I chose for my friend: my adversary did the same with the other.

I was anxious, in the heat of the moment, to fight my opponent at once; but the darkness of the night precluded all possibility of that. We appointed an early hour next day for carrying into effect our mortal intents—the place an adjoining barn. The reason why we chose the barn as the scene of our duel was that, if we went to an open field, those officious gentry called police officers would have had a chance of discovering our object, and consequently have prevented both of us from displaying our courage, and me from vindicating the character of the adored and immaculate Letitia.

I cannot describe my feelings on my return home after having given the challenge. I shuddered at the idea of killing a fellow being; but, to speak a truth, I shuddered more at the idea of being killed myself. Powder and shot, I had always a strong aversion to from my infancy. Now, that I had foolishly exposed myself to both, I absolutely sickened at them. I thought of the perilous predicament into which I had stupidly brought myself, and I trembled from head to foot. Never did my frame so shake before. Stand I could not; sit or lie I could not. I tossed myself alternately in my bed, and rose and staggered through my apartment. O the horrors of that night! A thousand times did I think of sending an apology to my opponent for having challenged him, and begging there might be nothing further done in the business. But then I knew if I did I should for ever be held up to public ridicule as a coward, and most likely offend and lose Letitia into the bargain. Death, bad as it is, would have been nothing to this. I resolved, therefore, whatever should be the consequences, to meet my antagonist.

Morning came; so did the hour appointed for the duel. We were, seconds and all, punctual to the moment. We entered the barn, shut, and locked the door. A pistol—O how I hated the sight of the deadly weapon!—was put into my hand; so was another into the hand of my adversary. The ground was measured, or rather guessed at at random, and, the word "fire!" having been pronounced by one of the seconds, we both levelled our pieces. My one snapped * * * * * * * * * * * * *

For most of the information which follows I am indebted to my second. The pistol of my antagonist went off—I fell, uttering, as I embraced the cold stone floor, a strange unearthly sound, clearly under the impression that I was mortally wounded. In my fall I somehow or other caused the barrel of my pistol to come in forcible contact with my nose, whence the blood gushed in a copious stream. Dreadful spectacle to my adversary! He imagined I should not survive a moment. His imagination conjured up to him the hangman and gallows, with all their attendant horrors; and he stood as motionless as if he had been a block of marble. The seconds raised me from the ground, and were most exemplary and earnest in their efforts to convince me that I was still alive. They succeeded, but not without first spending a world of eloquence on me. My joy and that of my antagonist at learning I was still living, and likely to live, was about equally great.

It was now that my opponent and self learnt, for the first time, that our seconds had arranged betwixt themselves to load the pistols with powder only, so that we might endure all the horrors of going through a duel without receiving any injury.

My antagonist and I shook hands in token of reconciliation, and all of us returned to our respective homes. The first thing I heard on going into my lodgings, was that Letitia and Braemar had that morning eloped together.

J. G.

THE DREAM OF THE SHIPWRECKED MARINER.

The sea was calm, the winds were still,
Lightly o'er the deep we passed,
We thought no more on toil and pain,
For we drew near our home at last.
The fair-faced moon looked softly down,
Tinging the small waves with her light,
And the voice of hope came o'er the sea—
It was a lovely night.
I leant upon the vessel's side,
And thoughts came crowding o'er my soul,
As the welcome wind and tide
Drove me to the wished-for goal;
And thou, O loved one of my youth!
Remembered still thy plighted truth.
With fancy's eye I saw thee stand,
All lonely, on the ocean strand,
Straining thy bright eyes o'er the sea,
To catch a glimpse of love and me.
I clasped thee to my constant heart,
And swore we never more would part,
When—hark!—a piercing shriek
Rose wildly o'er the wave!
We'd struck upon a hidden rock—
The vessel reeled—the grave,
The billowy grave, with greedy clasp,
Drew us down deep. And then the gasp
Of death passed quick o'er many a lip.
Many a gallant soul departed,
And the winds began to sob and sigh,
Like a maiden broken-hearted,
And then a troubled dream
Came o'er my aching brain—
A vision, palpable and sad,
Of weariness and pain.

* * * * *

* * * * *

Methought the fierce illimitable deep
Had swallowed up the land.
Methought, with one wide sweep,
Led by Jehovah's hand,
This second deluge had come on,

And in its pitiless fury hurled
Ravage and ruin o'er the world.
Methought that Ætna's fires were drenched
By the devouring sea,
And that nigh where the hot Mount stood
There was a boiling in the flood,
Bubbling eternally.
An angel's wings, methought, were mine,
And I flew onwards still, and found no rest;
Nought met mine eye
But the grey-coloured sky
And the wide ocean's dread eternal breast.
There was no sound except the blast,
Rushing for ever o'er the sea;
And I claimed kindred with it, as it passed,
Because it mourned like me
O'er the departed earth,
And wept that in its course it saw no life
And heard no voice of mirth,
No sound of human passion nor of strife.
I was alone—all else had fled—
In the vast world I was alone:
Earth's children were all dead
And buried with their mother in the deep,
Which had claimed all things for its own,
And left but me to weep.
And yet amid this deep distress,
This utter utter weariness,
But *one* desire was in my heart,
One feeling o'er my soul imprest,
One thought all other thoughts above,
And that was the desire of love
Burning for ever in my breast.
How could I love? With weary ken,
I turned my gaze across the sea;
But perished was the race of men,
There was no living thing but me,
Not even a blossom or a tree.
I stopped and gazed upon the flood
And then upon the sombre sky;
And, in the bitterness of grief,
I prayed to the Most High:—
"O Father of this dreary world,
Father of all that is or were,
Parent of many spheres, to thee
I raise the humble prayer.
Last of my race—a lonely man—
Nought breathes the breath of life but me;
The fair, the beautiful, green land
Has found a grave beneath the sea,
And there is none to worship thee.
Sunk, sunk for ever is the populous earth;
And from the desolate sea there is no birth,
No living thing, whose prayer
May mount with mine above,
On whom this bursting heart
May pour o'erflowing love.

What have I done that 'tis my doom
To wander over Nature's tomb,
That I should only live to mourn
A world that never can return?
But sweet would be the task to weep,
Even on this wide, this endless deep,
If there were one to share my woe,
  Some gentle one to sigh with me,
Some heart whose tears with mine might flow:
  Then 'twould be sweet to worship thee!
But—as it is—better to die
Than live alone in this immensity."

The restless waves had ceas'd to moan,
  The storm had ceased to blow,
And the loud winds, in milder tone,
  Began to murmur low,
And pleasant sounds came o'er the deep,
  And floated on the air,
And raised me from the nether depths
  Of sorrow and despair.
With lighter heart I looked again
  O'er ocean's boundless scope,
Then turned my glance upon the sky
  In gladness and in hope.
The dismal clouds had rolled away,
  The sky was clear and blue,
And Oh! to glad my longing eyes,
  One star was peering through.
O lovely star! O welcome ray!
  It was a beauteous sight,
Alone upon the waters wide,
  To gaze upon its light.
I gazed and gazed until it seemed
  To change upon my view;
While soft sweet sounds came from the sky,
  And from the waters blue.
And then I saw two radiant eyes
  Bent lovingly on me;
While to a face the bright star changed—
  O heavens! and is it *thee?*
I woke—upon the beach I lay,
  And thou, my beautiful, mine own,
Wast bending o'er my pallid cheek,
  Beside the waters lone,
And smiling 'mid thy tears to see
  That all had not been vain
To call my dreaming spirit back
  To consciousness again.

C. M.

THE REAL NOBILITY OF THE HUMAN CHARACTER.

Fraser's Magazine of the last month, copied by *The Standard*, and probably by many other papers, has opened the delicate question, as to the aristocracy, Whether nobility of character belongs to money or to mind.

This is done in a scurrilous attack upon Mr. Francis Place, an active, talented, political reformer, formerly of Charing Cross, now of Brompton Square; because, forsooth, he had followed the business of a tailor, and had thereby created his social independency. If the author of that article had not made some acquaintance with the ever active talent of Mr. Place, he, doubtless, had not thought him worthy of notice; but having done this, and the editor having gone so far as to procure and print a wood-cut caricature likeness, in a whole-length figure, the subject resolves itself simply into the question, "Whether the nobility of the human character be the attribute of money or of mind."

The question, as there put forth, shows us, at a glance, that the Conservatism of "Fraser's Magazine," &c., means the preservation of office and its patronage among a few wealthy families, without brain or necessary mental qualification for the purpose of legislation and government, which, by the bye, is the whole question between Tory and Reformer. In that Conservatism there is nothing conducive to the welfare of a nation or that relates to the good of a community.

On the other hand, it may be asked why Mr. Place, though formerly a tailor, should not be as eligible to become a legislator and a minister, equal talent granted, as Lord Lyndhurst, the son of a painter; Sir Robert Peel, the son of a cotton spinner; Lord Wynford, the son of a little renting farmer; or any other newly created member of the Conservative aristocracy.

What is the position of Mr. Place in the community, as to the past and present?

Truth says that through industry and sobriety, as a journeyman tailor or breeches-maker, he became a housekeeper and a master-tailor in a respectable situation at Charing Cross,—that through industry continued as a master tailor, and integrity exhibited as a tradesman, he brought up a family of nine children, accumulated an independency, was constantly improving his mind, collected a good and valuable library, mastered some languages, studied anatomy in the regular way, and, from the acknowledged superiority of his political and general knowledge, made his library the rendezvous of all the active reformers in the House of Commons, himself a counsellor whose opinion was sought on the subject of almost every liberal newspaper, magazine, or periodical that was about to be started, and whose judgment was taken on every thing of note about to be done on that side of the political world which sought reform in the state of our institutions. From the country Mr. Place was appealed to, both

by masters and workmen, in their disputes about wages and hours of labour; while, as a master tradesman, he encouraged every rational effort that workmen could make to improve their wages and their condition, always setting the example of paying his workmen the highest rate of wages claimed.

After retiring from the business of a tailor, Mr. Place applied similar industry to mental pursuits, similar integrity to political character; and for gratuitous mind and labour afforded to every important public question, and assistance to every useful public person or individual of promising utility, the writer of this, though by circumstances separated from the immediate acquaintance of Mr. Place for several years past, can, by the experience of eighteen and the well-founded report of forty years, pronounce him a prodigy of useful, resolute, consistent, political exertion and indefatigable labour, which evidently continues unabated to this day.

Sir Robert Peel in the zenith of his ministerial character, while improving the jury laws, did not hesitate, indirectly, to seek the criticism of Mr. Place on that bill, before it was presented to the House of Commons.

His (Mr. Place's) opinion and experience, on various subjects, have been taken by several committees of the House of Commons.

Jeremy Bentham, twenty years ago, pronounced Mr. Place to be the most fit man living, from extensive knowledge of the state of the country and its parties, the condition and wants of the people, and from his own probity and mental energy, to become a Secretary of State for the Home Department.

The late Mr. Cobbett, notwithstanding after-abuse, once pronounced Mr. Place the most fit man to represent the city of Westminster in the House of Commons.

Mr. Place has been more than once invited to take a seat in the House of Commons, and has excused himself on the ground that what he should consider his duty, as a member of that House, would cost him five hundred pounds a year, which, in justice to his family, he could not devote to that purpose.

Much that has been good in the political character of Sir Francis Burdett, and all that has been good in the political character of Sir John Cam Hobhouse, one of the present ministers, have been the creation of the mentorship and industry of Francis Place. Even in going to Newgate, by order of the House of Commons, the then Mr. Hobhouse fathered a pamphlet which was not his own, but which was written by Mr. Place.

The present Lord Radnor sought the acquaintance of Mr. Place many years before the latter retired from the business of a tailor; and, on a compliment of that kind advanced by the then Lord Folkstone, Mr. Place demurred, and jocularly observed, it might become inconvenient to his lordship to have an acquaintance whom he might some day meet taking home a suit of clothes to a customer, upon which his lordship declared that he should even so deem the acquaintance of Mr. Place an advantage and an honour.

Who, then, is the writer or editor of "Fraser's Magazine," to speak reproachfully of Francis Place because he has been a tailor?

Daniel Stuart, the proprietor of *The Courier*, and lately High Sheriff for the shire of Oxford, was a tailor, and became less honourably rich than Mr. Place—the former gaining his wealth by selling an apostasy of his former political principles to Pitt, the minister; the latter acquiring his by pure integrity and honourable character.

Is there more nobility in the man without mind, that can dress well, because he has inherited or obtained wealth which his talent or industry could never have acquired, than in the man who, while labouring to produce that dress, improves his mind even to a qualification for legislation and statesmanship, makes himself independent of his business, and is generally sought as a counsellor in all matters of public interest?

Francis Place, by his assistant labours and advice given to members of the House of Commons, has produced more effect in that House than any man who was ever a member. Is such a man to be reproached for his former trade, or lightly spoken of for his present situation? This, too, may be added, that in all his labours there has been expense, which he made his own, without any other reward than a sense of public utility and self-satisfaction. He has ever followed principle, not person or party, and has sacrificed whatever personal acquaintance he found sacrificing principle.

Is it not, then, an abuse of the word *nobility* to attach it to some defective minds among the aristocracy of this or any other country, however rich in wealth, power, or other possessions they may be, and an equal abuse to withhold it from such a character as that which Francis Place identifies?

It may be a useful hint to the editor of "Fraser's Magazine," to him of "The Standard," too, &c., that they will better conserve the interest of their "Conservative" party, in teaching it how it may accomplish permanent public good, and improve with its own the condition of the whole people, through abated abuses and excesses, and increased mental culture, than to fill the columns of the Magazine or Papers with reproaches on useful trades and abuses of useful public men, who will, if the former do not make such a useful conservation of themselves, soon supersede them in all the affairs of legislation and government. A. P.

THE PARTING HOUR.

Oh! there is in the parting hour
  Which severs us from those
Whose love has lit on mansion-bower,
  A thousand nameless throes:—
The eyes are dry, and we shed no tears,
But the *heart weeps* then—may weep for years.

RESOURCES, &c. OF RUSSIA.

The bold attitude and dictatorial tone which Russia has of late years assumed in her dealings with the other Powers of Europe, coupled with her recent conduct towards Turkey and Poland, has very naturally attracted an unusual share of attention to her, and inspired the other four great Powers with no small measure of alarm.

But, notwithstanding the deep and general interest with which Russia has for some years past been regarded, it is a remarkable fact, that scarcely any thing is known of her available warlike resources, or of her commerce, her literature, &c.

On a future occasion we may enter at some length into the subject, but at present we must confine ourselves to the statement of a few of the leading facts which are essential to the formation of a tolerably correct idea of the resources of this ambitious Power. In order to form a perfectly accurate conception of the strength of Russia, as a hostile Power, it would be necessary to advert at some length to her physical condition, which we have not at present space to do.

The first thing which claims our attention, in estimating the warlike capabilities of Russia, is the state and numerical strength of her army. From our comparative ignorance of the statistics of that empire, a great diversity of opinion exists as to the actual number of troops which she could, in a case of exigency, call into the field. A recent traveller, whose means of information on this subject seem to have been better than are usually accessible to our countrymen when residing there, states very clearly what he conceives to be the number and condition of the Russian soldiery.

"First," he says, "there is the army of Lithuania, which presents a mass of 86,000 combatants, commanded by the Grand Duke Constantine. No European army can be compared to it in respect of mechanical instruction. Dispersed in cantonments of about 150 leagues in length from Lovitch to Minsk, and of 146 in breadth, between Thovno and Dubno, it can be concentrated at Warsaw, or at Brest-Litovski, in less than three weeks.

"Second.—The *Army of the Right* may be considered as composed of a *corps d'armée*, cantoned in Courland and in Livonia, of the corps of the guard, and of the first corps of the cavalry of reserve. These different corps, united, likewise form a mass of 80,000 combatants. These troops are, perhaps, the only ones which, in respect of mechanic perfection, rival the army of the Grand Duke Constantine. Their cantonments extend from Molangen to Pieskoff, about 138 leagues, and from Revel to Vilkomirz. At the utmost, eighteen days are necessary to assemble them upon the Niemen.

"Third.—The *Army of the Left*, called the *Second Army*, is also formed of a mass of 80,000 combatants, cantoned in the Chersonesian governments. The greatest length of its quarters, from Khokzym upon the Pruth, to Tchersaski upon the Dnieper, is about 106 leagues; and the greatest breadth 180 leagues between Machnovka, near the southern frontier of Volchinia and Limpheropole, in the

Crimea. Nearly three weeks are necessary to concentrate this army on the Pruth.

"Fourth.—The *Army of the Centre*, the *First* or the *Grand Army*, presents a mass equivalent to the three preceding armies, consequently of 240,000 combatants. The cantonments of this army extend on one side to more than 234 leagues, from Ostroy to Murom, upon the frontier of the governments of Vladimir and of Ashui-Novogorod. Six weeks, at least, are required for concentrating the grand army in Volhynia.

"Besides these four armies, 480,000 strong, Russia has many detached corps, which amount to more than 267,000 men. The whole of the armed forces of Russia are, therefore, included in the following summary:—

	MEN.
The four armies	480,000
The detached corps of Iceland, of Oxenburg, and of Siberia	45,000
The corps of the Caucasus	85,000
The military colonies	67,000
Garrison troops	70,000
	747,000

"To these let us add the *hordes* of the Kirghessians and of the Paschkirs, and we shall have an idea of the military state of the Russian empire."

It will be observed that, in the above statement, the Russian army is supposed to be considerably under 1,000,000. We know, however, from other sources of undoubted anthenticity, that in some cases—in that of the military colonies, for example—this writer far underrates the numerical force of the Russian army.

The soldiery of the northern Autocrat are maintained by conscription. The yearly expenses of their maintenance is 20,000,000 rubles. A first captain in the cavalry receives about 170*l.* per annum as pay; in the infantry about 120*l.* Soldiers holding inferior stations in the army receive proportionably lower pay, down to the private, who is paid at the rate of three halfpence per diem. In addition to this, however, lodging is provided for him, together with an allowance of 150lbs of meal and 44lbs of salt per annum.

This pay, though scanty in appearance, is, when the relative value of money in both countries is taken into account, actually greater than is allowed in Great Britain. The uniform of the infantry is green, with white waistcoat and breeches; that of the cavalry, blue; and of the artillery, red. The Cossacks, and other irregulars, have the privilege of choosing their own commanders. These receive no pay from government; but must support themselves. To enable them to do this a certain portion of land is allotted to them.

A short time previous to the death of Alexander a plan was devised for raising and keeping up an effective army at a mere trifling expense. This plan, which owes its origin to the ingenuity of Count Arakschejeff, is extremely simple. He suggested that a number of villages, to be called Military Villages, should be built and placed under a peculiar code of laws. The crown peasantry, of whom there are some hundred thousands, were to people these villages, and the male part of them were to be trained to the use of arms, and made

to form the reserve part of the forces. The eldest son of the peasant was to succeed his father as proprietor of the house and little spot of ground to be allotted to each; the second and third sons were to be obliged to enter the army, and be taught the use of arms. The soldiery, while they were on no account to neglect their martial exercises, were at the same time to support themselves and the colony by cultivating the ground. Each village, or colony, had its own military chief, whose authority was perfectly sovereign. Military schools were also established. These the children were to enter for the purpose of training, at the early age of eight, until which time they were to remain under the charge of their parents. "At the age of thirteen, they obtain the distinction of *cantonists*, and are taught the profession of the agriculturist and the soldier. When seventeen years old, they form a part of the colony. The commander-in-chief of the cavalry, which form about the half of the whole number of the colonists, is the supreme judge. No female colonist can marry any individual who is not enrolled."

The code of laws for these colonies, extending to fourteen volumes, was drawn up by a committee appointed at St. Petersburg for the purpose. These laws are, in the first instance, administered by the committees of the several squadrons, which committees are composed of the squadron's officers, one of whom is chosen president. The offences of which these squadrons are competent to take cognizance are those only of a minor kind; nine aggravated delinquencies are tried by a commission, the nomination of which is vested in Count de Witt. Privates have the privilege of appealing from the decision of the committee of squadron to a regimental committee of administration, consisting of the colonel, who is invariably president, the lieutenant-colonel, who is vice-president, two captains, and six deputies chosen by the colonists themselves. One of these deputies is chosen from each of the six squadrons constituting the regiment. The decisions of this committee are submitted to Count de Witt for his approval. From the Count's decision there is no appeal, in so far as the common soldiers and colonists are concerned, even should the sentence be banishment to Siberia—the severest punishment short of death which a Russian can receive. Officers, however, may appeal from the Count's decisions to the Emperor himself.

The effective police maintains good order in each of these colonies. A subaltern officer visits the house of each colonist every day, and reports at head-quarters as to the condition of the inmates. Colonies, on the plan just described, have been organized throughout the empire. The entire number of soldiers belonging to them cannot be ascertained with any precision; but, on the lowest calculation, it is supposed they exceed a million.

We have already mentioned that these military colonies owe their existence to Count Arakschejiff. He had observed that the great disadvantage of the military system which then obtained was that the soldier, in consequence of the vast extent of the empire, being generally exiled during the most important part of his life from home, felt little of that patriotism which can alone prompt to deeds

of valour. He conceived that, by the scheme in question, this evil would be in a great measure remedied; while at the same time it promised great advantages in a pecuniary point of view. The soldier, by being permanently fixed to his natal place, would naturally feel attached to his native country, and fight more willingly and gallantly when called to the scene of action. The advantages which the project promised to realize, while they elated Alexander and his government beyond measure, at the same time created no small alarm to the other Powers of Europe. Though not a complete failure, it has by no means verified the anticipations to which it gave rise. It does not commend itself to the Russians themselves; the nobility are almost to a man inveterately hostile to it, the regular army abhor it, and the peasantry regard it with unqualified dislike. Nicholas and his government, however, still cling to it with all the fondness of a first love. What may be the eventual influence of the organization of these colonies, on the destinies of Russia, is more than we or any body else can undertake to say with confidence; but, judging from the temper with which they are at present regarded by the people of all ranks and classes in the empire, we should deem it much more likely that they will prove the instruments of mischief rather than of good to the northern Autocrat. It is not at all improbable that, if Nicholas persist in keeping them up in defiance of the wishes of his people, they will rise up in open insurrection throughout the empire, and thus prove the destruction of both monarch and government.

The Russian navy is not very large, nor, though it were, is it likely, for reasons to be mentioned anon, ever to become very formidable to the other European powers. In 1805, according to Czome, and other authors on the statistics of that empire, it consisted of thirty-two ships of the line, eighteen frigates, fifty-nine small craft, and 226 galleys, which, if put together, only make a total of 355 sail. The number of cannon carried by the Russian navy in the above year was 4428. The sailors then numbered 35,507; the naval artillery was 4,000; and the marines 8,262. In 1813, the navy consisted of 289 sail, which were manned by 32,040 hands; so that instead of increasing in strength it rather diminished in the eight intervening years. The annual expense of maintaining the navy is 9,000,000 rubles.

We have already said that there exists no ground for apprehending that Russia will ever become a formidable naval power. The reasons are these:—First, whatever may be the cause, whether it be the corruptible nature of the wood, or the rotting energies of the Baltic water, which is comparatively fresh, the fact is that no Russian ship can be made to last above six years without undergoing extensive repairs, and even with all the repairs which can be made she will not be fit for sea above fifteen years. Secondly, the comparatively limited extent of sea coast belonging to Russia is another insuperable barrier to her becoming a naval power of any consequence. The only sea-port in European Russia open to the ocean is Archangel; but it has no connection with European seas except by the way of North Cape, which last lies in so high a latitude that

during six months of the year the thickness of the ice renders it unnavigable. Moreover, the greater part of Russian commerce is carried on by foreign vessels and foreign seamen; and this is certain to continue to be the case so long as the present restrictions are enforced. None of the peasantry, who in every country are the principal element in a navy, can leave the country without a special passport; while every merchant who fits out a vessel must obtain before her sailing, a license to take on board a specified number of Russian subjects, whose return he must insure at the rate of 140 rubles each.

Russia manufactures a number of commodities to a very considerable extent. The staple article is leather. Her tanned leather is beyond comparison the finest in Europe. The Russians are so desirous of preserving their distinction in the manufacture of this article that no foreigner has hitherto been able to learn the process they adopt. Isinglass and caviar are among the leading articles of their manufacture. Soap, both white and black, is manufactured to such an extent that they are able, after supplying their own wants, to export considerable quantities. Brewing is carried on on a large scale. The beer of Riga is esteemed the best. Brandy is distilled to a very great extent. The Emperor claims a monopoly of the right to distil this spirit, which proves a very lucrative one. The annual consumption of grain in the distillation of brandy is 360,000,000lbs. avoirdupois, from which are extracted 60,000,000 bottles. Potash and saltpetre are commodities manufactured to a great extent. Of the latter 800,000lbs. are exported every year from St. Petersburg alone. Sail-cloth and cordage are manufactured on a large scale, and are exported in great quantities. Linen, silk, cotton, and woollen cloth manufactories are numerous and extensive. In 1824 the quantity of linen manufactured was 10,680,504 Russian ells, of twenty-eight inches each; of silks, 16,154,791 ells; cottons, 37,033,354 ells; and of woollen cloths, various kinds, 59,748,085 ells. At the silk manufactories are made velvets, taffeties, atlasses, gold and silver tissues, Peruvians, brocades, &c. &c. Porcelain and earthenware manufactories are to be met with in several parts of the empire. The process of refining sugar is carried on to a great extent at St. Petersburg and Riga. Neither clayed nor refined sugars are allowed to be imported, and the duties on raw sugars are so high as to amount to a virtual prohibition. The importation of all spirits, in order that the Emperor's monopoly may not be invaded, is also prohibited.

The commerce of Russia has, of late years, increased very rapidly. The exports and imports together did not, in 1800, exceed twenty millions sterling; now they are about seventy. An official journal, published at St. Petersburg, gives the number of vessels that arrived at her sea-ports in 1827, from the opening of the navigation till the 1st of September, at 2,957, of which number there were 1,882 in ballast. The value of foreign goods imported and cleared at the Custom House was 83,957,820 rubles. The exports of Russian goods were of the value of 107,427,640 rubles. Among the principal articles constituting these exports were 10,461,218 pounds of flax; 47,143 ditto of iron; 1,370,991 ditto of tallow; 188,283 ditto of potashes; 101,610 ditto of raw and dressed hides; of corn to the value of 17,651,181 rubles; and of timber to the value of 1,283, 640 rubles.

A very considerable part of Russian commerce is conducted by land. The principal part is with Prussia, Germany, Austria, Turkey, Persia, and China, through Siberia. Kiakta, a town on the Chinese frontier, is the place where the Chinese and Russian merchants meet for purposes of commerce. This town is 4900 miles from Moscow, and 1500 from Pekin. The one half of it may be said to be Chinese and the other Russian. It is well fortified, and garrisoned by a detachment of Cossacks. The Russians supply the Chinese with oil, tallow, fur, tapestry, paper, knives, &c. &c., for which they receive in exchange silks, porcelain, tea, musk, tigers' skins, &c. All the tea consumed in Russia is obtained direct from Canton through Siberia. The commerce carried on between these two nations is supposed to be to the extent of 1,500,000*l.* annually.

Inland commerce is also conducted in Siberia to a great extent with various roaming tribes. The principal seat of this commerce is Tobolski. This town is frequented for commercial purposes by Tartars, Hindoos, Calmucks, &c. The entire annual exportations of Russia by land are, speaking in round numbers, to the extent of 40,000,000 rubles; her importations 20,000,000 rubles.

But by far the greater part of Russian commerce is carried on by sea. In 1815 it was four times as extensive as that conducted by land; and it is at the same time decidedly the more profitable. The channels through which this commerce is carried on are the Baltic Sea, the Black Sea, and the Sea of Azof. The chief exports from the ports of the Baltic are of leather, tallow, iron, grain, timber, linseed, pitch, ashes, &c. The only ports at which foreign articles are allowed to enter Russia are St. Petersburg, Archangel, Riga, Revel, and Lieban, in the White Sea and the Baltic; Odessa and Thedosia, in the Black Sea; and Zoganrog in the Sea of Azof. The leading imports are of silks, woollens, cottons, colonial produce, &c.

The currency of Russia is mostly paper. Its value is very much deteriorated, what passes for a sum equivalent to 135*l.* being only actually worth 100*l.* The texture of this paper-money is very thin, and consequently liable to be soon worn or torn; but so long as its denomination is legible no one dare refuse it. The lowest real coin is the denaska; it is equivalent to two holuscas, which last is an imaginary piece of money equal in value to $\frac{2}{200}$ths of our penny. Two denaskas are equivalent to one griwna, and ten griwnas to one ruble. The ruble, in silver, is worth four shillings and sixpence of our money. The lowest gold coin is called tzaroowich, and is equivalent to two rubles and a half. The other gold coin in general circulation is called an imperial, and is equal to five rubles. There are also double imperials, but they are seldom to be seen.

It is impossible to get at a perfectly accurate knowledge of the revenue and finances of Russia; no document or statement—thanks to a despotic government—being published on the subject. A tax called the capitation tax, and a property tax of rather less than two per cent. on the capital of traders, are the principal taxes whence the government derives its revenue. Its other only source of revenue is from its monopoly of corn and spirits, and the appropriation to itself of all the profits on coinage, stamps, postages, &c. The revenue has

vastly increased since the demise of Peter the Great. Its annual amount was then only about 1,000,000*l.* sterling; now it is little, if at all, short of 17,000,000*l.* The national debt is about 55,000,000*l.* and is almost wholly of paper currency, guaranteed by the Crown.

In literature Russia is far, very far behind all the other great powers of Europe. The great bulk of the population are as ignorant as can well be conceived. Among the nobles and higher orders of the gentry the *belles lettres* have been pretty extensively cultivated of late years. Peter the Great endeavoured, but with very limited success indeed, to inspire a taste for literature among the wealthier classes in his dominions. At all events, there are only one or two authors of any merit which either this or the succeeding reign produced. Forty years since there were not, of any kind, above 4000 works published in Russia. Their number at this moment is not supposed to exceed 8000. Of authors who enjoy even a tolerable measure of popularity the number is under 500; and of these no fewer than 300 are now alive. It is a remarkably rare thing for a literary work published in Russia to pay itself. It is believed there were never above two or three productions of which an edition of 400 copies was disposed of. Still, as we have already said, the *belles lettres* are, on the whole, extensively cultivated among the higher classes, as are also one or two of the severer sciences. History, poetry, and the philosophy of language are the departments of literature which excite most interest. Of historians the most eminent are Talischtsche, Schlscherbatof, Tschulkof, Ehilkof, Novorokof, and Karmsin. The most celebrated poets are Boyan, Lomonossof, Smirarokof, Kanusi, Scheraskof, Duntriev, Bogdanofitch, Derchavin, Elgin, &c. The last-mentioned is in Russian dramatic literature what Shakspeare is in England. Besides these, and ten or twelve other poets of considerable genius, all of the male sex, there are two Russian ladies, Anna Bunin and Anna Volkov, whose poetical works entitle them to rank with the Hemans and Landons. We pass over the names of the writers, in mercy to the eyes and jaws of our readers, who have most distinguished themselves in the philosophy of languages. The field of chemistry has been pretty successfully cultivated by Mussin Poschkin. Natural philosophy is not neglected. Medicine and mathematics are also studied rather generally, the latter with greater success than the former. A number of works of great value, in the shape of tours, travels, voyages, &c., are to be met with; but novel literature, whenever attempted, has signally failed. The only novels, indeed, to be found in the Russian language worthy of being read are translations from foreign authors. We need hardly say that among these our own Sir Walter Scott is the chief favourite.

The periodicals of Russia are not numerous. In St. Petersburg there are only three newspapers; in Moscow two. In the former city, the capital of the empire, there are eleven or twelve journals of one kind or other devoted to literature and science; in Moscow seven. The censorship of the press is enforced with the utmost rigour.

In Russia the number of universities is seven, the principal of

which are those of St. Petersburg and Moscow. All of them are wretchedly attended. That of Moscow, though boasting of no fewer than twenty-five professors, had only, some years since, from seventy to eighty students. The sum of 130,000 rubles is allotted annually by government for the support of each of these universities.

The entire number of establishments for educational purposes under the patronage of the Court is rather more than a thousand. Nearly 3,000,000 rubles are set apart for their support. The system of tuition most generally adopted is the Lancasterian.

The constitution and government of Russia are purely despotic. The monarch, whose title is "the Emperor of all the Russias," is bound by no law. His person is inviolable; and his will, the moment it is known, acquires all the force of law. He can make war or conclude peace, impose taxes, raise recruits, grant privileges, abolish monopolies, and, in short, do whatever he pleases by the very summary process of issuing an imperial ukase. Like other European sovereigns, he has a cabinet-council, a senate, &c.; but all these bodies are his mere creatures. The only instances in which his wishes have even been thwarted were when the nobles extensively conspired together for that purpose.

Each of the forty-nine governments already mentioned has a civil and military governor for itself, excepting in a very few cases where both offices are united in the same person, or where one governor has two provinces assigned to him. These governors are considered the representatives of the Emperor, and exercise unlimited authority in their respective jurisdictions. To the civil government of each province belong, in addition to the governor, a number of subordinate courts of justice.

The highest tribunal in the empire is the Council of State. The Emperor is chief president. The number of members of which the Council is composed is thirty-five, inclusive of the ministry. It is divided into four departments. The first takes cognizance of law matters; the second of military affairs; the third of civil and ecclesiastical questions; and the fourth of every thing connected with political economy and finance.

Each of the ministers has a peculiar department assigned to him. Home affairs, foreign affairs, war, marine, public instruction, finances, jurisprudence, police, engineering, architecture, and religion, have severally their minister.

The Senate, as it is called, instead of being chosen by the people, as the name would import, is nominated by the Emperor, is paid by him, and is liable to be dismissed whenever he thinks proper. Of course no representation is to be expected from a body so chosen, so paid, and so dependent.

In Russia the courts of justice have been long proverbial for their corruption. Gold is every thing with the judges. A man's character or conduct is black or white, when he comes before one of these tribunals, just in proportion to the gold he possesses, and the disposition he evinces to part with it. Judgment is given accordingly. In other words, bribery of the grossest kind prevails to an enormous extent, and is practised with unblushing effrontery. Justice, indeed,

is nothing but a mere name—the forms are scarcely preserved—substance there is none.* It is proper to observe, however, that the punishments which it is in the power of the judge to inflict are not quite so barbarous as they were wont to be. The punishment of death is entirely abolished—an example this most worthy of imitation by our government. The common punishments are corporal punishment, fine, imprisonment, church-censure, and banishment to the mines. The barbarous punishment of the knout and slitting the nose is still occasionally inflicted, but is confined to the very lowest classes.

The established religion of Russia is the Greek; but—which is surprising in a government otherwise so despotic—full toleration is granted to every other. It has been so since the days of the illustrious Peter the First. The Russian church has a superior judicatory called a synod, which exercises authority over the clergy and the consistories. The parish priests are miserably paid. Their annual allowance varies from 10*l.* to 20*l.* in money, with a wretched wooden house and a small piece of land. Ever since the year 1764, when the state confiscated all the landed property belonging to the church, the clergy have been paid, for the most part, by government. They are treated with the most consummate contempt by the nobility and gentry. The number of archbishops and bishops is thirty-two. All the ecclesiastics wear long beards and long hair. The number of monasteries in the empire is 480, of nunneries 70. The number of Greek churches is estimated at 30,000, that of the Greek clergy at 70,000. The great body of these last are extremely ignorant, the utmost extent of their capabilities being the saying or singing the prayers of the church. Seventy-two different denominations of Christians, exclusive of those professing the Greek religion, exist in Russia. The entire number of clergy is supposed not to be much under 400,000.

The length to which this article has already extended leaves us no room to speak of the manners, customs, &c., of the Russians. This is the less to be regretted, as information of this kind is any thing but difficult to be met with. It abounds in every book of travels in that empire; whereas, the greatest part of the facts we have communicated is gathered from works not so generally accessible.

From the glance we have thus given at Russia and Russian matters, our readers will be able to form some idea of the actual strength and resources of that empire, and consequently how far the alarm which has of late been felt by the other European Courts at her growing power is well founded.

Our own opinion is that the political consequence of the Northern Autocrat has, in some respects, been greatly exaggerated, and in others as much underrated. His conquests in Europe are, for some time at least, clearly at an end. The great Powers are, and will be, too jealous of Russia, and watchful of their own interests, to suffer her to make aggressions on any of the weaker states; and, should she be infatuated enough to meditate an attack on either of themselves, such Power will be more than a match for her. The Russians possess

* No pecuniary allowance being made for the administration of justice is one great cause of this corruption.

all the physical attributes of good soldiers, but they lack what is vastly more important, the moral requisites for successful warfare in a civilized country. They are competent to the endurance of great privations and fatigue. They have an ample stock of obstinacy and of brute strength; but they fight like so many machines. They are utter strangers to the soul-inspiring influence of patriotism: love of country is an emotion of which they know nothing. Hence it often occurred, in the late campaign in Poland, that they were discomfited by the Poles, when twice or thrice the number of the latter.

Besides, there is not that attachment to their generals on the part of the Russian soldiery which is of so much consequence in any great enterprise against a civilized power. The generals of Russia are almost invariably chosen from the nobility, between whom and the peasantry there is an impassable gulf. The nobles look down on the lower classes with as much contempt as if they were so many beasts of burden. In such a case it is out of the question to expect that the common soldiers should evince that readiness to anticipate and to act according to the wishes of their generals which prove of so much advantage in other European armies. To this, in a great measure, do we ascribe that miserable deficiency in military tactics for which the Russians have been long notorious.

But to our minds it is as certain that Russia will not, for many years to come, dream of making a hostile incursion into any of the countries of Europe, as it is plain the invasion would be unsuccessful. The Autocrat needs not at this time of day to be told—his own experience has lessoned him so far on the subject—how difficult a thing it is, and how perilous to the stability of his throne and government, to fit out an effective army for foreign service. First of all, the thinness of the population, the physical state of the country, the diversity of languages spoken in the empire, and the variety of tribes of which his subjects are composed—all these are formidable obstacles to his raising and concentrating, and then *managing* with effect, such an army. Then there is the want of the sinews of war. What a world of difficulty it lately cost Nicholas to get a loan of 30,000,000 rubles negociated! How much more difficult would it be for him to procure the immense sum which would be indispensable in such Herculean undertaking as the subjugation of any of the great powers of Europe, or any of the smaller ones, when aided by Great Britain, France, Austria, and Prussia! He perceives, besides, that he does not reign in the hearts of his subjects, and that his army constitutes the only, or at least the chief, protection of his person, and the prop of his throne and government. To send therefore the greater part of his soldiers on a foreign expedition—which would of course be necessary in such a case—would be an experiment which the Autocrat has too much good sense and too strong an instinct of self-preservation to be foolish enough to make. To speak a truth, it requires no superior penetration to discover that the absence of that portion of his troops which were lately campaigning in Poland was the source of no small inquietude and apprehension to him. Hence his edifying anxiety to get them back—whenever that could be done without absolutely disgracing his flag—as evinced in his late proclamations to the

Poles, in which they were entreated to lay down their arms and return to their "right and lawful allegiance" to him. But for fear of an explosion at home, the probability was that Nicholas, as he must have been satisfied of being able eventually to overpower the Poles, would have allowed them to contest it a little longer, that by that means his troops might have had a better pretext for doing more destruction —and, alas! they have already done too much—in Poland, and thus afford a warning to insurrectionists in his dominions, in all time coming.

But to any aggression which Russia may meditate beyond the frontiers of Europe, these observations do not apply. The contending parties would, in that case, be on more equal terms. It would be barbarian pitted against barbarian. The Russian, indeed, would have the advantage; for we know of no other uncivilized soldier who possesses so much obstinacy, courage, and physical hardihood as he. Besides, the Russians are better trained to the use of arms than the soldiers of any other nation out of Europe. Of course, in such an expedition, an immeasurably less force would suffice than in the case formerly adverted to. The war, too, would have no chance of being equally protracted. The ease and facility with which the Autocrat lately vanquished Persia and Turkey are cases strikingly in point.

But, while we regard as perfectly chimerical any apprehension of immediate danger to Europe from the overgrown power of Russia (if single handed), we are not equally at ease as to her capability for mischief at some future, perhaps not very distant, period. The three great obstacles, as already hinted, to any successful present attack on European territory are the thinness of the population, her want of finances, and the ignorance and degradation of her people. The first obstacle is being removed with an ominous rapidity; population in Russia is increasing prodigiously. The second is also in the way of being removed in one sense; but it depends very much on the Autocrat himself whether it be so in the principal one. Education and civilization are progressing apace in his dominions; and should he have the wisdom to march with them, or rather anticipate them by granting his subjects a free constitution, the latter will become attached to his person and government, and will readily and heartily abet his ambitious and aggrandizing projects. With a people thus loyal, patriotic, civilized, and brave and hardy and numerous withal, no enterprise could be too daring for the Russian Emperor to undertake. But if, blind to the signs of the times, or regardless of the spirit of the age, he should still madly cling to his darling despotic government, the consequences will most certainly be the subversion of his throne and government, perchance also the severance of his own head from his body. It is altogether beyond the range of probability that an empire so heterogeneous in its materials, so unwieldy, and with such a government, can for any length of time withstand the antagonist principles of education and civilization.

These last and despotism cannot exist together, within the same geographical limits. The latter must give way, totter, and fall; and great indeed, in this case, "would be the fall thereof."

Well, and if the Emperor himself and his dominions should become the victims of the former's insane resistance to the spirit of the age, what then? We care not much about speculating on the probable results. We content ourselves, in the mean time, with saying in general terms that there will, in such a contingency, be abundant spoil for the other leading powers of Europe, and that, in the division of this spoil, there is every chance of these Powers falling out among themselves, and by this means involving Europe in a general war.

THE CHIEFTAIN AND HIS VASSAL.

A TALE OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

It will be readily admitted by all who are acquainted with Scottish history that there is no era in the annals of that country so replete with those marvellous incidents which constitute the romance of real life as the period during which Feudalism reigned in all its glory. The power and influence which the chieftain exercised over his vassals were altogether unbounded. His will was, in almost every instance, their law: they had no higher views of the purposes for which they were called into being than in as far as these were associated with the promotion of his plans. However great might be the sacrifices to which they were thereby subjected, those sacrifices were cheerfully borne. The heroic deeds they performed on his account were not prompted by slavish fear, but proceeded from a mingled feeling of veneration and affectionate attachment to his person.

Love, however, when genuine and ardent, invariably reigns paramount in the soul. It has been so in every age and in every country. Its dominion is alike acknowledged by the savage and the sage. It forcibly bursts through every restraint that intervenes betwixt it and its object, utterly regardless of personal consequences.

Innes, the chief of a clan, was distinguished by no other appellation than the general name of his clan. Innes was universally acknowledged during the middle of the thirteenth century to be among the most illustrious and powerful chieftains in Scotland, whether in regard to personal courage, the number of his retainers, or the deeds of prowess the latter had achieved. Accustomed to reside principally, almost exclusively, at his lordly castle in Morayshire, ever surrounded by those whose highest gratification centred in the ready performance of his pleasure, the almost adored chieftain eventually became so haughty and ambitious that he conceived himself the only individual in the country worthy of being the friend of his Sovereign.

A wide field soon opened up to the ambitious aspirations of Innes, who at this time had only attained the age of twenty-four. In the year 1249, Alexander the Second paid what the poet designates the debt of nature; and, as the successor of that monarch was yet but in his non-age, the friends of Innes urgently advised him to repair to

the Scottish Court, where, they were convinced, he would virtually acquire all the power and honour of a monarch until the young king should attain the years of maturity recognised by the constitution of the country.

This advice, it is unnecessary to remark, was eminently congenial to the mind of the young chieftain, in consequence, as has just been observed, of the wide scope it sanguinely promised to his ambitious views. Most willingly would he have acted in accordance with the advice which his more respectable vassals had thus tendered to him but for a cause which bound him to his home—he was in love, in love, too, with Albertina, the only daughter of one of his own superior retainers.

This young lady was possessed of a combination of mental and personal attractions which can scarcely be expected to be witnessed above once in an age. She was, too, at that interesting epoch of her life when the period of her teens was on the eve of its expiration. The charms of Albertina had operated like a spell on the mind of the young chieftain. A violent struggle ensued in his breast between love and pride: he thought of his illustrious birth and present glory and power; he ruminated on the long line and wide-spread reputation of his ancestors; and his haughty mind brooked not the idea of marrying the daughter of his own vassal. The united influence of pride and ambition obtained a temporary triumph over his love, and by a desperate effort he left his baronial mansion and repaired to Edinburgh, under the fond hope that, by witnessing the splendour and mingling in the gay amusements of the Scottish court, he should be able to banish from his mind the image of Albertina.

Vain hope! Although he plunged into the voxtex of pleasure, and forgot every thing else amid the festivities and magnificence of the court, the image of Albertina still haunted his mind, her half angelic countenance still flitted before his fancy, rendering him miserable throughout the day, and "spoiling his rest" in the night.

A few months subsequent to his arrival in the Scottish metropolis, the twenty-fifth anniversary of his birth-day returned; and his brother, who had been left at home with instructions to support the hospitable fame of Innes Castle during the chieftain's absence, gave a feast or ball, to participate in the festivities of which the population of the surrounding country, as well as Innes' own vassals, were invited. On this, as on every similar occasion, a tournament was announced, at which it was customary for every champion to challenge to single combat, by the mouth of a herald, any individual present who ventured to dispute the superiority of her whom he loved to any other member of the female sex. The lists were accordingly prepared; and every spectator awaited with the deepest anxiety until he should see whether there were any youth present sufficiently chivalrous thus publicly to proclaim, at the hazard of his life, the superior charms of his mistress.

In a few moments appeared the gallant Henry Lindsay, armed with a richly ornamented coat of mail, and riding on a beautiful and spirited sted. He was one of Innes' superior vassals, and his father had received special marks of favour from the preceding chieftain of

the clan, in consideration of some important services he had done him.

There was something peculiarly prepossessing in the present appearance and previous conduct of the gallant youth; and no sooner had he entered the lists, clad in the armour of a combatant, than there was a universal feeling of apprehension entertained by the spectators, lest a conflict should ensue and his life be the price of his chivalry.

Henry Lindsay boldly advanced to the person who acted as herald on the occasion, and instructed him to proclaim in the hearing of all—"The loveliest and the best of Caledonia's daughters is the beautiful Albertina. In her there is a union of all that is virtuous and engaging. Confident in the truth of this, Henry Lindsay fearlessly defies all the champions in the land to name her equal."

On this announcement, a death-like silence pervaded the surrounding multitude. The utmost anxiety was felt by every spectator to know whether or not the challenge so gallantly given would be accepted; while the brave youth, mounted on his steed, rode about in the most majestic manner. In a few moments a knight, likewise mounted on a spirited black charger, and dressed in black armour, but without any insignia on his shield, entered the lists, and commanded the herald to proclaim aloud—"An unknown chieftain, but one whose rank is not inferior to that of any individual present, advances, not for the purpose of questioning the charms of Albertina, but with a determination to inflict merited chastisement on him who has the consummate presumption to offer himself as her champion—he is utterly unworthy of so high an honour."

This announcement was a sufficient signal for the commencement of the combat. The piercing glance which the fiery eyes of the hostile parties instantly darted at each other bespoke the supreme indignation and daring bravery with which the bosom of either combatant was actuated; but still Henry Lindsay was entirely ignorant of the character of his antagonist, as the visor of the latter effectually covered his face. Both parties now spurred on their rampant steeds. They met; and each thrust his spear with mortal intent at the body of his opponent, but without effect. A desperate conflict ensued; and for some time victory seemed to incline in favour of the masked knight, but Henry Lindsay, with admirable presence of mind, suddenly checked the impetuosity of his horse, drew him back a few yards, and then, by an application of his spurs to the animal's sides, made him spring forward, while the brave rider, thrusting his spear at his opponent, infixed it in his arm and brought him to the ground. The gallant youth instantly alighted, and raised his prostrate foe. He lifted the visor from his face, at the same time uttering an exclamation of the utmost astonishment: his opponent was none other than his own Chieftain!—the lord of Innes castle!

It is one of the essential attributes of love, that it is "jealous as the grave." Innes had cherished the suspicion that, amidst the festivities and rejoicings attendant on the celebration of the anniversary of his birth-day, some one might avow himself the champion of Albertina, and thus make an impression on her young and susceptible

heart that might entirely and for ever exclude him from even a share of it, while he aspired at its entire possession. It was with a view to satisfy himself on this point—to him the most momentous one on earth—that he had suddenly left the Scottish court, and had appeared on his own estates, clad in disguised armour. Had no one avowed himself the champion of Albertina, the young Chieftain would have returned to Edinburgh immediately on the breaking up of the vast assemblage met to celebrate his birth-day anniversary, without any of his relations or vassals being aware of his presence on the occasion.

On perceiving that he was recognised by the whole company, and that too under the mortifying character of a vanquished combatant, his countenance betrayed the direst rage—he remounted his horse—and sullenly rode off the field.

The spectators, on discovering that the foe of the brave young Lindsay was the Chieftain of Innes castle, felt apprehensive that the former would have cause deeply to rue the gallant conduct he had that day displayed. But here was *one* present who felt a peculiar interest in the result of the combat—Albertina was there. The passionate attachment which Henry cherished towards her she returned with corresponding warmth and sincerity. When Albertina saw her lover lay his antagonist prostrate on the ground, her gentle bosom felt a thrill of indescribable joy; but that exultation was only of temporary duration—it was soon converted, by the discovery of the person of his foe, into a feeling of deep alarm.

She feared that the indignant and deeply mortified Chieftain would, agreeably to the barbarous custom of the times, have recourse to the summary process of severing Lindsay's head from his body, as the price of his gallant conduct.

The mind of Albertina was also agitated by considerations which yet more nearly concerned herself. What inducement could the young Chieftain have thus to endanger his life solely on *her* account was a question which suggested itself notwithstanding the confusion and alarm under which she laboured. While she ruminated for a few moments on the circumstance of Innes thus hazarding his life—and his reputation too—for her sake, she recalled to her recollection several circumstances, connected with his former conduct to her, which, though she never viewed them in the same light before, now served, in conjunction with what she had that day witnessed, to convince her that she had to some extent obtained a place in his affections. This conviction was a most painful, a most appalling one. She had already pledged her acceptance of the hand of Henry Lindsay—the marriage day was appointed—preparations for their public union together were already all but completed—and she felt fearfully apprehensive that the proud Chieftain, if he should prove sufficiently clement to spare the life of his victorious foe, would at all events wreak his vengeance on him by prohibiting the celebration of their nuptials.

Henry Lindsay, though he had no cause to reproach himself, either for his conduct that day, or for his attachment to her on whose account he had entered the lists, was nevertheless uneasy at the

circumstance of his having fought with his Chieftain, especially when he reflected on the probable consequences of his gallantry. Agreeably to the feudal consuetudes, the Chieftain claimed the right and possessed the power to confiscate any retainer's estate who presumed to marry in opposition to his pleasure; and that power, Lindsay felt persuaded, would be exercised in his case. Nevertheless, so devoted, so enthusiastic was his attachment to his Albertina, that it completely triumphed over every consideration of a personal nature; and he urged her to consent to an immediate union, whatever might be the consequences. But Albertina's prudence was almost commensurate with her love for Lindsay. She succeeded in persuading him to remain as they were, until fortune should prove so propitious to them as that they might wed without the almost certain prospect before them of extreme poverty, and all the ills which usually follow in its train.

Innes, in the mean time, was superlatively wretched. His mind was torn by contending passions. His love for Albertina, so far from diminishing by recent events, seemed rather to increase from the consciousness of having a powerful rival to contend with; while the wound his vanity had received from the circumstance of his fighting *for* and fighting *with* his own vassal preyed on his mind with a force which defies description, and fired him with a determination to be revenged on his late victorious foe, in some shape or other.

It is unnecessary to remark that, at the close of the combat between Innes and Henry Lindsay, the festivities of the day were concluded, and the vast assemblage broken up. Albertina, with the rest of the Chieftain's superior vassals, returned to the castle, while Lindsay prudently repaired for a time to his own estate, where he principally amused himself by hunting.

When one day engaged in the sports of the field, a messenger came up to him in breathless haste, and delivered to him a letter, on the back of which were inscribed the words, "With extreme despatch." Lindsay suddenly broke open the letter: it was from his Albertina. It mentioned that Innes had that day made an attempt on her virtue—that she had succeeded with difficulty in repelling him—but that she dreaded a renewal of the attack, and concluded by imploring him to come to her rescue from the castle, with all possible haste, as under existing circumstances she could not by any effort she could make escape of herself.

What was to be done? In desperate emergencies men have often recourse to desperate measures, and frequently evince an ingenuity of mind of which, in their cooler moments, they would be quite incapable. The recollection darted across Lindsay's mind that a deadly animosity had long subsisted between Innes and a neighbouring Chieftain of another clan. To that Chieftain's mansion he instantly fled—stated as explicitly as the violent indignation which burned in his breast would permit the circumstances of the case—and most pressingly solicited his immediate aid. Delighted at the idea of so serious a difference having arisen between his formidable foe and one of the most influential of his vassals, and anxious that

that difference should be both widened and prolonged, the rival Chieftain instantly consented to afford Lindsay all the assistance in his power. With a promptitude almost incredible, he mustered his clan—placed Lindsay at their head—and strictly enjoined them to consider him for that day as their leader, as he himself, in consequence of a wound he had recently received in single conflict, was unable to lead them on to battle, victory, glory.

With a body of men, numerous, powerful, brave, Henry Lindsay fearlessly advanced to his Chieftain's castle, resolutely determined either to rescue Albertina or to perish in the attempt. He approached; and to his utter surprise met with no resistance on entering the gates which led to the lordly mansion. With a select party of followers, while the rest were stationed in front of the castle, Lindsay entered the princely edifice, and proceeded direct to the apartment in which Albertina was wont to reside. He found her there, in the company of the wives and daughters of others of Innes' superior vassals. He rushed to her—embraced her—seized her in his arms—carried her to the outside, and then placed her on a charger he had provided for the purpose.

While all this was going on, no opposition, no resistance was offered to the gallant Lindsay, nor was Innes or any of his superior male retainers to be seen. Lindsay was greatly surprised at this; and, when the whole party had got a little distance without the gates of the castle, he enquired of Albertina the cause of so singular a circumstance. She informed him that about two hours previously the whole of the effective portion of the clan had been summoned to arms by their Chieftain, and that in a few moments they had left the castle on some warlike errand with which she was unacquainted.

The evening was by this time far advanced—the sun had an hour before gently descended into the western horizon—and was succeeded in his office of giving light to the world by the "queen of heaven." The latter shone brightly, and, by the propitious light she emitted, Lindsay, Albertina, and their party directed their course to the estate of the former. All at once, on making a sudden turn of the road, the clashing of arms was distinctly heard, and two parties, apparently engaged in battle, were visibly seen in the distance.

"Halt!" exclaimed Lindsay, in a voice sufficiently loud to be heard by the whole party.

A pause immediately ensued. Lindsay listened for a moment, and recognized the voice of Innes urging on his men to deeds of valour.

"He is my Chieftain still! and the honour of the clan is at stake!" exclaimed the brave Lindsay.

So saying, he entrusted the care of Albertina to those who surrounded her—enjoined them not to move from the spot on which they then stood, until he should return—and then hurried to the scene of conflict.

He arrived, and found Innes and his followers the weaker party. He rushed into the hottest part of the battle, where his Chieftain was fighting, almost exhausted. Lindsay fought with more than human bravery, slaying the enemy in every direction. The leader of the

opposing party at this moment drew his sword, and aimed a blow at the head of Innes which, but for the opportune interposition of Lindsay, would have severed it in two. Lindsay not only parried the blow, but plunged his own sword into the heart of his Chieftain's opponent. The latter fell to the ground—his sword dropped from his hand—and, after imprecating eternal curses on the head of Innes, he heaved a deep groan and expired.

The name of the slain warrior was Monteith. His father had died some months before. He had cherished a mortal hatred to Innes; and the last words he uttered were a solemn injunction to his son that he should "avenge him of his adversary." His son had given the expiring man a pledge that his last exhortation should be scrupulously obeyed; and it was to fulfil this pledge that he had that day challenged Innes to battle.

On perceiving that their leader had been killed, the adherents of Monteith fled with the utmost haste. Innes had by this time turned round to learn who his deliverer was; and to his great astonishment beheld Henry Lindsay. At first the Chieftain was so overpowered with the discovery as to be unable to utter a word; but, after the lapse of some moments, he partially recovered himself, and grasping his deliverer cordially by the hand, "Lindsay!" said he, "you are not less generous than brave! You have saved my life at the imminent hazard of your own! I have not merited such an interposition at your hand; but hereafter I shall prove myself worthy of it."

He paused for a moment and then resumed, "But what fortunate circumstance, Lindsay, has brought you here at this moment? And who are those on yonder eminence?" pointing to the party entrusted with the protection of Albertina.

Lindsay hesitated for a moment to answer the question.

"Heavens!" exclaimed Innes, suddenly breaking the temporary silence that prevailed, "Heavens! Albertina is there."

"She is," replied Lindsay, in a loud and firm tone, at the same time assuming an attitude which bespoke a resolute determination to resist, if resistance should become necessary,—"she is, and Albertina shall be mine. Dare not," he continued in a still louder and bolder tone, "dare not to lay hands on her; or I swear by that moon and those stars," pointing to the firmament, "that your life shall be the price of your temerity."

"Lindsay," replied the Chieftain, in a tone in which the sorrowful and the dignified were strikingly blended, "Lindsay, you have saved my life—I heartily thank you for it; but to yield up Albertina is too great a return for such a service, valuable as it is. Yet, brave and generous young man, I shall be willing to submit to her decision. Let her say whether she prefers for her husband Innes or Lindsay, and, however agonizing to my feelings her award may prove, I pledge my honour to abide by it."

Confident of the warmth and constancy of Albertina's attachment to him, Lindsay instantly consented to his Chieftain's proposal, and both advanced to the disputed fair to hear her decision. During the short absence of Lindsay her gentle breast had been agitated by a thousand fears for his personal safety; and, when she beheld Innes

and he approaching together, her beautiful dark blue eyes were almost bereft of the power of vision, and her agitation was so great as to render the assistance of two of the party necessary to support her. But when Lindsay arrived, and assured her that both were entirely free from danger, she recovered her usual presence of mind. Lindsay then mentioned in the hearing of the company the engagement into which he and Innes had voluntarily entered. Each at the same time extended his right hand, and Lindsay exclaimed aloud, "Albertina! whose hand do you now accept for life — Innes' or mine?"

Albertina instantly advanced and gently placed her hand in that of Lindsay, amid the deafening acclamations of the spectators.

"May you both enjoy the highest possible felicity while you live. You are worthy of each other! So much bravery and generosity deserve such rare virtue and beauty. The struggle is agonizing, but I have overcome myself," said Innes, evidently labouring under the most distressful feelings, while he witnessed Albertina's acceptance of the hand of Lindsay. "Return with me," he continued, "to the castle, and henceforth consider it your home."

The lovers did return with their Chieftain to his princely dome—were married in his presence on the following day—and ever afterwards were happy in each others company until, at an advanced age, Death envied them their felicity. Innes invariably, from the time of their marriage, paid them the most marked attention; and, in return, the gallant Henry Lindsay performed many important services, in the field and elsewhere, for his Chieftain. J. G.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

The Physiology of Digestion considered with Relation to the Principles of Dietetics. By Andrew Combe, M.D., Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians of Edinburgh, and Physician in Ordinary to their Majesties the King and Queen of the Belgians. Edinburgh: Maclachlan and Stewart.

The great success of Dr. Combe's previous work, on "The Principles of Physiology," has naturally led to the production of the present volume. It promises to be no less popular than its predecessor: it certainly deserves an equally extensive circulation. It is written with the same simplicity of manner, and evinces the same sound philosophy. It is a work which ought to find its way into every family. Though the medical profession may consult it with advantage, it is written in that popular style which will enable readers of all classes to understand the opinions expressed and the rules laid down.

In fact, Dr. Combe addresses himself to mankind in general. We have read it with pleasure, and it will be our own fault if we do not profit by the judicious advice it contains. We have seldom met with a work in which we have seen so many proofs of an intimate acquaintance with the physical economy of man.

The Future Prospects of the British People. By the Author of The State of the Nation: Effingham Wilson.

The subject of this pamphlet is to show, first, that the agricultural distress so generally complained of is chiefly caused by the transition from a paper to a metallic currency; and, secondly, that our present manufacturing and commercial prosperity is based on a hollow foundation. The author anticipates, of course, as a necessary consequence of the latter state of things, a sudden and extensive explosion, similar to that of 1825. That Peel's Bill has been the principal cause of the existing agricultural distress there cannot be a moment's question. The man who thinks otherwise is fairly beyond the reach of reason. But whether, as the author suggests, we ought to recur to a small note currency, in order to remedy the evil, is another question. Some years since we would have concurred with him; but, as the worst of the crisis is now over, we think it better to struggle on with a gold currency, rather than again convulse the commercial relations of the country by recurring to a paper medium.

With regard to the second point, our impression is that there is too much of the spirit of speculation mixed up with our manufacturing and commercial prosperity; but we do not believe we are in that unsound state which characterized the prosperity of 1825, and consequently we do not anticipate any such results to the credit of the country as those which accrued from the transactions of that year.

We give, as a specimen of the author's sentiments and style, his statement of the causes which, in his opinion, led to the catastrophe of 1825, and of the frightful consequences of that catastrophe :—

"Such was the state of things when the bill of 1819 was introduced, which granted the Bank a prolonged period to prepare for unrestricted cash payments, namely, until May, 1823. In order to recover a supply of gold, the Bank again greatly contracted its issues; the average amount of 5*l.* notes and upwards, for the quarter ending the 30th June, 1822, was reduced to 16,256,140*l.*, being 4,701,280*l.* less than the average amount for the quarter ending March 31st, 1818. Standard gold was again reduced to the old Mint price of 3*l.* 17*s.* 10½*d.* an ounce, and standard silver to 4*s.* 11½*d.*; an increase being again made in the intrinsic value of the £ sterling, estimated in bullion, and a great decrease in the quantity of money in circulation, a reduction in price consequently followed, lower even than in 1816. The Bank of England, in 1822, had withdrawn nearly all its 1*l.* notes; but the country bank 1*l.* notes still remained in circulation. By keeping money scarce, and consequently, prices low, from 1819 to 1822—1823, the Bank again obtained a stock of bullion, and having done so, once more acted upon a system of increased circulation until the spring of 1825. The circulation of Bank of England notes of 5*l.* and upwards, for the quarter ending 31st March, 1825, was 20,665,600*l.*, being an increase of 4,409,460*l.* beyond the average of the quarter ending 30th June, 1822. This increase in the Bank circulation caused a considerable advance in prices, and led to the hollow and fatal prosperity of the year 1825. The gold was again driven from the country. The stock at the Bank on the 20th December, 1823, was 14,142,000*l.*, which was reduced by the 24th December, 1825, down to 1,027,000*l.* The whole of which, or nearly the

whole, was driven abroad to make up the unfavourable balance of foreign payments, occasioned by this *third* insane and impolitic attempt to raise prices, and yet keep the price of bullion low. In order to prevent the necessity of again suspending its payments in cash, the Bank was compelled rapidly to contract its issues, which were reduced, by the 25th November, 1825, to 17,464,899*l.*, being 3,200,700*l.* less than on the average of the quarter ending on the 31st March preceding. This brought about a sudden and great reduction in prices; great commercial discredit and distress ensued, which ended in the panic of Christmas 1825. These injurious and disgraceful operations, these underhand tamperings with the paper currency, are a reproach upon the bank directors and the ministers of the day. Instead of boldly and openly adopting some effectual measure which should steadily and permanently support prices at a higher level, they are continually having recourse to some miserable trick or expedient with their paper money which must prove abortive.

"These measures occasioned the ruin of many houses of the first respectability in trade, commerce, and manufactures; thirty commissions of bankruptcy were issued against country bankers in December, 1825, and 33 more in the ensuing three months. There were 809 licences granted to country banks in 1825, which were reduced to 668 in 1826, being a reduction of 141 country banks in twelve months. The number of licences granted for 1831, was only 636, being 304 less than in 1813, the year before the termination of the war. Since 1825, the 1*l.* notes have been altogether withdrawn by the country bankers. The Government and the Bank of England have acted upon a more uniform and settled system of depression, and low prices have been the consequence; the injurious effects of which, the producing classes can, from experience, well appreciate. The quantity of money in circulation, of all sorts, compared with the quantity of property and productions to be represented and distributed, is at least one third less than on the average of the war, or at the termination of it, and nearly 50 per cent. more valuable, estimated in silver."

Anecdotes of the Family Circle: Orr and Smith.

This is a very pleasant little volume. It will be found an agreeable companion by the side of the winter's fire, or during the summer's visit to the "green fields and verdure ever new." There are a few of the anecdotes which might have been omitted, as having nothing very clever or interesting in them; but, as a whole, the selection is made with taste and judgment. We are glad to observe that this volume is to be followed up by others of a similar nature. There is room for a series extending at least to a dozen volumes. He who makes himself master of the contents of the volume before us can at any time enliven any company in which he chances to find himself placed. The work is beautifully got up, and is in every respect deserving, as we doubt not it will receive, a very extensive circulation.

A Letter to the Right Hon. Viscount Palmerston on British Relations with China. By H. Hamilton Lindsay. Saunders and Otley.

The question of our commercial relations with China is one which, at this moment, occupies an unusual share of the public attention. It is, unquestionably, one of the highest importance. Mr. Lindsay, after adverting to the interruptions which the Chinese, from the most capricious considerations, often interpose to our intercourse with them, applies himself to the question of what amount of force it would be requisite to employ to coerce them into habits of steady, unvarying commercial dealings with us. He thus disposes

of the question, and gives his opinion as to the policy which we ought to pursue towards the Chinese:—

"What, then, would be the force requisite to coerce the Chinese empire, with its countless millions of inhabitants? In my opinion, by combining energetic measures with judicious policy, a comparatively small naval force would do all that was requisite. I would wish to see an ambassador sent out from England to act in conjunction with the admiral on the Indian station, for the purpose of demanding redress for injuries sustained, and negociating a commercial treaty on a liberal basis. An amply adequate force to compel submission would consist of one line-of-battle ship, two large frigates, six corvettes, and three or four armed steamers, having on board a land force of about six hundred men, chiefly artillery, in order to protect any land operation which might be necessary. The greater portion of this force is already in India, and might be made available with but little expense. For instance, suppose his Majesty's naval force to contribute

	Men
1 Seventy-four gun ship	500
1 Large frigate	300
2 Small ditto	320
INDIAN NAVY:—	
2 Corvettes	300
2 Armed steamers	200
CALCUTTA:—	
1 Armed steamer	100
FORCE REQUIRED FROM HOME:—	
1 Large frigate	300
2 Small ditto	320
Land Force	600
Total	2940

"The total numerical amount of this force would not exceed 3000 men; and inadequate as such must appear, and would certainly be, were it to go to China with objects of aggrandisement, intending to subdue and take possession of any portion of the country, yet I have no doubt but it would be amply sufficient to carry into effect every object we ought to have in view. Poltroons as the Chinese appear to be, yet were we to arouse the spirit of the nation against us, they might and would prove more formidable than we imagine. Our policy should therefore be to avoid irritating the people, and on every occasion to disclaim any hostile feeling towards them. 'Your government has injured us," we should say, 'and from it we claim redress. Our only wish is to cultivate friendly intercourse with the Chinese; that however is rendered impossible by the oppressive acts of the officers of government; against them our hostility is directed, not against you; we have no intention to aggrandise ourselves at the expense of your country; we will not keep possession of the smallest island on your coast. The merchant vessels which we detain we will not plunder; on the contrary we are ready to liberate them all the moment our terms are granted, which merely demand just treatment for our countrymen, and a liberty of commerce equally advantageous to yourselves as to us.' A proclamation to this purport might be printed and generally circulated in the commencement of operations, which would simply consist in an embargo along the coast; a small squadron being stationed near the entrance of the four principal sea ports—Canton, Amoy, Shanghae, and Teensin."

The Kingstonian Poems. Simpkin and Marshall.

IT is clear "the gods" have not made this author poetical. There is nothing, from the beginning to the end of the book, which possesses the

slightest claim to the character of poetry. The sooner the author and the Muses bid each other good morning the better for the former. He says he is an oil painter; we advise him, by all means, to stick to his colours, and let "poetry," as he calls his nonsense, alone. We give the last of his "poems" as a fair specimen of the whole. It is called "Fortune's Favourite, or the Weaver Boy:"—

THERE was a gay young weaver boy
Who work'd for pence per day.
He did not like the shuttle toy,
So from it ran away.
He steer'd his course to Oxford town,
And, being a tidy lad,
They into college took the clown
To see what brains he had.

Some babes are born in Fortune's lap,
And so become her care:
He beat the boys at school right slap,
And gain'd all prizes there;
And, now become a gentleman,
To his own town he went,
And Fortune, faithful to her son,
Sent him to Parliament.

The eyes which blest a lady fair
On him now look'd so bright,
And in those eyes shone virtues clear,
As love in stars of night:
In wedded splendour they were seen,
And soon they did possess
The little lights to bless the scene,
As moons the planets bless.

In parliament, now shining bright,
He rose to high renown;
The King now dubbed him for a knight,
Who lately was a clown
Prime minister he next became:
No greater titles are.
Huzza! for the young weaver's fame—
Dame Fortune's son and heir.

One more specimen we give, written in a different style, and then leave the author and his book alone in their glory. It is very appropriately headed "Johnny Raw:"—

A COUNTRY wake saw Johnny Raw,
Johnny Raw,
Johnny Raw.
He simply smil'd at all he saw,
Johnny Raw,
Johnny Raw.
This sheep the dashing serjeant saw,
He on his shoulder laid his paw,
With barley juice he filled his craw,
Johnny Raw,
Johnny Raw.
Oh! the simple Johnny Raw.

Soon Johnny as a colt grew gay,
Johnny Raw,
Johnny Raw,
And danc'd as would a horse at play,
Johnny Raw,
Johnny Raw.
The serjeant wink'd—he'd got his prey;
The shilling Johnny took in play,
His hat did ribbons fine display.
Johnny Raw,
Johnny Raw,
Oh! the simple Johnny Raw.

With Moll, John swaggered arm in arm,
Johnny Raw,
Johnny Raw,
For Molly too grew rather warm,
Johnny Raw,
Johnny Raw,
The row-dow heightened up the charm,
The merry fife subdued alarm,
The broad-sword glitter'd on his arm,
Johnny Raw,
Johnny Raw,
Oh! the simple Johnny Raw.

The ploughmen laugh'd with loud haw, haw,
Johnny Raw,
Johnny Raw,
With stupid eye and fallen jaw,
Johnny Raw,
Johnny Raw,
Their breeches hitching with their paw,
Astonish'd at the sight they saw—
Took off their hats, and cried huzza!
Johnny Raw,
Johnny Raw,
Oh! the simple Johnny Raw.

We fear some ill-natured people will conclude that, in sketching "Johnny Raw," the author has sketched himself.

Practical Mercantile Correspondence, a Collection of Modern Letters of Business. By WILLIAM ANDERSON. Effingham Wilson.

THIS is a book which ought to find its way into every counting-house. There is nothing theoretical or fanciful in it. The letters were all written in the usual course of business; the only alterations made being in the names of the parties. A more complete system of mercantile correspondence has never been published.

The Pictorial Bible. Part I. Charles Knight.

THE great attraction of this work will be the pictorial illustrations. They are executed in wood, and are among the best of the kind we have seen. The foot-notes are well selected, and seem to throw light on difficult passages in the text. The work promises to be singularly cheap. It is sure of a very extensive sale.

The Physical and Intellectual Constitution of Man Considered. By Edward Meryon, F.R.C.S. Smith, Elder, and Co.

There are abundant proofs of careful thought and somewhat extensive research in this volume; but Mr. Meryon has not treated the subject in so popular a manner as he might have done. He divides his book into six chapters, which are severally headed—The Causes which appear to have operated at successive epochs in preparing the World for the Habitation of Man—The Transmutation of Animals—Varieties of the Human Species—Modifying influence of Natural Causes—Physical Characteristics of particular Nations, as affected by Natural Causes—Intellectual Condition of particular Nations. We have no room for extracts.

A Description of the Parts of Devonshire bordering on the Tamar and the Tavy. By Mrs. Bray. 3 vols 8vo. Murray.

We have been indebted to Mrs. Bray for too many hours' amusement not to feel interested in any new work from her pen. "The Borders of the Tamar and Tavy," therefore, were hailed by us as a fresh source of mental gratification. The novels of Mrs. Bray have been objected to as not sufficiently dramatic, which has been attributed to the length of her descriptions of scenery, at a time when the wheels of the dramatic vehicle, so to speak, wanted any thing but the drag-chain. Those minute descriptions of scenery, however, which are so fatal to the drama and novels of a dramatic character, are by no means so where the work is mainly of a descriptive one; in fact, the difference is that of a person riding through a fine country on business and on pleasure. In the latter case he may venture to pluck the lowly heather; in the former it is enough that he can spare a moment to glance even at the majestic oak. What speed is to the man of business action is to the dramatic novel—delay is, more or less, fatal to both.

That it is no easy matter to render descriptions of local scenery and local feelings generally interesting is readily admitted; and we can only congratulate the fair authoress upon having done so to as great an extent as could be expected even at *her* hands

The first volume of the work is mainly devoted to the Druidical antiquities of Dartmoor. Of readers in general, many are lovers of poetry, many of history, and many of romance; while those of antiquarian research are, alas! too often, "few and far between." Anti-antiquarian, however, must he indeed be who would refuse to lave his hands in rock basins or creep through tolmens, led on by such a cicerone as Mrs. Bray, and amid such scenery as that of the moor. And where is the tourist, male or female, who, rambling in search of the magnificently picturesque, owns not that,

"Though rude be the rock and though wild be the valley,
The genius of grandeur still hallows Dartmoor?"

May we not, since the publication of "Dartmoor, a Poem," and "Fitz of Fitz-ford, a tale of Devon," be allowed to add the Genii of Poesy and Romance? To those blessed with leisure a greater treat can hardly be imagined than that of a Dartmoor excursion, Poem and Tale being of the party. Whether the assurance of Charles II., that, "however cloudless the sky may be over every other town in Great Britain, it was sure to be raining cats and dogs at Tavistock," be correct to the letter we know not; but, certes, an umbrella and water-proof habiliments are seldom useless accompaniments in such hilly districts. Space will not admit of our entering into an etymological discussion, and no more need, therefore, be said than that the derivations are, for the most part, less fanciful than antiquarians usually indulge in, despite of Mist Tor and its impenetrable fogs. Descending the stream of time, Mrs. Bray reaches that point where to a certain extent history becomes something more than fable; and her account of the circumstances relative to the founder and foundation of Tavistock Abbey, her observations on Mo-

nachism, and her notices of the parochial church of St. Eustace, are replete with general and local information. Interesting and amusing, however, as are these, her biographies will become, if we mistake not, the most popular portion of her work. They are, really and truly, elegantly and carefully written—sketchy, perhaps, here and there, but always free, bold, and characteristic. That of Drake is admirable. Among the rest is a brief one of her husband, the Rev. Edward Atkyns Bray, from whose MSS., prose as well poetical, the authoress has, as in duty bound, made many clever extracts. Of the latter the following is a light and graceful specimen—rather *à la* Sappho, truth to say, but by no means a servile imitation of that enchanting poetess, the L. E. L. of Greece :—

THE KISS.

When, tempted by the luscious prize,
The boy with trembling finger tries
To rob the hive, with buzzing wing,
The bee inflicts the burning sting;
But (such the will of Fate unkind)
He leaves it with his life behind.
So, when, enraptured with thy charms,
Dear maid, I caught thee in my arms,
And rifled from thy ruby lips
More sweets than e'er the insect sips
From flowrets of the brightest hue,
Methought my latest breath I drew:
My bosom thrilled with pleasing pain,
My boiling blood swelled every vein,
I panted, trembled, shivered, sighed,
And, fainting with the bliss, had died,
But thou—by pity moved, or love—
(Oh! grant that it the last may prove!)
Breathed, in a kiss, such vital breath
As woke me from the trance of death.

There is also a very pretty poem, "To a Wood Dove," from the pen of Mrs. Bray herself, which want of space alone prevents our printing. The borders of the Tamar and the Tavy—their verdant valleys—their laughing waters—their birds, butterflies, and flowers, not to mention the old house at Sydenham, &c.—cannot fail to add to Mrs. Bray's previous literary reputation; and, while we could have wished that some portions of the work had been "less lengthy," we wish it every success, and most cordially recommend it to all true lovers of nature, poetry, and romance.

The Punishment of Death. A Selection of Articles from the Morning Herald; with Notes. Vol. I. Hatchard and Son.

Those who, like ourselves, have been in the way of reading the *Morning Herald* for some years past must have been struck with the series of able and humane articles on Criminal Jurisprudence which has appeared in that journal during that period. The interest which has been evinced of late on the subject of capital punishments, and the amelioration which has recently been effected in the criminal code, are, in a great measure, to be ascribed to the exertions of the *Morning Herald* to accomplish those objects. For months and years did the writer labour alone in this field of humanity, without any other stimulus than the consciousness of doing good. We envy him the satisfaction with which he can now look back on his labours. The Society for the Diffusion of Information on the subject of Capital Punishments have paid him a merited compliment, and will do the cause they have so much at heart essential service, in selecting the most interesting of those ar-

ticles for publication in a separate form. The present volume is to be followed by another of the same kind. When it reaches us we will enter at some length into the question of capital punishments.

Grandmamma's Sampler; with some other Rhymes for Children. By Mrs. G. G. Richardson. William Crofts.

This is one of the most delightful books for children which has come under our notice for some years past. It is admirably suited to their taste and capacity. It is sure to engage their attention: it is to be hoped it will do more—it can hardly fail to improve their morals. "The Sampler" is full of salutary truths, philosophical as well as moral, which, if only reduced to practice, will be productive of happiness to the individual, and benefit to society. Our only regret is that the excellent idea was not followed out to a greater extent. As "The Sampler" is not so convenient for extract, we copy the following simple yet beautiful little sketch from the miscellaneous pieces. It is the concluding part of a sketch of two motherless girls, and is headed "Charlotte and Anne:"—

How erringly we figure
The changes Time may bring!
He came to Anne with healing
And health upon his wing.

But to those little sisters
Had many changes come; [grave,
They had wept beside their mother's
Their father went from home.

He stayed a year in London town;
And, when he came again,
He told of many wond'rous things
They never knew till then.

Of houses tall as forest-trees,
And thick as hedges set,
Within whose lanes the multitudes
Of all the earth seem'd met.

Of glitt'ring sights so manifold,
Which wealthy streets display,
Were I to tell you all he told,
'Twould last a summer's day.

But longer were it to describe
The fairy tales of thought [minds,
Which, glitt'ring, stirring in their
Those London marvel wrought.

And one day they were sitting
At work upon the green,
When suddenly the younger cried,
"How I'd like to be a queen!

"And, then, a crown upon my head,
In silks and satins gay,
I'd never do a stitch of work,
And I'd eat short bread all day.

"And would it not be nice to ride
In a gilded coach and four,
And see the folks all wondering
And running to the door,

"To see me look so grand and fine!
And best of all 'twould be
To hear them cry as I went by,
'What a pretty queen is she!'"

"Nay, Charlotte," said her sister Anne,
"If I were made a queen,
I'd soon be wishing back again
To our bonny gowany green.

"I care na for a gowden crown
And silks and satins gay,
I'd be so fear'd for rumpling them,
They'd spoil both work and play.

"If I'd been born the Lunnun queen,
Too proud I had been made,
To hear folks say as I rode by,
'God bless good Adelaide.'

"But well I'd like to have a coach
That Granny she might ride;
She's always been so kind to us
Since our dear mother died!

"And golden guineas plenty!
Aye hundreds, thousands—yes!
And there should not be in all the land
One creature in distress.

"And I'd buy a big-print bible,
For Granny's eyes are dim,
And Father, he'll be turning old,
Another such for him.

"They've crowns in Heaven, my sister,
Oh! if we can but won* there,
We need not mind what raiment,
While tarrying here, we wear!"

* Get.

This charming little work ought to have a place in every nursery. By way of practising what we preach, we shall make our children commit "The Sampler" to memory. It contains maxims which even "children of a larger growth" may study with advantage.

Narrative of a Journey to the Zoolu Country, in South Africa. By Captain Allen F. Gardiner, R.N. Undertaken in 1835. William Crofts.

This is a very interesting volume. It must be welcomed by all who feel a curiosity to know something relative to the social and physical condition of that large portion of South Africa called the Zoolu country—a country on which no work, so far as we are aware, has been hitherto published. Captain Gardiner is a shrewd observer and an intelligent traveller; he is one, moreover, who seems to have taken none of the facts which he communicates in his work, at second hand. Their accuracy, which, in such a case, is every thing, may consequently be relied on. The volume is written in a plain and unambitious manner: the author appears to be more desirous of communicating interesting information to his readers than to acquire a literary reputation for himself. We have not met with a more entertaining book of travels for many a day. It is a work which cannot fail eventually to find its way into an extensive circulation. We are particularly pleased with the tone of enlightened piety which pervades it. It is a most gratifying circumstance when works of travels are written in this spirit. The volume is full of the most interesting information respecting the state and success of the Wesleyan Methodist Missions in South Africa; and no man of right feeling can read the particulars he has given us respecting these missions without admiring and rejoicing in the devoted self-denying zeal of those excellent followers of Wesley who, with their lives in their hands, have gone forth to those dark places of the earth to publish abroad the glad tidings of salvation. The friends of missionary exertion will find in Captain Gardiner's work the most gratifying information respecting the progress of the gospel in the Zoolu country.

As a literary production, also, the volume will be read with much pleasure. It furnishes us with a great deal of curious information regarding the physical condition of the country, and the laws, customs, habits of life, morals, &c., of the inhabitants. As the work only reached us a few days before going to press, we are unable to give such copious extracts as we could wish. The following, on the subject of "Marriage," will be read with interest:—

"A remarkable distinction is made by these classifying people in the designation even of their women.

An unmarried woman is called an Intomebi.

A married woman, but without children, Umfaz.

A married woman, with children, Eneena.

"It is not regarded as a matter either of etiquette or of delicacy from which side the first proposal of marriage may proceed—the overture is as often made by the women as the men. In the former case, the pseudo bride, accompanied by another unmarried woman, proceeds to the residence of her elect, some married women following them at a distance. Should the proposal be accepted, the matrons come up and commence singing: there are no words to the song, but it is merely a melody of sounds. On the next day a beast is slaughtered, and the bride and bridegroom, with their friends, partake of the feast. It is strictly required that every part of the flesh should be eaten, after which the ceremony called Ingaaziso, or washing with beads, takes place. The newly-married couple, with their friends, being assembled, a calabash of water and a basket of beads are brought. The beads are first put into the calabash, and it is then presented to the bride, who pours a little of the water first upon the hands of her husband, and then upon those of her friends, who extend them for the purpose. She then consigns the calabash to

her partner, who, in his turn, pours some of the water first upon her hands, and then upon those of his friends, until it is exhausted, when he returns it to her. The bride then throws the beads at his feet, which any of the party but himself are at liberty to pick up and possess—in fact, it becomes a sort of scramble. This, as I am informed by a native (for I have never witnessed it), finishes the ceremonies on such occasions—subordinate, however, to the all-important consideration of cattle; for, until that is duly arranged, the consent of all parties is held in abeyance.

"The usual sum demanded is from four to six cows, according to the circumstance of the parties, though, in the case of chiefs' daughters, from twenty to fifty, or one hundred head, are not unfrequent; not, indeed, by way of dower, but as a present to the father or nearest relative of the lady, and partaking too much of the character of a commercial barter. For the acquisition of this species of property Dingarn has a great propensity, often discarding a concubine, and obliging some wealthy subject to marry her, for the sake of the herd of cattle which he must receive on the occasion.

"Among the Kafir tribes, the marriage ceremonies are much more significant. When all are assembled, a broom, a bowl, and a grinding-stone are presented to the bride, and some assegais and an axe to the bridegroom, as indicatory of their different occupations, while both are exhorted by the elders of the place to industry and good conduct.

"Both Jama and Senzanakona were married, but Charka, in order to support his military system, broke through this rule, partly, it is supposed, by way of example to his subjects, and partly under an idea that, as long as he continued unmarried, he would not be regarded as a veteran, and, consequently, his life would be less liable to be cut short by the ambition of his successor, or the intrigues of his subjects. The latter object, connected with an evident desire to imitate his talented but inhuman brother, seems to be the sole inducement with Dingarn to perpetuate this departure from the better practice of his forefathers. His frequent boast, "I am but a boy—I am too young to marry," although at this present moment about forty years of age, when taken in connection with the example of his predecessor, can have no other rational meaning.

"In connection with this subject, there is a tragedy too dark to be probed. Neither Charka nor Dingarn ever allowed that they had any children, and it would be instant death to any subject who should make such an assertion! My enquiries on this particular were always met with evasion or constrained silence—a kind of inquisitorial blight at once palsied the tongue, which until that instant had been communicative and loquacious. What could this mean? Two facts, painfully notorious, will sufficiently explain. On one occasion, perhaps from some faint expectation of its being spared, an infant was presented to Charka—the "*hyena-man*" instantly seized his own child by the heels, and, with one blow, deprived it of that life which with such a father it could have been no privilege to enjoy. This horrid deed was only surpassed by the immediate murder of the agonized mother, whose eyes closed with the vivid impressions of the scene she had beheld."

One more extract, on the "Dress and personal Appearance" of the inhabitants of Zoolu country, and we must close our notice, however unwillingly:—

"*Dress and Personal Appearance.*—Little can be said on the first particular, with respect to the men, whose undress, with the exception of a few dangling strips of fur suspended from the waist, is but too notorious. Many of the younger women wear merely a fringe belt, made of the fibres of a root; but a short skin petticoat, reaching nearly to the bend of the knee, is the usual costume. Both men and women shave their heads close, the former leaving only sufficient to attach the issigōko, or ring, and the latter, a small tuft, called embeeti, on the crown, which is carefully coloured with red ochre; but neither are worn until the individual has arrived at the age of maturity, prior

to which the heads of the young men are not shaved. Strange to say, the will of the king is as necessary for the adoption of either of these badges as in any other of his despotic acts, a whole regiment being sometimes ordered at once to adopt the ring.

"That there is some tradition associated with this peculiar costume I have little doubt, but could never obtain a further reply to my frequent enquiries on the subject than that it was an ancient custom which, I believe, originated with this nation, though it has been adopted by many others. The method of putting it on is thus described :—A piece of rush, cut and smoothed to the proper size and length, is closely twisted round with sinew, and formed into a circle by uniting the ends; with sinew it is then sewn to the roots of the hair, which in every other part, even within the circle, is entirely removed, and the ring thus closely fitted on the scalp, and blackened over with the black wax of a honeycomb, is completed.

"Being composed of several tribes and conquered nations, a great difference of complexion is perceptible among the Zoolus; some few are nearly as light a copper colour as the bushmen on the borders of the colony, but a dark chocolate is the prevailing shade, though others, especially from the neighbourhood of De la Goa Bay, are jet black. Dingarn himself is nearly so. The generality of the men are of the middle size, light, active, and well-proportioned; they are excellent walkers, and will almost compete with the Syces of India in running. Although far from cleanly, crawling into their houses upon their bare knees, and accustomed to tread about with unconcern in all the filth of the cattle-fold, both men and women are fond of bathing, for which purpose they generally repair to the nearest stream once a day, and after first smearing themselves over with blue clay, if it can be procured, by way of soap, return greatly embellished by the operation.

"The war dress consists of a thick, full kilt, composed of cats' tails, descending nearly to the knee, the shoulders and upper part of the body are decorated with the long hair of ox tails, and the head is protected by an otter skin cap; the whole has a very martial appearance. The common tails worn at other times, a few in front, and some longer and more widely apart behind, are strips of wild cat and monkey skins, and worn with the fur outside."

The volume is copiously illustrated with plates and maps, which greatly enhance its value. They are executed in lithography, and are certainly among the greatest triumphs of that useful art which have come under our notice.

The Encyclopædia Britannica. Part LXXII. Edinburgh: Adam & Charles Black.

This valuable work proceeds with unabated vigour. It is now about half completed. When it has reached a close, it will constitute one of the greatest literary achievements of modern times. Every successive part bears testimony to the careful editorial supervision to which the work is subjected.

The History and Antiquities of the Round Church at Little Mapplestead, Essex. By William Wallam, F.S.A. John Weall.

This is one of the many books whose titles are, to a great extent, misnomers. Only a comparatively small portion of the work is occupied with the Round Church at Little Mapplestead; the far greater part of it is devoted to an account of the Crusades in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. We do not like this practice of giving us one subject under the name of another. Mr. Wallam's reason for the course he has pursued he states to the circumstance of the Round Church at Little Mapplestead having been built by the Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem, who took so prominent a part in the

Crusades. This might have justified the insertion of a short introductory sketch of the origin, &c. of the Crusades, but certainly not the elaborate history of those Crusades which is here given. It is but justice to Mr. Wallam to add that his account of the Crusades evinces much patient research. His work, indeed, altogether shows that he has been at great pains in collecting every thing that could illustrate his subject.

THEATRICALS, MUSIC, &c.

Every day's experience verifies the axiom that we are the creatures of circumstance. Whether it relate to our appetites, passions, or physical propensities, to the affairs of domestic detail, to the more important one of political sovereignty, or to the tastes, manners, and habits of a nation at large, certain it is, we shall find our wits and our ways influenced by the "turn up" of the hour, and no one can foretel what may befal us the next. There are few of us in our moments of thoughtfulness, when reflecting upon the events of to-day and yesterday, but must perceive every thing confirmatory of the above trueism. The laws which govern matter are immutable, may be so, those to which the mind are subject, but it needs more than the head of a philosopher to trace the effect to its cause. The springs of action are generally so hidden in obscurity that the world, like the placid lake, knows not whence the next pebble shall be cast that shall agitate its rippless waters, or, like the threatened crater, calmly awaits the burst of the ungovernable volcano. Our sensual organs, like well-tried sentinels, are ever watchful of coming events which cast their shadows before, but are not endowed with the foreknowledge of the point of attack, the strength of the foe, or the untried power of their own resources. Limiting our argument to the lighter and brighter side of our frailties—to those flowrets of a man's life that garland his existence, denominated pleasures, and these consisting of painted fairy lands, variegated shadows, and sounds, human and inhuman, earthly and unearthly—we appeal to our companions in the chase, whether we are in our postulate. Where is the indifferent observer to the irruptive, ebullitionary, wayward fancies of our kinsfolk the public, who one season run stark, staring, Tom-and-Jerry mad,—the same, or the next, wend their steps to the altar of Shakspeare, and then, like a vacillating child, desert nature?s modellist for the fool's cap and bells? Well versed are managers in this fickle temperament of our countrymen and women: and hence the feast prepared. To talk of the day, the hour, the very moment, who could have divined the present musical mania which, like an epidemic paroxysm, rages through the town! The chroniclers of times gone by record not such feasts of song like the immediate era. We have matin, noon, twilight, evening, and midnight invocations to the Apollonian muse, and the reveller tires not with the hearing

thereof. Old or young, grave or gay, resist all quarantine restrictions which prudence or economy might impose; and the votaries of the harp and cymbal kneel at the shrine of the melodian deity.

King's Theatre.—The rush to the doors of this theatre *forcibly* reminds us of the attractive days of Kean, when groups of that inimitable actor's admirers would assemble two hours before the rising of the curtain, and fill up not only the entrance avenues, but flock around the outer walls, like a swarm of bees clinging to their regent queen. The spoliation of head dresses, the rumpling and crumpling of satins and silks, the derangement of well trimmed peruques, are all hazarded to attend to the delightful performances of this house. In the petty space of one month, the season of popularity has arrived at its zenith. The musical talent of the whole world would appear to be concentrated in the never-ceasing admirable Grisi; and her efforts, if such they may be called, nightly number the links to the chain by which we are held captive. It cannot be denied that the human voice is the most perfect of all musical instruments, and every orchestral sound is but a faint imitation of its powers. To those only conversant with the combinations of instrumental harmony can then be calculable what the voice is capable of; and, knowing the truth of our position, we veritably declare that we deem our heroine's display to be at the summit of nature's doings, nor can we adequately express our delight at the rich treat afforded. The impressions of Pasta's splendid histrionic and soul-moving delineations are fading, fainter and fainter, when drawn into competition with the capabilities of Grisi; and were we, or could we, appeal to the opera frequenters, or the auditors of both parties, of the truth of our declaration, we divine the ayes would have it. To allude to this season's debut of this accomplished creature, it may be stated that report had been busy in picturing that the greatest expectations would be realized. The house was crowded inside and out, and considerable was the envy kindled among the unsuccessful. The burst of welcome which met her entrée, of which every soul seemed to contribute, was a true specimen of English enthusiasm, and truly it was singularly exciting. The entertainments of the evening created throughout the most unalloyed delight. The powerful support given to Grisi in her personation of Ninetta, in the Gazza Ladra, by Rubina, Tamburi, and Lablache, may be conceived to be *rather* calculated to add to than detract from the effect. Her subsequent performances lose not by repetition, but generously afford those not among the number of her first audiences an opportunity of judging for themselves. Some of our friends, ourselves among the number, like Justice Greedy, have such an insatiable appetite for this diet that we would advise the hungry not to calculate upon our absence, through surfeiting ourselves.

Since the preceding data, the serious opera of Norma has been revived, and Grisi took the part of the high priestess. It has been several times repeated and each representation with increased effect. The finale of the first act is a most splendid triumph. The duo in the second act by Grisi and a Mademoiselle Assandri, a singer from the Theatre Italian of Paris, was an

exquisite and finished performance. This new debutante unites with a fresh and melodious tone a very pleasing personage and is a satisfactory acquisition to the present corps. The season will doubtless prove the most attractive, and it is to be hoped the most lucrative, of many years.

The management is an undertaking that requires vast energy of purpose, an intimate knowledge of theatrical resources, and a profuse and lavish liberality to command success. How well Laporte exhibits these essentials the public are the best judges. Of the ballet, of which before the curtain there are so many admirers, and behind so many well-disciplined *members* to be admired, we must not omit honourable mention. First, we have Mademoiselle Carlotta Grisi, the new arrival, a cousin to her namesake, and from the relationship, and the kindly feelings always uppermost on these occasions, her début was one of peculiar interest. The nimble tripping entrée was checked by one universal, "long, loud, and deep" flourish of applause. The modest and graceful acknowledgment, the gentle curtsey, and the speedy assumption of the character she was about to sustain, created a most favourable impression; and, after the lapse of a few *flighty* evolutions, she was a confirmed favourite. She possesses a charming person, an indescribably interesting countenance, and a flexibility of movement little inferior to our own dear, but absent, pirouetting Taglioni. Could the manager introduce them in companionship? Perrot continues to lead. What cannot so gallant and able a commander achieve?

Covent Garden Theatre.—This *Jardin des plantes* nightly rises in our estimation. The soil needed but culture to render it prolifically productive, and others than ourselves live to testify the worth of the experiment. The skilful tiller well knew the vicinal wants, and supplied them at a marketable estimate. The demand was proportionate, and the harvest has been accordingly abundant. Dropping all allegory, it is pleasing to behold the unceasing exertions of the manager crowned with deservingly-earned success. Night after night witnesseth varied, intellectual, and clever illustrations of times past, present, and in perspective; and the manner and method whereby they are personified reflect great credit upon all the *artistes* engaged. To particularize representations would consume more space than we have to spare, and would be but an infringement upon our hebdomadal intelligencers; and to commend would be only to re-echo the sentiments appended thereto.

The new enlistments are judicious. The strength of the firm is increased, and the golden smiles of the tenants at will are secured. If the treasury respond to the run, who may we expect to wear the front of sadness? Mr. Dale and Miss Helen Faucit enact the lovers and the loved, the faithless and forsaken, the miserable and happy; and in the witness thereof emotions will arise that bring to our reminiscences those of a remoter date. Shades of Siddons, and ye Kembles! it is a pleasing grief to ponder on what we have beheld and heard when you were among us, and no dishonour to your memories that we should revive such feelings, when listening to those

who humbly follow in your train. The drama of the last week's produce, Don Juan of Austria, is compounded of situations that elicit sympathy, indignation, and regret, and afford extensive scope for the acting of Bennet, Pritchard, and the afore-named members of the corps. Its success is demonstrated by its nightly repetition. In the musical division, the little that is apportioned is well executed. Ellen Romer and Miss Turpin are severally too well established in public favour to require any thing beyond announcement. In the prosperity of this theatre, one fact is evident, that Englishmen are still a play-going race, that they still possess tastes for exhibitions of mental feelings as well as scenic display, and that, suit but the same to the purse-strings of the yearner thereof, there will be no dearth of listeners and beholders. The fireside has charms, books may allure, but glooms like the coiling smoke will sometimes obscure the blaze, and knowledge will tire unless relieved by intellectual and corporeal relaxation.—"Go to the Play!"

English Opera House.—This elegant little theatre hath drawn up its green baize and nightly caters to amuse the votaries of Melpomene. Its title would have implied Terpsichore; but albeit, as the object is to please, and, in theatrical language, to draw full houses, whichever muse be worshipped, the managers need care not, be the adoration but devout and sincere, and the devotees leave not a bench unoccupied. The theatre has been well attended since the commencement of the season; the company are effective, but, to remove all doubt, suffice it to say that Searle, the most unassuming, modest, and gentlemanly actor of the day, leads the business,—that Mrs. Keeley, with whom in her own line of characters—the Jealous Wife, the Trusting Maiden, or the Scolding Shrew—none can compete (her personation of Lucille in the new drama of that name being a *master* piece of excellence), stands foremost in the list of the lady part of the establishment,—that it also includes Miss P. Horton, one of the most promising hoydens of the day, Mrs. Nisbett (comment unnecessary), her sister and train-bearer, Miss Mordaunt, Wrench, Oxberry, M'Ian. Shall we go on? Many novelties are promised, that the play-wight need not hanker in vain for amusement.

Astley's.—Reader, *we* are a "*family man*," and we will suppose —no great stretch of the imagination so to do—that, if thou art one of our fourth readers, thou art one too. We know of no pleasure so great as watching the intense wonderment of our little ones at a play —the subject some fairy tale, some goblin history, or antique revelry —or to feel their twittering sides shake with laughter at master merriman's drolleries, or the comicalities of a kicking horse. We remember our first essay, full three ten years ago, to this preparatory school of wonders and extravagancies, and the relish is to this day not many jots less than it was wont to be. We never go alone. We enlist as many in our juvenile gang as our neighbours or friends can part with, including our own, and take care to be in good time; and no visit of the kind is recorded with an appendix of disappointment. Misapply not the hint, but go and do likewise. The present perform-

ances, "The Great Fire and Plague of London," produce in young minds impressions that old age will not efface, and constitute a suitable historical lesson well worth the entrance cost.

New Strand Theatre.—This hitherto luckless property is about to redeem its fair fame, and we trust its pecuniary sacrifices. No longer fettered with a padlock on the human voice divine, but armed even with authority, the boards may be trod upon and the walls may resound to an audience's plaudits. If our Londonians and Westminsterians be but true to their own endemic disposition, they will not fail to support talent where it is to be found, and, if our own ideas betoken not presumption, we bid them seek it at this fairy-like retreat. Mr. Hammond and his brother-in-law Mr. D. Jerrold are joint bearers of the speculation, and they mutually put their shoulders to the wheel. Mr. Hammond is new as a performer to the metropolis, but the opening night must have convinced him and his friends within the house, that it was not the mere novelty of his appearance that elicited the applause he obtained throughout his performance. Mr. D. Jerrold, whom the town knows as the author of the RENT-DAY and many other successful pieces, assumed the Thespian attire, for the first time on any stage. Small in stature, prominent and expressive in feature, with a pleasing voice, clear and distinct in delivery, and a carefulness and attention to every sentence he uttered, sum up the physical attributes of the man. The stage needs many such, and, the New Strand Theatre being secure of this one, its patrons may calculate where an evening's relaxation is to be found. The Painter of Ghent is a sketch illustrating a father's grief for a daughter's loss, wherein restitution, reconciliation, and forgiveness are secured through the agency of a benevolent priest, but unhappily the parent's joy is dissolved in death ere he can utter his blessing on his misguided, but repentant child. Jerrold played better than he looked, his appearance not sufficiently indicating the sorrows of fifty years, which is the presumed age of Roderick; but the personification afforded the author an opportunity of embodying his own thoughts, and withal the essay was a successful one. A farce entitled P. L. 30, Strand, was introduced, in which Forrester, the smartest fellow on this or any other stage, took the management and carried it through to the great satisfaction of all present.

LITERARY NOTICES.

"Antidote to the Miseries of Human Life." A New Edition, being the Eleventh is in the press.

Just published, "The Remains, Religious and Literary, of Samuel Drew, A.M.; comprising Sermons, Controversial Pieces, Essays, and Letters." Edited by his eldest son.

Part 1.—Syria, The Holy Land, Asia Minor, &c. Illustrated. Drawn from nature by W. H. Bartlett and W. Purser; with descriptions of the Plates by John Carne, author of "Letters from the East." Containing five large and highly-finished Engravings.—Part 2, containing four Engravings, will be published June 1st.

The Counties of Derby, Chester, Leicester, Nottingham, Lincoln, and Rutland, Illustrated. Part 3, containing eight Engravings.

Waverly Novels.—Part XVIII. price 1*s.* and Volume 3, neatly bound in cloth, with gilt label, price 5*s.*

The Life and Character of John Howe, M.A.; with a Critical Estimate of his Writings. By Henry Rogers. In 1 vol. 8vo. With a Portrait, and outline Engravings of Great Torrington Church, Devon; and Antrim Castle, Ireland.

This volume contains about twenty letters and other documents of Howe (now for the first time published) from the Baxter MSS.—the British Museum—and Libraries of Noblemen; also copious extracts from a very rare tract of Andrew Marvell, in defence of Howe against Dale, Danson, and others, not published in any edition of Marvell's works: together with an Appendix, containing some curious particulars respecting Howe's family; and smaller compositions of Howe, which have never yet appeared in any collection of his writings.

The Christian Atonement: its Basis, Nature, and Bearings; or the Principle of Substitution Illustrated, as applied in the Redemption of Man. (The Third Series of the Congregational Lecture). With Notes and Illustrations. By the Rev. Joseph Gilbert.

Just published, in 12mo., price 5*s.* 6*d.*, cloth, The Scope of Piety; or, the Christian doing all things to the glory of God. By T. Q. Stow.

Now ready, Crown 8vo., The reprint of Tyndale's Translation of the first English New Testament, 1526.

Also, in the press, Crown 4to., a reprint of Bishop Coverdale's Bible. The first complete English Bible, 1535.—Subscribers' names are received by all respectable Booksellers.

A complete Latin-English and English-Latin Dictionary for Schools, by the Rev. Dr. Niblock, will be published in July, price 9*s.* 6*d.*

The Rev. J. R. Major, Head Master of King's College School, London, will shortly publish "A Guide to the Reading of the Greek Tragedians; containing an account of the Origin and Progress of Tragedy," &c. Octavo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

Just published, The Book of Common Payer, printed in a clear type, for Church Service and private use; with short Explanatory Notes. By the Rev. G. Valpy, price 5*s.* 6*d.* bound, gilt leaves.

The Rev. T. S. Hughes' Continuation of Hume and Smollett's History of England. Vol. II. Octavo. 10*s.* 6*d.* To be completed in seven vols.

Latin-English Dictionary for the use of Schools. By the Rev. Dr. Niblock. Second edition. 6*s.*

Twenty Years in Retirement. By Captain John Blakiston. 2 vols. 8vo., 24*s.*

In the press, "The Principles of Perspective, and their application to Drawing from Nature familiarly explained and illustrated." By William Rider.

In May will be published, 8vo., "Flora Hibernica; comprising the Flowering Plants, Ferus, Characeæ, Musci, Hepaticæ, Lichenes, and Algæ of Ireland, arranged according to the natural system; with a synopsis of the Genera, according to the Linnæan system." By James Townsend M'Kay, M.R.T.A., Associate of the Linnæan Society, &c. &c.

No. XVI. of "Winkles' Views of Cathedrals" contains three beautiful plates, representing Winchester Cathedral.

No. IV. of "Winkles' Continental Cathedrals" contains four highly finished engravings of Notre Dame Cathedral.

Part XXII. of "Views in Switzerland" contains views of the Bath of Pfeffers—Hospice—Grand St. Bernard—Mont Blanc—and Bridge over the Rhine.

THE

MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND BELLES LETTRES.

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LONDON:

SHERWOOD, GILBERT, AND PIPER,

PATERNOSTER ROW.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"The Language of Gloves," a Letter signed "Indoctus," "On Advertising," &c., lie at the Office for their respective authors.

We thank our Bedford Friend for her promptitude, and shall be happy to receive from her an occasional article on the subject congenial to her own taste.

We are much gratified at the very flattering terms in which the last two numbers of the Magazine have been spoken of by the public press. We trust that under the management it will progressively grow in general esteem. As our next number will commence a new volume, we shall there add several new features to the work, which, we doubt not, will add to its attractions.

THE LORDS AND THE COMMONS.

Our worst fears are more than realized. The predictions to which we gave expression last month are already fulfilled. The two Houses of Parliament are at this moment in collision. What the issue will be is a point on which we are unwilling to express an opinion. All we shall say is that we devoutly hope our gloomy expectations may be proved, by the event, to be groundless.

The Municipal Corporation Bill for Ireland has met with that fate in the House of Lords, which we so confidently anticipated. It has been mangled and mutilated to an extent which renders it impossible for its authors to recognize in it a single feature it possessed when it came from their hands. It is, indeed, no longer the same measure; every quality it possessed when sent to the Upper House which recommended it to the people has been taken from it by the hereditary legislators, and new features—features from which the country turns away with dissatisfaction and abhorrence—have been imparted to it by the Lyndhurst party.

It is in this condition it is returned to the Commons. In that House it remains until after the holidays, which will be over by the time this article meets the public eye, when the "Amendments" of the Upper House, as by a glaring perversion of language they are called, will be submitted to the people's representatives.

The doom of the Bill, as amended, is, as already intimated, inevitably sealed. Out it goes, without even the ceremony of a polite ejection. It will be treated as an intruder; it will at once, if we may use the expression, be ordered about its business.

Aye, but what then? What will accompany the mangled handiwork of the Lords, when the Commons indignantly spurn it from their presence? The opinion of their conduct to which expression is sure to be then given, both within and without the walls of St. Stephens, will be such as must not only be unpalatable to the here-

ditary legislators themselves, but must be the source of deep regret to the mind of every one who really loves the constitution of his country.

We are among the number. Sincerely as we have at all times been attached to liberal principles, and strenuously as we have on all occasions exerted ourselves to promote their extension, we do unfeignedly and most deeply deplore the position in which the Peers have placed themselves in relation to the Commons and the country. We recollect —and who does not who knows any thing of the history of England? —we recollect the many important services which they have on various occasions of imminent peril to the best institutions of the country rendered to the nation. We have a grateful sense of the innumerable instances in which they have put an effectual check on the rash and dangerous legislation of the Lower House, and how, in other cases, they have greatly improved measures, substantially good, which have been sent up to them in a crude and imperfect state. We recollect all this, and sincerely regret to find they have, in the face of the most ample warning, committed so grievous an error on the present occasion.

We wish it may not be a fatal error. We have our fears that the nation are not at this moment in a disposition to tolerate any further experiments on their powers of patient endurance. People now begin to ask themselves—Of what use is it that we, in many cases at great personal and pecuniary sacrifice, return to the Commons' House of Parliament men who will faithfully reflect our opinions—represent our wishes—and strenuously advocate our interests,—if all the measures passed by those representatives, which we considered most essential to the ends of good and cheap government, are to be defeated by an hereditary and irresponsible body of legislators, in another place?

Such, we say, is the question which the people of this country now ask themselves, and ask their neighbours from one extremity of the land to the other. It is a momentous one, beyond all question, for the Peers. The marvel is, by what process of thought that gross infatuation could have been induced in their minds, which prevented their perceiving beforehand that such a question on the part of the people would be the inevitable consequence of the reckless course of conduct which, in this case, they have pursued.

The grand source, we believe, of the imprudent line of policy which the Lords have, in this instance, adopted, will be found to be in the

past forbearance of the nation. The Peers have done many unpopular things of late years. They have rejected many measures which the people were most anxious should become the law of the land. And, because the latter have passively submitted to these disappointments, the Peers have leaped to the conclusion that the extinction of the measure of Irish Municipal Reform would also be suffered to pass over without any more serious consequences than perhaps a few expressions of regret, mingled, it might be, with a certain quantity of abuse of their Lordships' House.

This is, assuredly, a most unphilosophical course of argument. It is at utter variance with all the lessons of experience. How a body of men, whom we must assume to be at least conversant with the history of their country, could ever have come to such a conclusion does, indeed, fill us with immeasurable surprise. The page of history, whether of our own country or of any other country in the world, is crowded with instances of kings and statesmen—aye, and of tyrants of every grade—becoming the victims of such an erroneous course of reasoning. They have all been emboldened to take another oppressive step because of the impunity with which they had had recourse to previous measures of oppression, until the forbearance of the oppressed was exhausted, and the oppressor became the victim.

Fain would we still cling to the hope, that this last error of the Peers—fearful as its magnitude undoubtedly is—may not prove fatal. Earnestly (though, as the event has proved, in vain) did we in our last two Numbers admonish them of the perilous course they were pursuing. We would now address our entreating voice to the people, and beseech them yet to save the Lords, though they appear as if bent on their own destruction. Mr. O'Connell brings forward his motion for a Reform in the House of Lords on the 21st of the present month, when he proposes, among other things, to substitute the elective for the hereditary principle. We do not regret that the question of a radical change in the constitution of the Upper House is thus to be mooted in the Commons, because it will afford an opportunity of reading a few more lessons to their Lordships respecting the infatuated course which they have of late adopted; but we hope it will not be carried. We trust it will be lost, in order that one trial more may be given them. But we do hope the House of Commons will distinctly and in the most energetic terms, intimate to the Peers that that will be the last trial, and

that if they do not profit by the means now afforded them of re-instating themselves in the good opinions of their countrymen, the blame will attach to themselves, and that they must abide the consequences.

Poor as is our opinion of the wisdom of the Upper House, we are not without hope that such another instance of forbearance on the part of the people, would not be lost upon them. It is to be recollected that this last trial would be given them under very altered circumstances. Formerly the intimations and warnings of the extinction of their order, as the consequence of rejecting popular measures, were given by individuals or by the liberal press only; coming from the other branch of the legislature, it would of necessity possess greater weight. They could not then fail to see that the time had come when further outrages on public opinion, and the denial of the people's rights, are not to be tolerated. Deaf as their Lordships usually are to the voice of warning, this would be speaking to their ears in tones of thunder. And they would not only hear it, but would understand and obey. They would not, fool-hardy as they are, risk another experiment on national endurance; next year they would pass the Bill which a few weeks since they annihilated.

We have already stated some of the grounds on which we deprecate the extinction of the Lords. If we do so partly on their own account, it is chiefly on account of the nation. It were useless to conceal from ourselves that a change in the constitution of the country of such magnitude as this could not be brought about without a violent social revulsion. There could not be the shadow of a doubt as to the issue of the struggle: the triumph of the people over the Lords would, beyond all controversy, be complete and lasting; but the conflict would be more severe, and the consequences more disastrous, than most persons seem to apprehend. We must not shut our eyes to the fact—that, indeed, would be to commit a species of folly similar to that with which we charge the hereditary legislators—we must not shut our eyes to the fact, that the personal friends of the Peers are numerous and influential. And when to these are to be added that very large and powerful class of persons who occupy an intermediate station between the Ultra Tories and the extreme Liberal party—and these would unite as one man in upholding the Upper House as at present constituted—it will be found that the amount of resistance to be overcome, and the length of time it would take to overcome it, before

C O U N T

LONDON

Towing Path or Regents Canal

Tunnel

PRIMROSE HILL

Road from London to Edgeware

1 2

Vertical Scale

100 200 300 400 500 600 700 800 900 1000 Feet

O

Road From Leighton Buzzard to Buckingham

LEIGHTON BUZZARD

37 38 39

T O

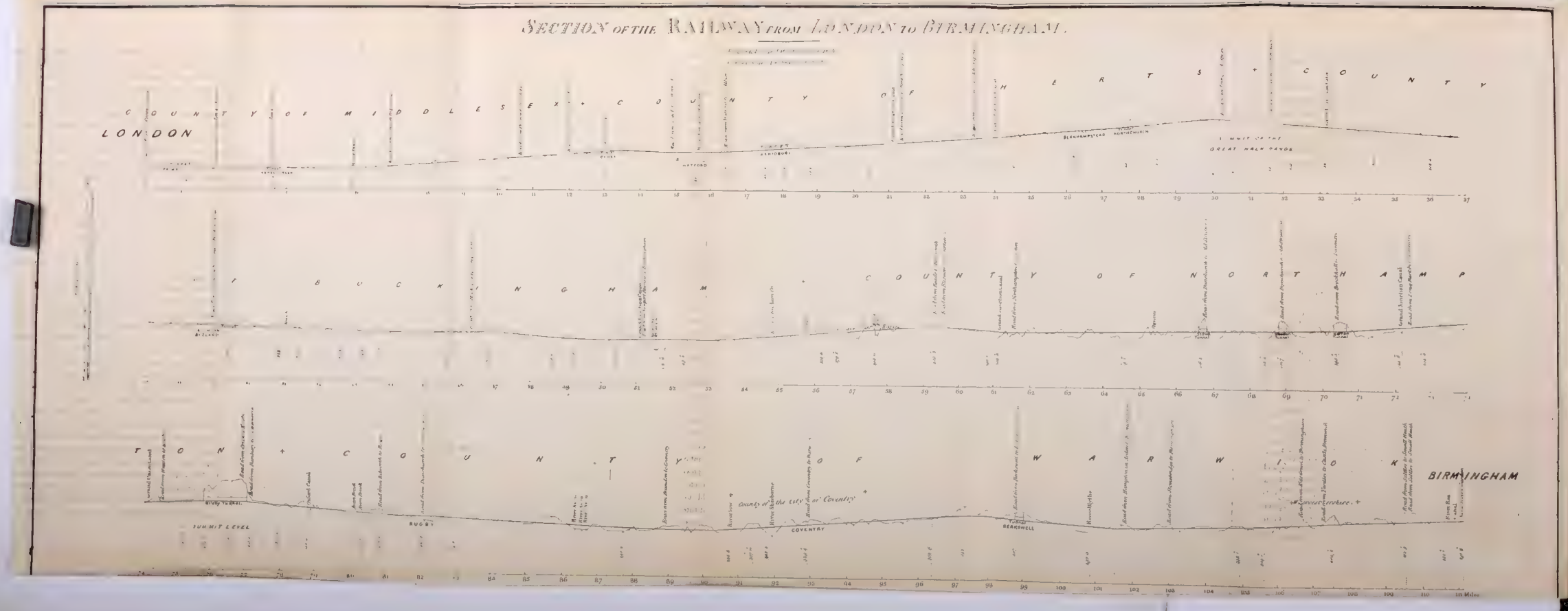
Grand Union Canal

Road from Weedon to Aylesbury

Kilsb

SUMMI

SECTION OF THE RAILWAY FROM LONDON TO BIRMINGHAM.



the House of Peers could be annihilated, would be much greater than is usually supposed. The consequences of so severe and protracted a struggle would necessarily be of a frightful nature.

These are the considerations which chiefly weigh with us in our deprecation of an actual collision between the Houses of Parliament, and which lead us to intercede for one opportunity more of saving itself being afforded to the Upper House. But if the Peers—still perversely obstinate in refusing equal rights and equal laws to Ireland, or in acting in defiance of the wishes of the people of England—should fail to profit by the forbearance extended to them, then, we say, the fault will be their own, and they must next year abide the consequences.

HINTS ON RAILROAD SCHEMES.

No person can fail to observe the great excitement that prevails in the country on the subject of railroads. The rapid succession with which these great and expensive undertakings have been brought forward is certainly unparalleled in the history of civil engineering; and the eagerness displayed by capitalists in supporting them, with a view of course to ultimate gain of no inconsiderable amount, can only be equalled by that of the South Sea bubble, and the Joint Stock Company excitement of 1824-5. It is not our intention in the following observations, which are submitted for the *serious* consideration of our readers, to work on their passions, to foster the hopes of the more sanguine by depicting in bright colours the social and political advantages resulting from such schemes, or to strengthen the fears of the alarmists by dwelling exclusively on the darker side of the picture, and stating their probable results in national ruin and bankruptcy. It is our wish rather to confine ourselves to a few practical observations on the subject, that may enable our readers to form an opinion on the relative merits of different railways, and to conclude with a few general remarks on the present inconveniences and ultimate benefits derivable from the establishment of a general railway communication throughout England.

It is almost needless to state that railways are no new speculation, no new invention of engineering skill; for in the coal and mining districts iron railways have been in use for nearly forty years. Not to the roads then, but to the carriages adopted for the conveyance of goods and to the propelling power now in use on the roads, must the reputation of novelty be confined. But at the same time the application of steam has given to the railways an entirely new character, and raised them to an importance that they could not assume before. The first attempt at the application of high-pressure steam power to railway conveyance was made by Messrs. Trevithick and Vivian, so early as 1804, on the Merthyr railroad, in South Wales, and with a success that at the time was considered quite tri-

umphant. The rapidity of communication, however, that has been attained already on the Liverpool and Manchester railroad has thrown all the earlier achievements of engineering into the shade; and there is every reason to believe, owing to the improvements that are so rapidly being made in the construction of high-pressure engines, that a speed will eventually be attained much greater than we have any notion of at present,—much greater, perhaps, than can be realized with a prudential consideration of safety. Dr. Lardner seems to entertain little doubt that in a very few years the mail will be conveyed from London to Liverpool (more than 200 miles) in three hours—that is, at a rate of about *sixty-seven miles* an hour. He himself on the Liverpool and Manchester railroad, with an engine and carriage attached containing thirty-six persons, obtained a velocity of forty-eight miles an hour. It is to railroads then, especially in connection with locomotive engines, that we are to direct the reader's attention; and it will be convenient to class our remarks under two heads:—first, on the expenses of construction; secondly, the cost of transport.

To understand the necessary expense of constructing a railroad, it will be requisite to attend to many circumstances, the most important of which are undoubtedly the surface of the country to be traversed and the nature and hardness of the strata to be cut through in making the tunnels and excavations necessary in order to attain a nearly level rail surface. It will, on this account, therefore, be very desirable for those who are called on to weigh the merits of different lines of railroad to pay some attention to the physical geography of the country; to enquire into the average height of the elevated grounds and the extent of the river-valleys, with a view of finding out the natural facilities afforded by the depressions of the latter and the obstacles opposed by the former to the attainment of an undeviatingly smooth plane. To a competent knowledge of physical geography it would be found useful to add a general acquaintance with the geology of England; and an examination of the artificial lines and levels of different canals crossing the hilly tracts, together with some notion of the expense incurred by their construction, would materially assist in forming a judicious opinion respecting the cost of railroad construction.

This will be easily understood by the following illustration. In taking the line of railroad that is proposed to connect the western and eastern parts of northern England—Liverpool and Hull, it is easy to perceive, by looking at a good map, that the construction must vary exceedingly in its different parts, and consequently the cost of construction in the same proportion. The level portion of the Liverpool and Manchester railway, and the greater part of the eastern side of the line down the valley of the Calder and Aire, present few difficulties that cannot be overcome by moderate expense; whereas the more elevated country of Lancashire and the Blackstone edge opposes inequalities of a nature difficult to surmount except at great expense and the source of permanent loss of labour in the transport of goods. The nature of the soil on this line of railroad must not be forgotten in the estimate. The marly soil of the Ouse and Mersey valleys is a far more manageable material than the solid limestone of

the Pennine range, that runs southward from the Roman wall to the Trent. The cost of canal cutting on the Leeds and Liverpool canal was more than quintupled between Wigan and Bingley; and on the Rochdale and Huddersfield canals the cost of tunnelling and deep cutting through the solid rock averaged as much as ten times that of the same length on a tolerably level surface and through favourable strata. The same results may be predicted with respect to the deep cuttings and tunnels on the Leeds and Manchester railroad. Todmorden tunnel is seven furlongs and a half in length, having a height of twenty-six feet; and we venture to say, from a knowledge of the expense of many different canal tunnels, that the cost of cutting this tunnel alone, exclusively of brickwork, will not be less than £1200 per fathom, making for the whole of that excavation an outlay of little less, if at all, than a MILLION. This estimate is not given to frighten our readers, or to injure the interests of the railroad company in question, but rather to furnish an illustration of one out of the many elements that enter into the estimated expense of a railroad. Another matter of consideration is the nature of the strata with reference to their firmness and solidity, a quality indispensable for the bedding of a railroad, and which must be obtained by artificial means wherever the natural soil is unfavourable, as, for instance at the Chat-moss, on the boggy surface of which very many thousand loads of soil were thrown, at an enormous expense, before a sufficiently firm bed could be found on which to carry over the railway. It is on this quality that it depends, whether in the case of cuttings and embankments brickwork or masonry is to be employed for supporting the sides: the cost of such cuttings must vary in proportion. As in case of a canal a porous and leaky soil may be inadvertently chosen in place of one better adapted for such purposes at no great distance (an instance of which occurs in the Thames and Severn canal), so, in forming a line of railroad, the engineer or surveyor may, owing to an insufficient knowledge of local geology, fix on a country requiring artificial improvement, where a tract exactly suited by nature might be found at a short distance to the right or left of the surveyed line. One other consideration in estimating the expense of construction is whether stone adapted for building purposes lies in the immediate neighbourhood of the proposed road. The diminution of expense in building materials may often more than counterbalance physical disadvantages.

We next proceed to notice those particulars in the construction of railroads, which depend in a great measure on the management and skill of the engineer; and we may here observe, that it is in the ingenuity with which a level or nearly level surface is maintained at the least possible sacrifice of labour that the talent of the engineer chiefly consists. A knowledge of the degree of slope in the different parts of a railroad is of the highest importance; as without this it would be impossible to estimate either the original outlay or the permanent cost of transport. It may, besides, be worth while to make a sacrifice in the first outlay to attain an economy in the transport: and this must be well considered, for a want of due attention to it may irreparably injure the permanent interests of the railroad speculators. We think it indeed desirable that the shareholders

should not content themselves with the biassed opinions of their own engineers, but look further for the impartial judgment of scientific umpires. The talents of such men as Lardner, Babbage, Sheepshanks, and others might, with great advantage, both to engineers and capitalists, be invited to pass judgment on the merits of different proposed lines; and certainly with a fair view of them as *national undertakings*, none should be allowed to run except by the shortest and most convenient lines, irrespectively of the petty local interests that too often, according to the present arrangement of parliamentary committees, successfully oppose a line or portion of a line admirably and with consummate skill adapted for railroad communication. The proceedings before Parliament on the Brighton lines of railroad, in particular, show very strongly the necessity of altering the system of committee enquiries.

As the consideration of the slopes or gradients on a railroad essentially and mainly affects the cost of transport, we shall consider it under that head, which we before said was the second element in the gross expense.

If the mere question of transport, without reference to velocity, were at issue, a railroad would have no advantages over a canal. It is the speed of transport which gives the former a superiority, and which calls on the talents of the engineer to devise means for its attainment, both by equalizing the road and providing engines and carriages of the greatest power and least resistance. On the Liverpool and Manchester road an engine and train (gross average weight about 100 tons) runs on a level at a rate of about twenty miles an hour; and we entertain little doubt that on a longer line of road a greater speed might be obtained without a diminution of weight in the train. Any variation from this level produces an increase or diminution of speed, varying in a constant ratio to the slope; but the gradients must be less than one in 300, unless the mechanical power and expense be increased and the weight of the train diminished. The greater is the angle of inclination the more disadvantageously will the labour be expended, as the following table will show :—

Rate of Slope.	Ratio of attractive power to weigh down.	Gross weight of train which the engine (8 tons) can draw without slipping.	Weight exclusive of train and engine. (Goods & passengers.)
1 in 200	0·01	39 tons 6 cwt.	18 tons 7 cwt.
1 133	0·0125	31 — 10 —	13 — 2 —
1 100	0·015	26 — 5 —	9 — 16 —
1 80	0·0175	22 — 0 —	6 — 14 —
1 66	0·02	19 — 14 —	5 — 1 —
1 57	0·0215	17 — 10 —	3 — 16 —
1 50	0·025	15 — 15 —	3 — 7 —

M'Neill's translation of M. Navier on the Mode of comparing Lines of Railway.

It appears therefore from this table (on which considerable dependence may be placed, both owing to the character of its author as a government engineer of the highest reputation in France and

to the general confirmation which our native engineers give it by the published results of their own enquiries), that a railroad cannot be advantageously constructed, that is, without great sacrifice of power, with gradients more than about two feet (Dr. Lardner says, seventeen) in a mile, and that when the slope attains the degree of one in fifty feet the road is then traversed at such disadvantage as to render it impossible to make it a line of transport for heavy goods without additional locomotive and stationary engines. The greatest possible number of passengers (giving the low average of eleven stone to a passenger) to be transported on a slope of one to fifty would be fifty-three, and for all practical purposes we may state forty as the average number that such a slope would allow. The calculations are made with reference to the best engines *now* at work on the Liverpool and Manchester railroad.

Slopes, when necessary, if more than twenty feet in a mile, should be short; for they must be passed either by dividing the train or by assistant locomotives. From these facts it seems probable that railways cannot be led over highlands that rise considerably and suddenly above the levels on either side. In explanation of this we again cite the section which is before us of the Leeds and Manchester railroad. It there appears that it commences at an elevation of 163 ft. 7 in. above the sea (measured at the Old Dock, Liverpool); it rises in ten miles 306½ feet, *i. e.* rather more than *thirty feet* per mile, and on the eastern side, in the three miles nearest to the summit-level at Todmorden tunnel, the rise is rather more than thirty-six feet per mile. Hence the sacrifice of mechanical power on both inclines must be very great,—perhaps not too great to be justified by the necessarily extensive communication between Leeds, the great woollen, and Manchester, the great cotton staple of England, and by the increased intercourse that may be expected between the ports of Liverpool and Hull, which are the termini between the proposed line;—but we know other railroads, on which slopes scarcely less disadvantageous are to be found in countries, where no such extraordinary commercial advantages exist; and we feel it to be our duty to warn our readers against risking capital in undertakings, which, on the calculation of scientific men, cannot justify the expectation of even moderate returns.

We next consider the curves on railroads; and with respect to them we may first observe generally, that they must be large in proportion to the velocity with which carriages run on them. Curves are at all times inconvenient to a certain degree, because the object in a railroad is to make the distance as short as possible between the termini; but they are occasionally necessary to avoid the sudden elevations of the surface, and if properly managed they may be often contrived so as to counterbalance the inconvenience of lengthening the distance. The least admissible radius for a curve is a mile (and, if we admit this, the curve near Weedon barracks, in the Birmingham and London Railway, is somewhat too confined), and where there is an increased velocity in transport it must be considerably greater, if the safety of passengers to be transported along the line is to be properly considered. To this point, then, as well as others

we beg the attention of our readers, to whom, as to merely *generally informed* persons, we address these observations.

On the subject of tunnels, forming the last division of our general remarks, we think that the inconveniences of such excavations are not considered as they ought to be. The writer of the present article knows something of the unpleasantness felt in passing canal-tunnels in the manufacturing districts; and his own experience, besides being confirmed by the opinions of practical men, is warranted, as it were, by the nice experiments made by Dr. Lardner. On these grounds, we cannot honestly withhold the expression of our conviction, that long tunnels on railroads are quite incompatible with the conveyance of passengers on a large scale.

On the Leeds and Manchester railroad, for instance, little opposition should be offered to such a project, where goods, so far as we are able to judge, will form the chief subject of transport; but with respect to the Birmingham railway, which, from its central situation, seems to be the grand trunk for all railways connecting the metropolis with the northern manufacturing districts, we cannot but lament that a tunnel of such length should have been projected, where we are certain that all the extra expenses of deep-cutting would in a short time be more than counterbalanced by the increased demand of passengers. The tunnel to which reference is now made crosses the lower oolite and lias ridge, and measures, on the section from which these calculations are made, one mile and three furlongs. The chief inconveniences of tunnels arise from two causes: from the generation of noxious air from the walls surrounding the tunnel, and the absence of a free access for the oxygen; secondly, from the *consumption* of the oxygen within the tunnel necessary for combustion in the engine-furnaces. As additional drawbacks, that must always have a practical influence, we mention the transition from light to darkness, and the sensation of cold and dampness, that must be experienced by every one passing at the most rapid rate through a tunnel of more than a mile in length, and proportionably more as ventilating shafts are neglected. These should be placed at distances not more than a hundred and fifty yards apart. Even under the most favourable circumstances that can attend a long tunnel, the rarefaction of air produced by the heat, and the foul air from the engine, will, under any tunnel, however spacious, cause an unpleasant sensation to the passengers; and, when trains are passing through, little or no benefit will be felt from shaft ventilation; so that under all circumstances much attention should be paid to make tunnels on great and *population-transporting* railroads as few and as short as possible.

We have thus, as succinctly as we could, laid down those principles that we think most worthy of attention; and if we shall have succeeded in thoroughly convincing a single person who has advanced, or is about to advance, his capital in support of these undertakings, we shall not have written in vain. We have not written under a feeling of alarm, or with a view of alarming others; for we have no fears as to the advantages, great, glorious, and far beyond what can be calculated by our short-sighted arithmetic, that shall result from the establishment of a rapid communication (or what is in

effect a shortening of the distance) between the metropolis and the great manufacturing and commercial towns; nor do we overlook the advantages which the agricultural interest on the great lines of railroad may derive from them: but, with the degree of knowledge that mature enquiry has given us, we should feel unwilling to encourage lines of railroad either in counties where great natural obstacles were presented, or where a new demand for carriage is to be created,—circumstances which, so far as we are able to judge, make railroad speculations a mere gambling concern.

In the above remarks we have not once alluded to the trickery so notorious in the money-market respecting railroad shares. It is not for persons professionally connected with the stock-market that we write; but, while we earnestly exhort the really monied men of the country against the profuse and useless expenditure of capital, we at the same time recommend caution to all who care even for the turn of the market. As soon as the chief railroad bills get the royal assent (of which under the present constitution of railroad committees there seems little doubt), the price of shares will come down from the artificial level to which interested speculators have raised them, and the public will then perhaps have the means of seeing the *real* merits of the railways now before Parliament. We await the result with patience.

We beg leave to embody the substance of our information in the shape of a few short maxims, which will, we think, be found useful to those who wish to exercise discretion in the choice of their railroad investments.*

1. There must be a certain and large amount of transport already existing on a road, both of goods and passengers. The amount of tonnage by waggon and canal conveyance must be well ascertained. The previous existence of a good canal on a line of road diminishes the chance of transporting heavy goods by railways. Passengers *chiefly*, and light or perishable commodities *only secondarily*, are their dependence for support; and they cannot reasonably hope for more than double the number of passengers already travelling the road. No expectation of *creating* a demand for extensive carriage can justify the risk of forming a railway along a line of unfrequented country.

2. The ground must have been carefully and *specially* surveyed before the best track can be fixed on. Good surveys at the outset save much subsequent expense. The points to be attained in fixing the line are shortness of distance, the greatest possible equality of surface, and firmness of soil.

3. The expense of construction may be greatly diminished if limestone or other building materials are in the immediate neighbourhood of the line. This should be well ascertained.

4. When the line has been fixed and the plans and sections completed, those desiring shares may form some guess respecting the

* This summary will be found to contain nearly the same directions as Dr. Lardner's excellent Plain Rules for Railroad Speculators, in the 5th edition of the 'Steam Engine.' The confirmation of one's own conclusions by so great an authority is highly gratifying.

amount of labour for embankments and deep-cuttings, which form a grand item in the first outlay.

5. The labour of cutting may be increased by two opposite conditions of soil—extreme hardness, as in the case of crossing a stone country, or extreme looseness and want of adhesive quality. Either condition has been found to double and triple the expense of the navigator's work.

6. Particular attention should be directed to the situation of the rail-line in relation to the base line on the section. All the previous work may have been satisfactorily completed, and inattention to this may saddle the shareholders with permanent loss.

7. An unusual expense in construction may often be economical when it is intended to diminish the permanent cost of transport. This can only be ascertained by a careful examination of the slopes and of the cost of engine working.

8. A railroad, to be worked to the greatest possible advantage, should be level,—every departure from a perfect level diminishes speed or increases labour and wear and tear of engine.

9. A slope of one in three hundred feet may be safely taken as the maximum to be allowed, except under particular circumstances, where great additional expense is to be risked by the employment of assistant locomotive and stationary engines.

10. Steep slopes are sometimes absolutely necessary, but they must be short. The necessity of an assistant locomotive doubles the cost of transport over every mile of such ground.

11. Slopes of more than one in a hundred feet are inadmissible on great railways, owing to the waste of power occasioned by the increased resistance.

12. The plans must be examined with the view of ascertaining the number and degree of curves on the line. These curves may, if not carefully managed, be attended with danger, where rapid locomotives are employed. The danger of the trains slipping off the rails in traversing a curve is increased in proportion to the speed. Hence they should be placed on ground nearly level, and be as large as possible. The radius of such a curve should not, according to Dr. Lardner, be less than a mile.

13. Tunnels of half a mile and less are not objectionable; but, on a line of road frequented by passengers, tunnels of a mile or more should, if possible, be avoided; if not, they should be very spacious and be well ventilated by shafts. As the unpleasant odour and other inconveniences felt in passing tunnels are much increased by the increase of power in the engine necessary for surmounting slopes, it is desirable that they should be situated on levels.

14. The expectation of yearly returns beyond eight per cent. on capital advanced is not, we think, justified by any favourable circumstances, either of construction or of transport demand, even considering the diminished proportional cost of transport on long lines. The cost of the construction and maintenance of the locomotives, and the wear and tear of the rails, are causes of permanent expense, which increase in a constant ratio with the tonnage and length of road; and these points have not hitherto been sufficiently estimated. The

annual cost of a single engine, kept at constant work, is not lesss than £1500; and, on a frequented road, the rails will probably require renewing every six or seven years. To meet all contingent expenses of this nature a reserved fund must be maintained.

In the above cautionary statements, we have taken some pains to obtain accuracy, and we think that they may be safely adopted as a general guide. Some knowledge of the elements entering into railroad estimates, by an unprejudiced writer, is very necessary at a time when adventurous engineers and *intriguants* in the money market are unhesitatingly putting forth statements that cannot be realized, and on these statements grounding claims to the support of capitalists for schemes that can only end in waste of labour, and the ruin of the shareholders. "Wood on Railroads," M'Neill's translation of M. Navier's excellent pamphlet on the Method of estimating lines of Railroad, and the chapters on Locomotives in Dr. Lardner's "Steam Engine," may be consulted with great advantage by all persons desiring substantial knowledge on this important subject.

We mean to conclude the present article with a description of the London and Birmingham railway, which, as furnishing a central line of communication not only between London and Birmingham, but with all the important manufacturing towns of Lancashire, West-Yorkshire, Derby, and Staffordshire, we consider as the great artery, —the railroad aorta, if the term is allowable, of our population-circulating system: and with respect to it, as well as to *three* or *four* others, we doubt not that the most successful results may be expected.

The length of the London and Birmingham railway (of which we offer to our readers a reduced and modified lithographed section) is rather more than 111 miles.* Commencing at a height of about nine feet above the level of the Regent's canal (108 ft. 9 in.), it first passes the tunnel of Primrose Hill (five furlongs), and crossing the Brent River at an elevation of 87½ feet, it passes on to the Colne, at Watford, rising in the first sixteen miles only 120 feet., *i. e.* eight feet per mile. About two miles beyond Watford (189 feet) the plastic clay stratum is tunnelled for about a mile in length; and from thence by Berkhampstead to the summit of the chalk-ridge to a point nearly half-way between Tring and Albury there is a rise of about 10½ feet per mile. After crossing the chalk hills, the railroad enters the upper part of the vale of Aylesbury, and near Leighton Buzzard enters the Ouse drainage, crossing the upper part of the Ouse west of Buckingham, on a viaduct about fifty feet above the river, whose level at that point is 214 feet above the sea. From Stony Stratford to Blisworth (the situation of the great tunnel of the Grand Junction Canal) there is a rise of twelve feet per mile. The elevation of the oolite ridge near Kilsby, where the railroad is tunnelled through for one mile and three furlongs, 123 feet below the hill top, is 516½ feet above the sea; and this is the summit level of the railroad. Crick tunnel on the Grand Union Canal, within two miles of the summit, is 424¼ feet high; and Braunston tunnel, which forms part of the uniting line of canal between the Grand Junction and Oxford canals,

* This section may be had of the Publishers, price 6d.

is 370¼ feet high. From these facts it would appear that in this neighbourhood there is a clump or part of a ridge of high land, which must be crossed with the least sacrifice of mechanical power; and, all things duly considered, we are of opinion that the line adopted by Mr. Stephenson is as good as any that could have been selected for the purpose. The descent from the summit level leads into the Avon valley, which is crossed about eleven miles north-north-east of Warwick, the Avon, where the road crosses it, being 240 feet high. The watershed that divides the Avon valley from that of the Trent drainage is 432 feet above the sea level. In descending into this drainage, with a slope of nearly eleven feet per mile, the road crosses successively the Blyth (297 feet), the Cole (332 feet), and the Rea, the last of which is in the immediate neighbourhood of Birmingham, where the railroad ends in the Nova Scotia Gardens, at an elevation of 365 feet above the sea level.

From the elements that we have thus briefly laid before our readers, it will be evident that the Birmingham railroad has been constructed with due reference to economy, both in construction and transport-cost; and we heartily wish that the same wisdom that has laid down this line may be applied with equal success to the formation of other plans, in districts where there is a fair reason for supposing that the demand for carriage will be *more than* sufficient to meet the expenses of the first outlay and permanent cost of transport. We hope to resume the subject with fresh illustrations on an early occasion. Until then, and with many exhortations to caution and discretion, we wish our readers a temporary farewell.

Z.

STANZAS SPENSERIAN.

MIDNIGHT.

I've seen thy car, with lightning's swiftest wings,
Whirl o'er the desert time hath strewed with dust
Of monarchs, emperors, palaces of kings,
Of giant statues, and time-mocking bust,
Where rav'ning ruin deep its fangs had thrust;
When chaos frown'd, and hell itself were free,
And the unruly stars their spheres did burst;
While flash on flash from minute-gun did flee,
And youth and beauty all were entomb'd in the sea.

M. M. I.

ZENOBIA.

[The annexed scenes, from an unpublished drama, require but a few brief words of explanation. It will be obvious that they are not intended to be acted. There would, indeed, be some difficulty in making the leading *Dramatis Personæ* converse on horseback. But there is high and classical authority for a scene so conducted, namely, in Goethe's "Faust," where Mephistopheles and the hero enter the stage at full gallop, and converse on the fatal subject of their rapid journey and the fatal objects within their ken. It has, moreover, been acted in Germany. There are two historical theories respecting the fate of Zenobia. The author has employed in his simple plot that which is most honourable to the heroine. Zenobia is supposed, on good authority, to have been a Jewess, which, as Palmyra was founded by Solomon, is not improbable. She also claimed to be paternally descended from Cleopatra.]

SCENE I.—*Portico of the Palace at Palmyra, near the Damascus gate. Arcades and Colonnades of the Temple of the Sun in the distance. Sunset.*

ZENOBIA. TAMARA, *her sister.*

Zenob. The cup's last dregs are drain'd; the parting pang
That tears the heart-strings borne. What more? Arsaces
Comes not, oh sister, though her patron god
Already darts his slant and farewell beam
Through haughty Tadmor's gorgeous colonnades.
Tama. (listening) Hush, 'tis a step! Alas! I'm still deceived.
Throughout this day's long watch I've seem'd to hear
The long-drawn sighs of some unearthly horn,
As though from far, far distant depths of space,
Dismally wailing through these gilded vaults.
Again—a step!
Zenob. No; 'tis a better sign—
The joyous neigh of Phlegethon. Brave barb!
He calls his mistress. And, oh joy! *he* comes—
Arsaces comes. I hear the rustling scales
Of his steel hawberk and the clanging sound
Of mail-clothed heels. Hark! clattering hoofs announce
The instant presence of our Parthian friends.
He comes! There's faith in man and princes yet.
He's true.
Tama. They come—they're here—and we are saved.
Zenob. Haste! Let us join them ere the prying eyes
Of doubtful citizens or watchful guards
Detect our purpose or prevent our flight. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The street of Tombs and desert beyond the Damascus gate at Palmyra.* ZENOBIA, *armed, on a white charger. On one side* TAMARA, *on the other* ARSACES, *the Parthian satrap, both on horseback. Her women,* SOLYMA *and* TIRZA, *with black slaves seated on the ground, waiting her orders.* DEJOCES *and* DATIS, *Palmyrene officers, on the opposite side. Dromedaries, litters, and Parthian cavalry occasionally seen in the back-ground through scattered palms and ruins.*

Tama. The gate is pass'd, and now our flight is free.
Zenob. The prince! Is he at hand?
Arsaces. He is, dear empress,

And ever will be so in life or death.
May happy auguries still strew your path
With flowers, and smiling fortune plume your helm.

Zenob. Dejoces—or I do forget.

Dejoces. 'Tis so;
The poor colleague of Egypt's victor, Zabdas.
Brave empress, nobly hast thou play'd thy part
This day. By bright Apollo, how I laugh
To think of baffled Rome. The casket hers—
A useless bauble—the rich jewel gone.

Arsaces. Yes, 'tis a tale for future years to tell
How my imperial day-star sunk to rise,
Fled to return, and with augmented power
To vindicate her claim to half earth's sway,
Despite of Rome's proud heart.

Zenob. Thanks for this comfort.
Much, much I need it.

Tamara. Sister!

Zenob. Oh, Arsaces,
Some bitter, bitter drops will intermix
With the pure fountain of each joy, and snakes
Of hidden grief enwreath the verdant flowers
That line its bank. Longinus! Oh that name
Bites like a serpent's tooth. The first of men,
Him that so often by his wisdom saved me
From Rome and from myself, I leave behind,
Ungrateful that I am.

Arsaces. Yet 'twas his will,
His stubborn will (therefore no fault of thine),
To stay and prove the conqueror's mercy.

Zenob. So
He pleaded; but he hopes to serve my cause
With faithful duty, strong, like love, as death.
Mercy! What mercy? He is lost.

Arsaces. Not so.
Hope better things.

Tama. Think not upon the lost.
Be grateful for the saved. Look round and mark
How many friends remain.

Tirza. And faithful too.

Solyma. Yes, royal mistress, faithful to the death—
Faithful whate'er betide.

Tama. Take comfort, sister.
The children—think of them—they too are saved.

Arsaces. And I henceforth am ever at thy side.

Zenob. Good prince, your love, unshaken 'midst my wreck,
Gilds the sad twilight of this parting hour.
And must I quit thee, oh Palmyra, thee
Whom I have half created, whom, like him,
The sculptor, who first formed and then adored
The woman-statue in his mind conceived,
I made my idol?

Dejoces. What a crash was that!

Tama. Some earthquake speaks the widow'd city's pangs
At this drear parting.

Arsaces. 'Tis the engin'ry
Of Rome, which thunders on the northern rampart.
What storm of iron balls the Balearic

Cranes and balistæ pour. Nay, turn away.
Oh, hide it from her view.

Zenob. I will behold thee,
Oh Tadmor, should Medusa make thy queen
A wreck of stone like thee. Lo! where it falls
Midst cloudy whirlwinds of unnatural night,
The glorious pinnacle of Sol's bright fane,
And, oh dark augury, the sculptured arch
Of Odenathus. See (like Phaeton's)
Chariot and horses fall midst streams of sparks
Struck from the splinter'd stone, and lurid light
Of bullets burning with their rapid flight,
Sculptures, and battered bronze, and mouldings carved,
And clouds of dust. The gorgeous structure sinks
At last, and Rome sits throned upon the wreck.

Dejoces. Away! Delay is ruin.

Arsaces. Fly, O queen!

Zenob. *(hiding her face with her hands).*
Oh cruel fates—and must I see this sight,
And fly, and leave it unrevenged?

Arsaces. Dwell not upon it, but away, dear queen;
Aurelian's Arab cavalry may else
Cut off our flight.

Dejoces. Spur each swift courser home!
On like the wind to Zelebi! The fords
Of Euphrates may there be safely crossed. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Desert, near the fords of the Euphrates at Zelebi. The tents and standards of* SAPOR *and the Parthians seen on the opposite banks of the river.* ZENOBIA, TAMARA, ARSACES, DEJOCES *enter the stage on horseback, and pull up in front.*

Dejoces. Bravely done!
We've distanc'd them at last. The Roman blood-hounds,
At fault, may snuff the mocking breeze in vain,
Or fasten, madden'd, on each other's throats.

Arsaces. "*Spes*" be henceforth our war-cry. Won 's the goal,
And we may pluck the wreath. How fares the queen?

Zenob. Well. Yet I know not what presentient gloom
Comes like a thunder-cloud o'er the bright ray
Of hope's so recent sunshine. Soft! Look there!
Sure 'twas the flash of arms! There, 'mid the dates
That line the river's banks.

Arsaces. Not so, my queen;
'Tis Sapor's arm'd encampment you behold.
See, how my countrymen throng yonder hill
To welcome our approach. And, if my eyes
Err not, I see the king of kings himself,
Sapor, my uncle, in his palanquin.
He beckons—see—between yon boles of palms.
Rejoice, Zenobia! Soon my future bride,
Supported by his squadrons and this arm,
In triumph shall return to widow'd Tadmor
And thread in joyful pomp her long arcades.

Zenob. *(still looking towards the wooded banks of the river).*
'Tis true, 'tis true. O, my prophetic thoughts!
Some genius whispered that ill-fate was near.
They're waiting, prince.

Arsaces. Who mean ye?

Tama. She is right.
Rome's legions—I discern the Roman standard
Amidst the trees, in ambush.
Dejoces. Œdepol!
Cursed be the tyrant's craft!
Arsaces. I feared this chance,
And warned thee, dearest queen, of secret traitors
Within thy council.
Zenob. So Longinus warn'd me;
But all regret is bootless. Take my cloak,
Tirza. Dejoces, bid our little troop
Fall into line before me. Quick! My crown!
The triple diadem of Araby,
Syria, and Egypt, by my own arms won.
'Tis well—I'll die a queen!
Arsaces. What means Zenobia?
Tama. O, sister!
Arsaces. Be not rashly desperate.
Tama. Oh heavens! I hear again the long-drawn sighs
Of that unearthly horn. They seem to come
From yon gaunt cedar's thunderstricken boughs,
Through which eve's star now darts its glittering beam.
Be warned and brave not, with this puny band,
Yon legion. Mark, Dejoces, is it not
Clear on the standards—there—the sixteenth legion?
Dejoces. It is. The "Invincible." Brave hearts, my heart
Yearns yet towards ye, comrades of my youth.
Yon golden eagles never droop'd their wing
To mortal man.
Zenob. Yet may they quail to woman.
It shall be tried, old warrior.
Arsaces. 'Tis sheer madness.
Dejoces. Nay, not a whit. The empress reasons well.
A sudden unexpected charge may break
The closing snare in which we are entrapp'd.
Delay it, and we're hopelessly enmesh'd.
Oh for one hour of fire-soul'd Zabdas now,
As when we drove the Roman garrison
From hundred-gated Thebes, and seated thee,
Sprung from her race, on Cleopatra's throne.
Zenob. It shall be so. Tamara, take my cloak.
Tama. Hast thou forgot thy Parthian male disguise?
Zenob. No; that disguise some heaven-breath'd instinct taught.
On Parthian warriors our last hopes now rest.
(She withdraws from the group to a little distant eminence for the purpose of haranguing the Parthian cavalry).
Arsaces to (Tamara). How beautiful she is! With what a grace
One lifted hand urges th'excited group,
The other grasping her bright battle-axe.
See how the red beams of the setting sun
Plays like a star upon the polished cone
Of her Armenian casque, glitters along
The crooked crescent of her scimitar,
Brightens the bosses of her Caspian shield,
And flutters, rainbow-hued, like dying dolphins,
O'er the scale-armour which invests her limbs.
Meanwhile white Phlegethon in thunder paws
The plain impatient, and around her throws

A glorious halo of sun-gilded sand.
She ends her speech. Swords leap from every thigh.
Each lance is couch'd. Each battle-axe is rear'd,
And the plain lightens with the steely blaze.

Tamara. Hark! What a shout was that!

Arsaces. Yes. She returns
Amidst the lances and the acclamations
Of Parthia's kindled warriors. Phlegethon,
The gallant barb, proudly curvets beneath her,
As if the beast were conscious that he bore
An empress on his back. She comes at last.
Press not upon her, warriors, ye forget
In your too rough though honest zeal her rank.
Oh sun-light of my eyes,
Hope's day returns to them when thou return'st.

Zenob. Deign me, Arsaces,
A moment's ear.

Arsaces. Ear, hand, and heart are thine.

Zenob. The matter, prince, is desperate; but yet
Sometimes the best of counsellors is despair,
And hope by risking saved—lost when unrisk'd.
This is my plan—with half the Parthian troop
I and Dejoces, by a sudden onset,
Will occupy the Romans; while yourself,
Tamara, and my women, and the rest
Take 'vantage of the strife to cross the fords
At Zelebi.* That done, I'll swiftly follow.
Nay, not a word. Bethink ye that Tamara,
Perhaps the future mother of my sons,
The secret guards of their secure asylum.
Check not my steed, repress him not, Arsaces.
(Caressing Phlegethon's neck.)
I'd trust the gallant barb to cross a flood
Of twice the breadth and height which this opposes.
Is it not so, brave beast? See how he licks
My hand.

Arsaces. But tears are rolling from his eyes.
It is an omen. Ne'er shall it be said,
Ne'er will I quit thy side in life or death.
Into the struggle where you go I go.

Zenob. Be it so, if it must. Let Datis, then,
And half the troop accompany my sister.
No time remains for question. See! it moves—
The ambuscade. I mark the archers straining
Their bows already, and the velites,
The legion's foremost rank, are in full line.
Behind the palms the steel-clad oplites
E'en now evolve, and close their serrate files.
No time to lose.—On to the charge at once.
On, Phlegethon!

Arsaces. Follow, warriors all!
Upon them ere the unsettled phalanx close
The pathless rampart of its iron wall;
And effort be in vain.

Zenob. (patting her horse's neck). To thee I've trusted
My fame in brighter days, white Phlegethon.

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* The spot is still called Zelebi Zenobia.

But now I trust to thee my all—fame, love,
Empire, and life. * * *

Arsaces (to the Parthians). Let every lance's point
Carry a death

Zenob. The word—my city's sign—
The "Palm"—Palmyra's palm of victory!

Dejoces. Ill omen'd sign of martyrdom and death!

Arsaces. On! The best omen is a warrior's arm. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The fords of the Euphrates at Zelebi.* ZENOBIA *on a bank beneath a clump of palms, wounded.* DEJOCES *dying at her feet.* ARSACES *and* TAMARA *bending over her;* DATIS *leaning on her spear.* SOLYMA *and* TIRZA *waiting in desponding attitudes.*

Tamara. How fares it with my sister?

Arsaces. Oh Zenobia!
I dare not ask thy state.

Zenob. I die, oh sister!
Dear maid, I die. This arrow drinks my blood.
A mist is o'er my eyes, and soon this scene
Will close for ever. Hark! what groan was that?
Where is Arsaces? Has he 'scaped? I deem'd
Amidst my agony another shaft
Struck him. That groan confirms it.

Arsaces. Oh my queen!
Grief suffocates my words.

Dejoces. The groan was mine.
I die, and happy, at my sovereign's foot. *(Dies.)*

Zenob. Nothing I see. Is this thy hand, Arsaces?

Arsaces. It is, my only life! thy hand.

Zenob. Oh! fly
To Sapor. In Aurelian put no trust.
In Romans trust not. Phlegethon will bear ye
In safety through yon tide. Support me, sister,
A little space. This ring of Odenathus
To Sapor, prince, convey. He knows its meaning.
Be his the empire. Quick: thy ataghan.
Life ebbs apace; and yet I would say much
To thee, thou best and dearest of mankind.
(Cutting off a lock of her hair.)
This, with the jewels to it, is for thee,
In memory of the dead Zenobia—
Nay, deem me so. Thy flight is my last hope.
Sister, a word. *(They whisper.)*
Remember and be secret.
See that my poor remains lack not the rites
Our Jewish faith and Jewish lineage claim.
And now I die reliev'd. Farewell, O sun!
City of Palms, thou art my dying thought.
Oh desert Queen! a widow now, indeed!
Who now, when I am dust, from dust shall raise thee?
Thou fall'st with my fall. The glorious visions
Of thy arcades, fanes, colonnades, and arcs
Of triumph, vanish from me like a dream;
And I and thou are nothing. *(Dies.)*

[ARSACES, *dragged away by the Parthians, exit resistingly and distractedly.* TAMARA *falls on the body.*]

Tamara. Oh day-star of the earth! thou'rt set indeed!
Leaving us darkness. Would that I could follow
Thee in thy sunset. But my task remains.

Lo, from thy faded brow I take thy crown;
Oh fallen star, the holy treason pardon
Me, thus discrowning thee of thy last beams.
Give me the royal robe and sceptred axe,
Bipenna, symbol of Palmyra's sway.
They come. I am prepared. Say, Solyma,
Or Tirza, has the Parthian prince escaped?

Tirza. He has, dear lady.

Tamara. Heaven shields us still.
Now come what will.

Tirza. I saw Arsaces cross
The ford, beneath an arch of Parthian darts
By Sapor's skill so ordered to protect
His flight; and on the blood-stained hither bank
The Roman warriors who pursued him there
In total disarray.

Solyma. I too beheld him
Borne through the tide by fire-breath'd Phlegethon.
Oh how I joy'd to see that generous steed,
Conscious he seem'd of our dead lady's will,
Breasting the waves like some immortal thing,
His white mane streaming like a victor's flag,
Hurtless beneath the arch of burning steel;
Nor did one arrow stain his snow-white side,
Too pure for men detestable to soil.

Tirza. I saw the satrap land, and through his friends,
Thronging around him in rejoicing groups,
Pass to the embraces of the Parthian king—
The king of kings. May vengeance soon be his.

Tamara. 'Tis well. Thy wish, dead sister, is fulfilled.
Thy last injunction still remains. They come.

[TAMARA *stands with folded arms, in her assumed royal robes and insignia, between her maidens.* DATIS, *with a few Palmyrene warriors grouped in the background, watches in silence the result.*]

Enter Roman Captain, Prætorians, Tribunes, Soldiers, Standard-bearer, Lictors, &c

Captain. Surrender, Palmyrenes, the day is ours;
And, by your hopes of mercy from the emperor,
I charge ye, tell us where to find your queen.

Tamara. Behold her here. I am Palmyra's queen.
I'm vanquish'd. Words are useless from the vanquish'd.
I yield.

Captain. In the same spirit, lady, your surrender
Do I accept. Condoling words from victors
Affront the vanquish'd. Noble treatment, as
Becomes your rank, be sure to have from me.

Tamara. One favour, Sir, I ask. This Parthian youth,
(Pointing to Zenobia.)
Struck by an arrow, bleeding to my foot,
Died to preserve my life. Twin blood he boasts
With one of Sapor's kinsmen. Grant that Datis
And these my women may convey the body,
Across the fords, to those who mourn his death.
So may he have befitting funeral rites,
And sleep in Susa midst his fathers' tombs.

Captain (consulting aside with the Roman Officers).
This note sounds well, and chimes in unison
With the secret orders of the emperor,

By courtesies to win a truce from Sapor.
Willing I grant the boon, illustrious lady,
And well pleased am I to attest this sign
Of wise obedience to the emperor's will.
Be all as you desire. Nay more, in honour
Of the dead youth's highborn affinity,
A guard of Romans shall, with trailing spears,
Slow step, and melancholy music, swell
The funeral pomp which bears him to his friends.

[DATIS *and the Palmyrenes place the body of Zenobia on a bier.* SOLYMA, TIRZA *and the women follow. A Roman detachment forms in line at the back of staye.* TAMARA *kneels before the bier, and while a funeral dirge is played the curtain falls.*

THE MANSE AND ITS INMATES.

(Continued from page 437.)

THE manner of living had more of luxury and refinement than Ruth, at home or at Mrs. Carter's, had had opportunities of observing; but quiet, and on the watch for improvement, she fell easily into the habits of those around her, and, though she felt more anxiety than she had done when altogether inexperienced (for we are never so comfortably unconscious of our ignorance as when we know nothing at all) she commenced her career in Essex, a very short trial set her mind at ease.

She had, during the latter part of her residence at Mrs. Carter's, feared that she was losing her time, from the circumstance that, being confined to instructing children under a certain age, there was a limit fixed to her progress which it was impossible for her to pass; but she now corrected her erroneous impression. Elementary principles were so indelibly imprinted on her memory that she could as easily have forgotten her native language, and her mind was therefore equally open and prepared for the admission of fresh knowledge.

Mrs. Somerive's seminary was not one of th se hotbeds of arts and sciences where the memory is loaded at the expense of the mind, and where health and individual character are equally disregarded.

The system of instruction was rational. Whatever was taught was taught well, and, taking that into the account, was taught rapidly. The children were not treated as machines, but as moral responsible agents, as reasoning intellectual beings; and they and their teachers had full leisure for all the purposes of health, recreation, and private study

Ruth had never been so happy in her life; all was so cheerful yet so quiet, so busy yet so orderly, and the society—oh, that was delightful. Miss Povey, to be sure, was but a common place girl, but there was nothing disagreeable about her. Mademoiselle Aurelie was charming. Miss Crofts indeed was a little uneasy in her temper, but her bad health was more than a sufficient excuse; and Mrs. Somerive was the best woman in the world, and the best friend that any one ever had.

Ruth did as much at Erlsburgh House as she had ever done at Mrs. Carter's, but all she did was delightful. It was then that she became fully sensible of the advantage of having laboured so assiduously there. She had carried active habits with her into Essex; but she had soon found that activity alone was insufficient, and that, even assisted by order and regularity, her arrangements would be imperfect unless organized by method.

It was not all at once that she had become methodical; but what will not patience and perseverance effect? And she now reaped, in her present appointment, a rich reward. Her ear soon became familiarized to the Parisian accent of Mademoiselle Aurelie; and Mademoiselle, who hated trouble, despised jealousy, and dearly loved to talk, gave her all the opportunities and advantages she could desire; nor was she ever better pleased than when the young ladies came to her from Miss Watson with their lessons perfectly correct, and this was not unfrequently the case.

Miss Crofts, who was a severe and constant sufferer from bad health, who had not a friend or relation in the world to give her an asylum or to show her kindness if she needed it, and who could scarcely expect ever again to meet with the comfort and consideration she now enjoyed, was peculiarly jealous of any one likely to succeed to her, and had always repelled any offers of assistance in her peculiar departments; but, even with *her*, Ruth's sincerity and singleness of heart made its way.

Ruth was so perfectly free from selfishness, and would so truly have disclaimed (had the idea been presented to her mind) the crooked policy of worldly wisdom, that a thought of Miss Crofts' suspecting her never crossed her mind; and Miss Crofts, who had long been tormented by fears and suspicions, and hated those who excited them, found the feelings of confidence and affection as delightful as they were new, and, passing from one extreme to the other, became as anxious to instruct as Ruth was to learn—a most important advantage, for she was an accomplished musician, and her drawings and paintings were executed with great beauty and delicacy. When Ruth had resided nearly two years at Mrs. Somerive's, Miss Crofts' complaints assuming a serious aspect confined her to her bed, and, as she gave it as her decided opinion that Ruth was fully competent to undertake her department during her illness, Mrs. Somerive allowed her to do so.

A few weeks brought poor Miss Crofts' sufferings to their only possible termination—that of her existence; and the inhabitants of Erlsburgh House received a lesson of patience and resignation from one universally considered as the most impatient member of the community, a lesson Mrs. Somerive took great pains to impress upon her boarders, which Mademoiselle Aurelie talked of for a fortnight, which Ruth never forgot, and which Miss Povey never remembered.

Miss Crofts had numbered nearly fifty years when she was in mercy released from the wretched bondage of constant bodily suffering, and which for fifteen of that period had been of so severe a nature that it was only by the most powerful exertions that she was enabled at times to perform her duties; while more than half of her salary was secretly expended in medical aid, for she feared,

were her infirmities known, that her capability might be questioned, and herself thrust out upon a regardless, if not an unpitying, world.

She died fully sensible of her situation, and prepared for the awful change of which it was the forerunner; nor, though she received death as a release, did it appear that she considered her burden as having been peculiarly heavy. It rather seemed as if the nature of her affliction had supplied its antidote; and though no relation's voice nor hand cheered or tended her dying bed, yet to breathe her last sigh in the room she had so long inhabited, to see around her only the faces of familiar friends when she had so long dreaded those of mercenary, and perhaps hard-hearted, strangers, appeared as ample compensation for all she had suffered.

Miss Crofts had no debts, and the amount of salary which was due to her was sufficient to defray the moderate expenses of her humble funeral, and the medicines and attendance of a neighbouring apothecary. She settled every thing herself; and a few days before her death presented to each individual in the house some little present of her own workmanship, to be retained as a memorial of her—little legacies which, from her indefatigable industry and the nature of her accomplishments, she possessed fully the means of bestowing.

Wonderful was the change of sentiment produced in these few weeks. The petulance of youth, pampered by all the indulgences of wealth and high station, no longer exhaled itself at the expense of "cross old Miss Crofts." To tread with noiseless footsteps to her chamber-door and enquire how she found herself,—to lay out their pocket-money in the purchase of foreign grapes, or any other luxury allowed by the doctor,—to sit by her bed-side in turns, softening their young voices to the gentle tones suitable to the ear of sickness,—to smooth her pillow and support her head,—were offices eagerly sought after and affectionately performed.

Mrs. Somerive permitted and encouraged the humane attentions and feelings of her young pupils.

"The heart, with all its 'tender charities,'" said she "needs education as well as the mind and its powers. The children of prosperity have too few opportunities of seeing life as it really is to the great bulk of their fellow-mortals, still less of *death*, which they must share with the meanest, and which is the only event of which even the highest and most powerful can be certain."

The servants discovered that Miss Crofts had never given unnecessary trouble; and regarded with gratitude, not wholly unmingled with self-reproach, the articles of clothing she had distributed among them. Nor was any offended, though the selection was made with a close reference to the station in life of the future wearer. The decisions of sound judgment and visible integrity offend only the weak or the wicked. "You will remember me kindly, I trust," said the dying woman, "when you wear these things which I have worn."

To Ruth, with these trifling but endearing exceptions, she gave all that she possessed. "To many," she said, "they would be little or nothing; but to you, dear Ruth, they will be useful, and you will value them the more as being the death-bed tokens of the last earthly feeling, and almost the only pleasurable feeling, of a sincerely at-

tached friend, gone to that place whence she can never again join you, but where assuredly you will join her."

And to Ruth they were indeed useful. Whatever might have been Miss Crofts' original disposition, many circumstances had combined to give her habits of strict economy and careful accumulation, which had pretty generally, in her limited sphere of action, been found to bring upon her the imputation of being miserly. She could, however, *give*, and sometimes had done so; but to *throw away* was beyond her powers of exertion. She turned every thing also to its best use, and rendered its services surprisingly lasting; while such were her talents for packing, or making the most of a given space, that it was long ere Ruth was fully aware of the extent of her treasures. Rarely indeed did she, with all her neatness and ingenuity, investigate a small portion of her acquisition that she was able to replace it without an extension of its bulk.

She found herself the possessor of a very good instrument, a square one, but of Broadwood's best manufacture,—of a prodigious quantity of music, much of the time of Handel and his immediate successors, but also a great deal of the most modern, fashionable, and expensive compositions, all classed, bound, and indexed,—drawing materials, examples, and fancy works almost sufficient to stock a tolerable shop,—all her best articles of dress,—and a few ornaments, the most valuable as well as useful of which was a good watch.

After the funeral Mrs. Somerive told Ruth that, as the half year was nearly two-thirds expired, she should continue to fill Miss Crofts' situation; and if, at its conclusion, the parents of the young ladies should be satisfied, it should be confirmed to her at its usual salary, forty pounds. Ruth did so; and not only was her continuance generally approved of, but many little tokens of kindness were brought for her acceptance by her young pupils.

Every body, indeed, approved of the arrangement, excepting Miss Povey; and, as she did not succeed to Ruth as Ruth had succeeded to Miss Crofts, she considered herself exceedingly ill-used, and, in high indignation, threw up her situation, which however she was very happy to resume two years afterwards at her own humble entreaty, having never during the interval met with an employment in which she could consider herself placed with an equal prospect of pleasure, profit, and permanence.

When Ruth had passed three happy years at Erlsburgh House she was shocked and afflicted beyond measure to find that Mrs. Somerive intended to part with her; nor could all the kind reasoning of that lady satisfy her feelings, however it might force the unwilling conviction of her judgment. Mrs. Somerive could raise Ruth no higher in her own establishment, as she was under engagements to her employers that her principal teacher should always be a native Parisian; and she considered her, from morals, temper, and manners, as peculiarly fitted for the situation of governess in a family. She knew how often that was a post of suffering and humiliation; and, from the circumstance of her not being the daughter of a gentleman, she was unwilling to recommend her to any of her own aristocratic connections in London or its immediate neighbourhood; but she

thought she saw an opening equally advantageous. She had an acquaintance, a Mr. Hurst, an attorney—or, as his wife chose to designate him, "a chancery solicitor"—who from considerable knowledge of Scotch law, and an extensive connection, through his mother, with Scotch advocates, was often employed in appeal cases from the decisions of the Court of Session in Edinburgh. This brought him occasionally into contact with Scottish gentlemen of rank and fortune; and being a worthy, obliging, sensible man, his good offices had sometimes been engaged to look out for an accomplished English lady, with a pure accent, to undertake the education of their children. He readily promised Mrs. Somerive to interest himself in procuring some eligible appointment of the kind for Miss Watson; only stipulating, at the instigation of his wife, that she should during the ensuing twelvemonth devote her valuable talents to "finishing off" his two youngest daughters, who were to quit school entirely at the next vacation; and offering, in requital of those services, an advance of ten pounds upon her present salary.

Mrs. Hurst was a very happy woman, though not blessed with sons; but, as she and Mr. Hurst observed, *sons-in-law* of the same profession answered the purpose just as well; and she had six daughters, whose ages had fallen so conveniently that they had been educated in pairs, first for seven or eight years at a cheap boarding school in Norfolk, and afterwards one year's "finishing off" with a private governess at home. The plan had been eminently successful. The four elder Misses Hurst had come home pleased themselves, had pleased their father and mother, and other people too, for they all married to their own satisfaction and that of their parents—none of them perhaps very difficult to please.

The two younger were now returning home, to tread, it was to be hoped, the same happy path; for, as their mamma sapiently remarked, since Dolly and Dossy, and Penny and Priscy had done so well, it was but right and reasonable, and just and proper, and all *that sort of thing*, that Hatty and Shatty should do the same; and to have a governess from Mrs. Somerive's was to be at *the top of the tree* at once.

Ruth opposed, as strongly as deference and delicacy would allow her to do, the self-denying kindness of her excellent friend; and when she got into a City coach, and, after being set down at the Bank, walked to Throgmorton Street, to consult her parents, her hopes grew stronger every minute that, quiet and retired as their own, lives were, the almost maternal protection of Mrs. Somerive would seem in their eyes a thousand times more desirable than the gayer dwelling of a thriving attorney.

No sooner, however, did it appear that an additional ten pounds a year was to be obtained by the exchange than her unwillingness to make it was assailed by reproaches, as coarse as they were unmerited, on the score of selfishness, ingratitude, self-conceit, and being never contented; so inconsistent and unreasonable are frequently the charges brought by the narrow-minded and mercenary against those who think differently from themselves. She was reminded of the *fortune* that had been expended upon her education,—that she had

nothing to expect further from them,—that, however, she was her own mistress, too *wise*, of course, in her own conceit to take the opinion or advice of her father and mother, who had slaved night and day for her,—that *they* would never interfere one way or other; only *this* they *must* tell her, that she might not say she was not forewarned, that if she did not go to the lawyer's she need not come near them again,—that they washed their hands of her,—that " as she brewed so she must bake," as " she made her bed so she must lie on it." They only wished poor dear Isabella could meet with such good luck, she would be more thankful; but some folks were born with a silver spoon in their mouths, and some with a horn ladle. Every thing went by luck in this world, and the worst got all the best.

Poor Ruth could not but painfully feel the cruelty and injustice of these reproaches. Grateful she truly was for all the education she had received; and well had she proved her gratitude by her unwearied endeavours to improve. Since eighteen, till now that she was six months past two and twenty, she had never been any expense to her parents, and never resided at home excepting during the vacations—often indeed not even then. She knew this had not been the case with Isabella; but she did not know, though her mother did, that Isabella had not been from home more than a third of her time, and had never half defrayed the expenses of her clothes.

The die however was cast, and, with a heavy heart, she exchanged the airy apartments and familiar faces of Erlsburgh House for Mr. Hurst's mansion in Lincoln's Inn Fields, where her school-room was a tolerably large back garret, looking upon the red-tiled roofs and receiving the smoke and blacks from the chimneys of a mean and not very reputable back street, and her sole sleeping accommodation a space to hold a small bedstead, partitioned off with boards, and into which neither light nor air penetrated, excepting when the door was open. The larger of two front garrets was appropriated to Miss Harriet and Miss Charlotte, while the smaller was occupied by the women-servants.

Mrs. Hurst offered no apology to Ruth for the limited accommodation afforded her, simply because she had no idea of its being defective; but the next morning she unintentionally made a most sufficient one by showing that it could not have been otherwise. She conducted her through the premises, and she would have done the same had the house been five times as large, with extensive grounds and offices numerous and involved as a small town. Sunk story, kitchen and offices for the clerks; ground floor, dining-room and offices; first floor, drawing-rooms; second floor, Mr. and Mrs. Hurst's sleeping and dressing accommodations and a spare bed-room; attics, as already described.

Mrs. Hurst wished and intended to make every one dependent on her happy; but she had no suspicion that any one's ideas of happiness (that is to say, if they were sensible and rational people) could differ from her own; and she would have resented as the extremity of ill temper and ingratitude any indication of not being happy in those whom she endeavoured to render so. She was also fond of order, regularity, and method; but she had not the most distant idea

that her own arrangement in the distribution of time and employment was not the best that could possibly be made.

Thus happy in her good intentions, or rather in her self-sufficiency, she arranged every thing for Miss Watson, Hatty, and Shatty, even to the portions of time to be allotted to their several accomplishments, though her own education had never extended beyond a very moderate share of instruction in reading, writing, and needlework. Mrs. Hurst possessed such restless activity, supported by such unbroken health and strength, that it appeared as if there never was a moment in which her eye was not every where and upon every one; so that there was no hope of eluding her vigilance, had Ruth been a person to make the trial.

At six o'clock in the morning, during the whole year, the housemaid informed the governess and young ladies that the school-room was ready for their reception—an intimation expected to be followed by their immediately rising. If a cold or a headache influenced the person afflicted by it to remain a little longer in bed—as was two or three times the case with Ruth in the early part of her residence in the house—the family apothecary, who was paid by the year, was called in, and whatever he ordered was necessarily submitted to, as Mrs. Hurst superintended the application of his remedies herself. At eight their breakfast was brought to them, and at a quarter after one they were expected to be in the dining-room, equipped for an airing, after partaking of a slight luncheon. These airings were among the most tormenting of Ruth's trials; to sit in the carriage while Mrs. Hurst made calls, or to lounge in shops and show-rooms, to the visible annoyance of haberdashers and milliners, and that not only occasionally, but constantly, was such a waste of the time and the talents which it was her wish as much as her duty to improve that she could scarcely think her compliance justifiable.

Sometimes their course was by Holborn, Newgate Street, Cheapside, and Cornhill, penetrating as far as Whitechapel and the Minories, returning by Gracechurch Street, to pick up a cheap bargain at Flint's, St. Paul's Churchyard, Ludgate Hill, and Fleet Street. On other days they took their more genteel course, by the Strand, Pall Mall, St. James' Street, Piccadilly, and Bond Street, to return by Oxford Street.

Then they saw *sights* of every description—all the exhibitions, public or private, to which money or Mr. Hurst's interest could procure them admittance, collections of paintings and panoramas, museums of all sorts and menageries, St. Paul's Cathedral, Westminster Abbey, the Monument, and the Tower of London. They attended auction rooms, both fashionable and unfashionable, sales of household furniture, and meetings for distressed weavers, Missionary Societies, Bible Societies, and Societies for the Abolition of the Slave Trade. They visited all the nursery gardens within ten miles of London, and knew which had the best show of auriculas and tulips. They saw all the palaces, and even went so far as to Windsor Castle, attended not only Ascot and Epsom Races, but every thing of the kind they ever heard of, dined under the Fairlop Oak, and visited Croyden, Camberwell, Edmonton, and several other fairs, not except-

ing the famed Bartholemew. Then Mr. Hurst was a subscriber, or an agent, or had interest, and they were regular attendants at the lectures in the Royal Institution, Albemarle Street, the Surrey, Blackfriars Road, and at every other place where lectures were delivered and ladies admitted. These, and more than can be enumerated, occupied the day till it was time to dress for dinner. They dined at five, and, excepting on such occasions as when Mr. and Mrs. Hurst spent the evening from home—the only ones in which poor Ruth enjoyed any thing like freedom, though even then she was not alone, as Miss Harriot and Miss Charlotte had not yet "come out," consequently did not visit—the remaining hours before bed-time were spent in the drawing-room.

It was well for Ruth that she had no voice, otherwise she would certainly have been under the necessity of singing herself into a consumption. As it was, her usefulness was abundantly called into requisition: she was to give music to whoever asked for it; play quadrilles and country dances the whole evening, if there were people desirous of dancing them; take a hand at whist or join in a round game; sit down to cribbage, draughts, or backgammon; or talk to any one who wished to talk to her.

Several of these accomplishments were new to Ruth, but the plea of ignorance availed her little; she *must* learn, every one was willing to teach her, and "she could never learn younger."

As Hatty and Shatty neither went to parties nor assemblies, their parents indulged the "poor things" by taking them pretty nearly every where else. Mr. Hurst had, at some time or other, been professionally employed in the squabbles of all, or nearly all, the theatres in London, patent or minor. This had brought him acquainted with managers and actors; and, though he prudently avoided introducing them to the society of his daughters, he could always command *orders*, and never failed making large parties for benefits—an easy matter to a man who had four married daughters. Thus they saw nearly every new play and every new performer.

In vain did Ruth on some of these occasions plead to be left at home. Mrs. Hurst fancied that she was nervous and low spirited, and that amusement would do her good. They visited the Opera House twice, and there she was indeed delighted. Her musical taste was better cultivated than her literary. Concerts she likewise enjoyed, but they did not attend them very frequently. She had, however, the gratification of hearing Handel's music in the Cathedral of St. Paul, at the anniversary of the benefit of the sons of the clergy; and of beholding, in the same place, the beautiful spectacle of the assembled children of the numerous parochial schools.

Sunday was no *Sabbath* to Ruth, unless it deserved that name by some hours of additional sleep. On that hallowed, or ought to be hallowed day, it was only required of her and her pupils that they should appear at the breakfast table at ten o'clock, dressed for church, as far as related to house costume.

Nothing proved so forcibly, in a girl of Ruth's disposition and habits, the exhausting nature of this life as the fact that on these privileged mornings she slept to the last moment, so as to dress, if that

indeed were possible, even in less time than on any others. She longed for time; she had many things to do which were necessary and of consequence, but nature had her urgent wants too, and urged the claim effectually.

They generally attended divine service on Sundays, sometimes twice, though they had no scruple in giving it up altogether for a water excursion to Richmond or Gravesend; and in attending it was not with the humble, heartfelt, devotional, sense of performing a sacred duty or availing themselves of an inestimable privilege; they went to church because it was respectable and becoming to do so, and they carried with them the same love of novelty, excitement, and bustle which characterised all their other proceedings.

To have frequented their own pew in their parish church, or, by attending the ministry of one clergyman, to have given themselves an opportunity of hearing the whole round of Christian doctrines and duties unfolded and enforced, would have appeared to them tame and uninteresting. But if a new church was to be opened, if an old one had any thing remarkable in its architecture or decorations, or contained a fine picture or a fine organ, or a charity sermon was to be preached by a popular preacher, or a stranger from the country or from Scotland or Ireland was expected, or a converted Jew, or any thing else, as Mrs. Hurst termed it, out of the common way, there was she, with her train, sure to be found.

(To be continued.)

ODE BY SOO-HWUY.

(From the Chinese.)

Can I forget the hour when from my arms
My love by cruel fate was torn away?
Scenes, once so bright, for me have lost their charms,
While memory weeps and tunes her saddest lay.

That sad farewell now sinks upon my heart—
Is heard, as when on yonder bridge we parted;
Thy tears of anguish to my cheek impart
The chilling touch that left me broken-hearted.

On no fond breast could then my heart repose,
Nor anxious thought a soothing refuge find;
Though years have passed, the same are still my woes,
The deeper made by traces left behind.

While, beauteous moon! on thy bright face I gaze,
I would be mirrored in the deep like thee,
Or like yon cloud, now brightened by thy rays,
Upon the mountain top would cradled be,

That he most dear with rapture might behold
My smile of constancy and love as oft
As thou, within thy fields of azure rolled,
A sphere of light for ever pure and soft!

DR. CLARK ON CONSUMPTION.*

In a former number of the *Monthly Magazine* we gave a short notice of Dr. Clark's work on Consumption and Scrofula. Since that time our attention has been particularly attracted, and our interest excited, by the new and important views contained in the chapters on the Causes and Prevention of these diseases. We in some measure feel it our duty to communicate our impressions to the public, and, if possible, awaken in it a perception and feeling of truths which to us have not merely a medical but also in an eminent degree a social interest.

Volumes have been written, and in every age the philosopher, the divine, and the poet, have disputed, preached, and sung of the folly and misery of mankind, of the petty cares which distract their attention, and the futile desires which absorb their energies. But with little effect, as it would seem from the apparently undiminished amount of human suffering and human folly. Yet we must not despond; the progress of knowledge is continually advancing, and its effects are felt more and more every day.

From time to time works appear which bring forth in their full strength and importance truths which have been long overlooked or neglected. On their first promulgation they are, perhaps, unheeded or despised; but their progress, though slow, is certain, and their effects, after a time, often astonishing. The discovery of Jenner, which in less than half a century has made one of the severest scourges that ever afflicted humanity little more than the recollection of a name, was at first received with neglect and opposition.

The heedless indifference to the insidious commencement of a disease (Consumption) much more destructive than ever small-pox was may perhaps arise from causes similar to those which affected the first introduction of vaccination. Some are careless, others disbelieve the necessity of early attention, till the fatal malady has advanced beyond the reach of art and the hope of recovery. Relatives and friends, with helpless sympathy, see the sufferer yield to his destiny. They mourn over his untimely death, but remain apparently ignorant that a similar end may be preparing for themselves; or perhaps, strongly impressed with a feeling of their danger, they think their fate inevitable, and, with an apathy bordering on despair, neglect the means by which it might be averted. Both those who are unconscious of their danger and those who despair from a knowledge of it will be roused from their indifference when they learn that consumption can be prevented in those predisposed to it by a continued and strict ob-

* A Treatise on Pulmonary Consumption, comprehending an Enquiry into the Causes, Nature, Prevention, and Treatment of Tuberculous and Scrofulous Diseases in General. By James Clark, M. D., F.R.S. Sherwood and Co.

servance of certain hygienic rules and precautionary measures. These, though particularly recommended to persons who are threatened with consumption, will tend very materially to maintain the health and prolong the life of the most sound and vigorous. A careful perusal of the present work has convinced us that no diminution of the frightful mortality from this disease can be expected to take place till more attention be paid to that particular state of the general health which immediately precedes its actual development, and till all who are so predisposed sedulously adopt every means in their power of improving their constitutions.

No one now can err from ignorance. Our learned author has pointed out the foreboding and premonitory signs and marks of the disease in plain and easy language, and has explained the means of averting it with great clearness, and, as it seems to us, with no ordinary skill and judgment; and it is to this part of the work that we would more particularly call the attention of the general reader.

Having described that particular state of the constitution which leads to consumption at the commencement of the work, the author begins the chapter on the Causes of the disease, by dividing them into the remote and exciting, or those which induce the morbid state of the constitution (Tuberculous Cachexia) and those which determine the local deposition of tuberculous matter in the lungs. The remote or predisposing causes, he informs us, are very often hereditary, and may exist in different degrees in children born of the same parents, varying in intensity according to the state of health of the latter when each was born. "A state of tuberculous cachexia is not the only condition of the parent which entails the tuberculous predispositionon the children; there are several diseases which have this effect, the most important of which are a disordered state of the digestive organs, gout, cutaneous diseases, the injurious influence of mercury on the system, debility from disease, age, &c. In short, a deteriorated state of the health in the parent from any cause, to a degree sufficient to produce a state of cachexia, may give rise to the scrofulous constipation in the offspring." No remark is necessary to show the important considerations involved in these observations. Nothing is more common than to find parents deceiving themselves, from the circumstance that none of their family have suffered from consumption. Our author shows that it is not necessary that they should have done so. The offspring of the gouty, the dyspeptic, may and too often have a predisposition to consumption.

In the second section the author explains the mode in which the disease may be induced in persons born without hereditary predisposition. "In children, the earlier the causes of tuberculous cachexia are applied the more speedily will it be induced. If, for example, an infant born in perfect health, and of the healthiest parents, be insufficiently or injudiciously fed, that is, be nursed by a woman whose milk is inadequate in quantity or quality to afford proper nourishment, or if the child be fed on other food ill suited to the state of the digestive organs, or be confined to rooms in which free ventilation and cleanliness are neglected, a few months will often suffice to induce tuberculous cachexia. The countenance will become pale, the

flesh soft, the limbs emaciated, the abdomen tumid, and the evacuations fœtid and unnatural.

"The external lymphatic glands, especially those of the neck, will enlarge, and the child will speedily fall a victim to tuberculous disease, while its brothers and sisters, who have been properly suckled, and reared with care, attain a healthy maturity.

"If this is the case in a strong infant, the offspring of healthy parents, and perfectly healthy at its birth, how much more certainly and rapidly will the same effects be produced in the feeble infant of unhealthy parents, or still more of parents absolutely scrofulous? Again, take a child of three or four years of age, in perfect health, having been born without any hereditary predisposition to disease, well nursed, and hitherto properly nourished,—let it be fed upon coarse, unnutritious food, and confined in close ill-ventilated apartments, where neither the heat nor the light of the sun has free admission,—and we shall soon see the healthy and blooming child changed into a pale, sickly, leucophlegmatic object. During the whole period of youth the same condition may be induced, although, as we advance in life, a longer time is requisite to effect such constitutional deterioration. But up to the period of the full development of the system, until the body has ceased to increase in stature or has reached maturity and acquired the stability of the adult, tuberculous cachexia may be readily induced. After maturity, the powers of the system in resisting the causes of disease are greater than at an earlier age; still we see the same results produced by similar causes, the constitutional affection being the same, although it is induced more slowly and manifests itself in a different manner, according to the age and peculiar constitution of the individual."

After this general summary, the particular Causes are examined in detail, under the heads, Improper Diet, Impure Air, Deficient Exercise, Excessive Labour, Imperfect Clothing, Want of Cleanliness, Abuse of Spirituous Liquors, and Affections of the Mind.

In section third the Causes determining tuberculous disease in the lungs are discussed, that is, the effect which coughs, colds, and inflammation of the lungs have in producing consumption. The author is of opinion that they can never have this effect unless the constitutional predisposition previously exists in the individual.

The chapter on Prevention is divided into two sections. The firs on Prevention as regards parents, in which the author strongly insists on the necessity of attending to the health, constitution, and family diseases of persons intermarrying with each other. He strongly reprobates the intermarriage of relations, recommends attention to the health, both before and after marriage, and then proceeds to lay down rules for the conduct of mothers during the period of pregnancy.

"Were parents in general convinced that the health of their children depended chiefly upon the integrity of their own health, a beneficial effect might be produced upon society at large, and especially on the members of strumous families. If a more healthy and natural mode of living were adopted by persons in that rank of life which gives them the power of choice, and if more consideration

were bestowed on matrimonial alliances, the disease which is so often entailed on their offspring might not only be prevented, but even the predisposition to it extinguished in their families in the course of a few generations. In the present state of society it is needless to observe that the very reverse of this commonly happens; and, from the total disregard of the circumstances alluded to, the race often terminates in the third generation. The children of dyspeptic persons generally become the subjects of dyspepsia in a greater degree and at an earlier age than their parents, and if they marry into families of a strumous constitution their offspring are frequently found to be scrofulous, and to die of consumption in early youth, and even in infancy. I could adduce many melancholy examples of the truth of this observation, but it is at least consolatory to know that the evil may be obviated, and it is a duty which parents owe to their offspring to endeavour to correct it. Members of families, already predisposed to tuberculous disease, should at least endeavour to avoid matrimonial alliances with others in the same condition; but, above all, they should avoid the too common practice of intermarrying among their own immediate relatives—a practice at once a fertile source of scrofula, a sure mode of deteriorating the intellectual and physical powers, and eventually the means of extinguishing a degenerated race. 'There can be no question,' says Dr. Mason Good, 'that intermarriages among the collateral branches of the same family tend more than any thing else to fix and multiply and aggravate hereditary predisposition.' It would also be well if persons contemplating marriage were aware of the necessity of attending to their health, previous to, and after the adoption of this change of life. The dyspeptic should have recourse to such means as would restore the functions of his digestive organs, and should adopt and adhere to a regimen calculated to prevent the recurrence of his complaint; the gouty subject should renounce the well known cause of his disorder; but those who are afflicted with organic disease, more especially with consumption, should pause before they enter into a contract which can only entail disease or unhappiness on all concerned.

"The full extent of misery arising from injudicious marriages of this description is comprehended by the medical practitioner only; he will therefore appreciate the justness of these remarks, although he will acknowledge the difficulty of enforcing the necessary restrictions on the practical consideration of the public.

"I am well aware that mankind in general are far too reckless to attend to any precautionary measures on this subject, even although perfectly satisfied of their expediency. Still there is a small proportion in that rank of life to which the above remarks apply with the greatest force on whom these cautions may not be wholly thrown away."

The second section is on the prevention of disease in infancy, in childhood, and in youth. Under these three heads excellent rules are given on the food, clothing, dress, bathing, air, and residence of infants, the exercise, clothing, education, &c., of children, and the choice of a profession in reference to the particular constitution of the individual. The following remarks on bed-rooms, and the place of

residence, are much too important to be omitted :—"The custom which prevails in this country of surrounding beds with thick curtains is most injurious to health ; and it is to this habit, and the heated atmosphere of their bed-rooms, that the languor and bloated appearance of many young persons on first awaking in the morning are in a great measure to be attributed. Bed-rooms ought to be large in all their dimensions; they should be in an elevated part of the house, and so situated as to admit a free supply both of air and light: those apartments to which the sun's rays and the refreshing breeze have free access are always the most healthy and desirable. These remarks are applicable to all apartments, but they deserve especial attention in those of infants and young children, on account of their being necessarily so much confined to them.

"There is no circumstance connected with health concerning which the public are, in my opinion, so ill informed as the requisites of a healthy residence, both as regards local position and internal construction. In this island we have chiefly to guard against humidity, on which account our houses should not be built in low confined situations, nor too near water, especially when stagnant, and still less near marshes. Neither should a house be too closely surrounded by trees or shrubs. Trees at some distance from a house are both ornamental and an advantage, but become injurious when so near as to overshadow it, or prevent the air from circulating freely round it and through its various apartments. The atmosphere of a building overhung by trees, or surrounded by a thick shrubbery, is kept in a state of constant humidity, except in the driest weather, and the health of the inmates rarely fails to suffer in consequence. The natural moisture of the country, arising from the humid state of the soil and luxuriant vegetation, is greatly increased by such injudicious mode of planting, an artificial atmosphere being created which renders a situation of this kind less healthy than the more open parts of large towns. It is not generally known how limited may be the range of a damp unhealthy atmosphere. A low, shaded situation may be capable of inducing tuberculous disease in an infant, while a rising ground, a few hundred yards distant, may afford a healthy site for his residence. The dryness of the air in towns, which is the consequence of good drainage, and an artificial soil, is at once the safeguard of its inhabitants and a compensation in some measure for the want of that unimpeded circulation and renewal of pure air which the country alone affords.

"It would be well if architects were to make themselves acquainted with the circumstances which contribute most essentially to the salubrity of habitations, as regards the site, the exposure, the drainage, and the size and disposition of the rooms. In many houses, in other respects well proportioned and arranged, the want of height in the bedrooms is, I am persuaded, the cause of much ill health. In our small country houses this fault is very conspicuous ; and the country houses of our gentry are in many instances rendered unhealthy for one half of the year by the nature of the situation in which they are built, and this is frequently the case too when unexceptionable sites are to be found in the immediate vicinity. Numerous elegant buildings round

this metropolis are more unhealthy than the central parts of the city, from the same causes. The evil consequences of inattention to these circumstances are experienced in all classes of habitations, from the palace to the cottage."

We should have felt inclined to give copious extracts from this part of the work, particularly on the subject of suckling, the hygienic management of public seminaries, and the various kinds of exercise recommended by our author; but the article has already extended itself to such a length that we must refrain, and we do so with the less reluctance, as we trust we have said enough to induce the members of every family predisposed to the disease to seek for information from the work itself. We cannot conclude without earnestly recommending it in a special manner to the attention of parents, and all who have the direction of youth.

THE MASS OF THE ATHEIST.

(Concluded from page 444.)

A CONSIDERABLE time passed without the doctor Bianchon, although the friend of Desplein, finding himself so situated as to be able to speak to him relative to this extraordinary singularity in his private life. Though they met each other in consultations and in the world, it was difficult to find one of those moments of confidence and of solitude where, with their feet upon the fender, and their heads reclining against the backs of their arm-chairs, two men give a loose to their feelings, and unbosom themselves to each other. At length, after an interval of six years, and after the revolution of 1830, when the people fell upon the archbishop's palace, when republican enthusiasm pushed them on to the destruction of the golden crosses which glittered as they seemed to soar on high, like the forked lightning in a sultry evening in summer, from among the immensity of houses, and that unbelief, side by side with sedition, strutted boldly through the streets, Bianchon surprised Desplein entering, as before, the church of St. Sulpice. The doctor followed him there, and placed himself by his side without his friend's making him the least sign of recognition, or testifying the smallest surprise; and both heard the mass which owed its foundation to one of them.

"Will you tell me, my dear friend," said Bianchon to Desplein, when they were quitting the church, "the reason of this *capucinade*? I have before now caught you three times going to mass, you! Behold the fourth! You will account to me for this mystery, and give me an explanation as to this flagrant want of unison between your opinions and your conduct. You do not even believe in a God, and you go to hear mass!"

"I resemble a pretty considerable class of devotees, men deeply imbued with religion according to all appearance, but all of them as downright atheists as you or I can be, for our lives."

And then followed a torrent of sarcasms directed towards various individuals of celebrity in the political world, the best known among which offers us in our days a new edition of the Tartufe of Molière.

"I want to know nothing about all that," said Bianchon, "I ask you the reason of what you have just been doing; for it is you who are the founder of this mass."

"In good faith, my dear friend," said Desplein, "I am hovering on the brink of the grave. I know not why I should hesitate to relate to you the earlier scenes of my life."

At this moment Bianchon and the great man found themselves in the *rue des Quatre Vents*, one of the most horrible streets in Paris. Desplein directed his attention to the sixth story of one of those houses which resemble an obelisk, of which the door of doubtful designation opens upon a passage, at the end of which is a tortuous stair-case lighted by those tantalizing apertures so justly called *jours de souffrance*—a greenish decayed mansion, the ground floor of which was occupied by a dealer in furniture, and which appeared to lodge on each of its respective stages a different species of misery. Raising his arm, with an action full of energy, Desplein said to Bianchon, "I lived up there two years."

"Well?"

The mass that I have just come from hearing is connected with some events which took place when I inhabited the garret on the sixth floor, at the window of which you see a cord bearing some linen, which floats above a flower-pot. My life of a man began so roughly, my dear Bianchon, that I may dispute the palm with whoever it may be on the article of Parisian suffering. I have endured them all. Hunger and thirst; want of money; want of clothes, of shoes and stockings, of linen; all that misery presents the most difficult to support. I have sought to infuse warmth into my benumbed fingers by my own proper heat in breathing upon them, in that very chamber which I should now wish to revisit in your company. I have laboured an entire winter, seeing as I did so the exhalations rising from my head, and distinguishing the air of my respiration as you remark that of horses in a frosty morning. I know not from whence we derive the point of support by which we are enabled to contend against such a life. I was alone in the world, without assistance, without a *sou* to purchase books or to defray the expenses of my medical education, without a friend; for my irritable, distrusting, uneasy character was against me. Nobody thought of attributing my irritation to the difficulties and labours of a man who, from the obscure abyss in which he is buried, struggles and agitates in order to arrive at the surface. But I had, I may say it to you, before whom I have no need to put on any artificial ornament, that fund of good feelings and lively sensibility which will always be the portion of those who have the strength and energy necessary to climb to a summit, whatever it may be, after long treading the thorny path of misery. I could draw nothing from my family, nor from my birth-place, beyond the insufficient pittance that was allowed me. In fine, at this period, I ate for my breakfast a roll which a baker in the *rue de Petit Lion* let me have cheaper because it was always of the baking of

the day before, or even of the one preceding. By contenting myself with this dipped in milk, my morning repast cost me but two *sous*. I dined but every other day, and that in a boarding-house, where the dinner cost but eighteen *sous*. I spent in this manner only eleven *sous* a day. You know as well as I can tell you what care I must have taken of my clothes, my shoes and stockings. And I know not whether at a later and more prosperous period of our lives we are as much afflicted by the treachery of a brother in the profession as we have been, you and I, on perceiving the grinning aperture at the side of a shoe when the stitches give way, or on hearing the cracking of the seam of your surtout under the arm. I drank nothing but water, entertained the greatest possible respect for the *cafés*, and looked upon Zoppi's as a land of promise where the Luculluses of the *pays-latin* alone had the right of presenting themselves. 'Shall I ever be able,' said I sometimes to myself, 'to take a cup of *café à la crême* there? to play a party at dominoes there?' With all this, I carried into my studies the rage with which misery inspired me. I sought to engross, to monopolize, a vast hoard of certain knowledge, to the end that I might acquire an immense personal value, in order to deserve the station at which I should one day arrive on emerging from my nothingness. I consumed more oil than bread; the lamp which lighted me during these long, obstinately-employed nights, cost me more than the food which nourished my body. This struggle was long, hard fought, and without comfort or encouragement. I awakened no sympathy in those around me. Must one not, if we would have friends, make acquaintance with young men, be master of a few sous in order to go and tipple with them, and to be seen by them in all the haunts frequented by students? But I had nothing; and, when that involved the necessity of discovering my difficulties and privations, I experienced that nervous contraction in the throat that so often impresses upon our patients the idea that a ball is rising from the œsophagus in the larynx. Later in life I have sometimes fallen in with these people, born rich, who have never wanted any thing, who know not the problem of this rule of three:"

"A young man *is* to crime as a piece of a hundred sous *is* to X."

"These gilded imbeciles will say to you, 'Why then did you run into debt? Why then have you contracted obligations? Why take upon one's self engagements that one cannot fulfil?' They produce upon me the same effect as the question of a celebrated and unfortunate princess, who, knowing that the people were dying for want of bread, asked, 'Why they did not buy themselves cakes!' I should be glad to see one of those rich persons who complain that I demand too much when I have performed a difficult and necessary operation alone in Paris, without money or goods, without a friend, without credit, and obliged to work with his ten fingers in order to live. What would he do? Where would he go to appease his hunger? Bianchon, if you have sometimes seen me hard and bitter, I was then attributing, retaliating my early sufferings upon the insensibility, upon the selfish egotism of which I have had thousands of proofs in the higher circles, or else I was thinking of the obstacles which ha-

tred, envy, jealousy, and calumny have raised between me and success. At Paris, when it is seen that you are ready to put your foot in the stirrup, they pull you back by the skirts of your coat; here one slips the buckle of the saddle-girth in order that you may break your neck by falling; another contrives that your horse shall cast a shoe; and the least treacherous is he who presents a pistol at your head, sure of not missing you. You have talent enough, my dear boy, to become acquainted before long with the ceaseless and horrible enmity that mediocrity bears towards the man of superior genius. Should you lose twenty-five louis one evening, you will be accused the next day of being a gambler, and your best friends will repeat that you lost the night before twenty-five thousand francs. Suffer from a headache, you will pass for a madman. Be a little quick and vivacious, you are unsociable, ready to take offence. If, in order to resist this battalion of pygmies, you call to aid your superior powers, men cry out immediately that you want to devour all, that you take upon you to domineer, to tyrannize; your good qualities become defects, your defects swell into vices. If you have saved some one, it will be asserted that you have killed him. If your patient shows himself again, it will be peremptorily asserted that you have assured the present at the expense of the future. Stumble, you have fallen. Invent, whatever it may be, reclaim your rights, you are a man impossible to deal with, a man at the top of the ladder, who will not allow the young aspirants to mount a single round. And so, my good fellow, if I do not believe in God, still less do I believe in men. Do you not know in me a man completely different from the Desplein that all the world slanders? But let us not dirty our hands in this mass of corruption. I inhabited then this house. I had to work to qualify myself for passing my first examination, and I had not a farthing. You know I had reached one of those last extremities in which we say to ourselves, *I will enlist!* I had still a hope. I expected from the country a trunk full of linen, a present from one of those old aunts, who, knowing nothing of Paris, think of your shirts, imagining that with thirty francs a month their nephews may feast upon ortolans. The trunk arrived while I was at the class. It had cost forty francs for the carriage. The porter, a German shoemaker, living in a sort of wooden cage suspended from the walls, like the portable habitation of Grildrig slung at the girdle of Glundalclitch, had paid this sum, and kept the trunk as a security for the repayment. I loitered to and fro in the *rue des Fossés St. Germain des Pres*, and in the *rue de l'Ecole de Médecine*, without being able to invent a stratagem which should consign the trunk to my custody without first repaying the forty francs, which I should naturally have done, you have no want to be assured, as soon as I had disposed of the linen. My stupidity impressed me with the idea that surgery was my only vocation. My dear friend, delicate natures, whose powers are exercised in an elevated sphere, are deficient in this spirit of intrigue, so fertile in resources, so prompt in combining and adapting; their proper good genius is accident; they seek not, but they fall in with. To be brief, I returned home at night at the same time as my next neighbour, a water-carrier, called Bourgeat, a native of St. Flour. We

knew each other, as two lodgers, inhabiting each a chamber on the same landing-place, may be supposed to be acquainted, who hear each other sleep, cough, dress, *live* in fact, and who end by becoming used to each other. My neighbour informed me that the proprietor, to whom I was in debt three terms, had turned me out of doors, and that I must decamp the next morning. He himself was to be turned out on account of his humble calling. I passed the most wretched night of my life. Where should I find a porter even to carry my miserable effects and my books? How should I pay for their carriage and the porter of the hotel? These were questions not to be solved, repeated amidst floods of tears, as madmen repeat the burden of their song. At length I sunk into a slumber, for wretchedness has its own divine slumber full of lovely dreams.

"The next morning, while I was swallowing my bread and milk, Bourgeat entered, and said to me, in his provincial French, 'Monsieur, the student, I am a poor man, *enfant trouvé*,* of the hospital of St. Flour, without father or mother, and not yet well enough off to make relations for myself by marrying. You are neither richer in relations, nor better furnished with the good things of this life. Hark ye! I have a hand-barrow below, which I have hired at a penny the hour, which can carry all we have to carry. If you have no objection we will seek a lodging together since we are turned out here. After all, it is not a heaven upon earth.'

"I know that well, my brave Bourgeat," said I, "and know also that I have a trunk below, filled with linen, well worth one hundred and fifty francs, with which I could easily pay the landlord, and what I owe to the porter, but I have not five francs.

"Bah! I have some little *monnerons*† here, all snug," replied Bourgeat, exultingly, as he displayed before my bewildered eyes an old greasy leather purse. "Keep your linen."

To be short, he paid my three terms with his own, and settled the matter with the porter; then he placed all our effects upon his truck or hand-cart, and dragged it through the streets, stopping before every house which had a ticket hung out. As to me, I mounted in order to see whether the place to be let was such as suited our simple wants and slender means. We were still wandering at noon in the *quartier latin*, that country of the aspirants to learning and its honours, without having met with any thing to suit us, the price proving always an obstacle. Bourgeat proposed to me to breakfast at a wine-shop, at the door of which we left the truck. At last, when it was nearly evening, I discovered in the *Cour de Rohan*, *passage du Commerce*, at the top of a house, under the roof itself, two chambers, separated by the stair-case. We obtained them at a rent of sixty francs a year each. Behold us then housed there, me and my humble friend. We dined together. Bourgeat gained about fifty sous‡ a day. He was master of a hundred crowns,§ and was ambitious of

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* Foundling, parents unknown.

† *Monnerons*, small coin used during a certain period of the revolution, and which took its name from the maker.

‡ Two shillings. § Twelve pounds.

possessing a water-butt and horse; but on learning my situation, the secrets of which he contrived to draw from me with a depth of cunning combined of simplicity, goodness, and native delicacy, the remembrance of which still fills my heart with the most powerful emotion, he renounced for some time the ambition of his whole life, for Bourgeat had been eleven years a *marchand à la voie*,* and he sacrificed his hundred crowns to promote my future success."

Here Desplein grasped convulsively the arm of Bianchon.

"He gave me the money, without which I could not have passed my examinations. This man, my friend, comprehended that I had a mission to fulfil, that my intellectual wants were more urgent than his material ones. He interested himself for me in the most minute details, calling me *son petit*. He lent me what was necessary to the purchase of the books which the course of my studies required. He stole gently into my room at times to look at me while I was at work. He took precautions which might well have been termed maternal, in order to compel me to substitute for the indifferent and insufficient food to which I had been condemned a healthy and abundant nourishment. Bourgeat was about forty years of age, and presented to the mind the idea of a citizen of the middle age, a prominent forehead, and a head that a painter would have made a study of to serve him as the model for a Lycurgus. The poor man had a heart running over with affection to dispose of. He had never been loved but by a water-spaniel, which he had lost, but of which he spoke to me continually, always asking me if I thought that the church would consent to say masses for the repose of its soul. His dog was, he assured me, a real Christian, which for twelve years had accompanied him to church without ever once barking, listening to the organ without opening his mouth, and resting, rolled up, at his feet, with an air of the greatest devotion. This man centered upon me all his affections; he opened his warm heart to me as to a solitary and suffering being; he became for me the mother the most watchful, the benefactor the most delicate; in a word, the *beau ideal* of that virtue which delights in the contemplation of its own work, and seeks no other recompence. When I encountered him in the street he cast towards me a glance of intelligence beaming with a nobleness beyond the power of description, almost of conception, affecting to walk as if he carried no burden, appearing as if it was happiness enough for him to see me in good health and well dressed. It was, in fact, the unsophisticated devotedness of the humbler classes, the love of the *grisette* elevated to a higher sphere. He went my errands, wakened me in the night at the proper hours, cleaned my lamp, and dry-rubbed our landing-place—as good a servant as he was a father, and scrupulously neat as the tidiest young English girl. He performed all the offices of our simple housekeeping as Philopœmen sawed his wood, communicating to all his actions the simplicity of his manner of doing them, and preserving his dignity throughout; for he

* One who draws water from the public fountains and carries it about in two buckets suspended from a yoke. The contents of his two buckets is called a *voie*, and costs two sous.

seemed instinctively to comprehend that the *end* ennobles all, when that is honourable and the means honest.

"When I left him to become an in-door student at the Hôtel Dieu, he experienced a sort of painful melancholy impossible to render in words, at the thought that he could no longer live with me; but he consoled himself with the idea of amassing the sum that would be required for the expenses of my thesis, and made me promise to visit him all the days of leave. He was proud of me, he loved me for myself and for him. If you were to seek out my thesis, you would see that it is dedicated to him. In my last year as an in-door pupil, I had made enough to enable me to return to him all that he had done for me, by purchasing for him a horse, and a water-butt with its carriage. He was outrageously angry at finding that I had stripped myself of my money, and nevertheless in a state of enchantment at seeing his wishes realized. He was laughing involuntarily while he was scolding me. He was contemplating his water-butt and his horse, and wiping away a tear, as he said to me, 'It is ill done of you.' Never have I witnessed a scene more affecting. He would absolutely present me with the silver-mounted case for my instruments which you have seen in my cabinet, and which, to me, is the most precious thing it contains. Although intoxicated with my first success, he never suffered to escape from him the least word, the smallest gesture, which might have been interpreted into *This man is my work.* And yet, but for him, misery and its attendant privations would have killed me. But all this while the poor man was destroying himself for me; he lived upon bread rubbed with garlick, so that I might have the coffee which enabled me to support my painful vigils. He fell ill. I passed, as you may well suppose, the nights of his suffering at his pillow. The first time I was happy enough to restore him to his usual health; but he had a relapse a year afterwards, and in spite of the most assiduous cares, in spite of the greatest efforts that science could make, he fell the victim of his disease. Never was king attended as he was attended. Yes, I attempted, in my struggles to tear this life from the grasp of death, unheard-of things; for I would have made him live, in order to have rendered him the happy witness of his own work,—to have realized all his gentle wishes, to have satisfied the only gratitude which filled my heart,—to have extinguished a focus of consuming fire which still boils in my veins. —— Bourgeat," resumed Desplein, in strong and visible emotion, "my second father, expired in my arms, leaving me all he possessed by a testament which he had made by a public writer, and dated the very year in which we went to lodge together in the *Cour de Rohan.*

"This man had the faith of the *charbonnier*, that is to say, of a man pure, simple, unsophisticated. He loved the holy virgin as he would have loved his wife, had he possessed one. He was an ardent catholic, and yet had never said one word to me on my irreligion; but, when he knew himself to be in danger, he begged me not to think of expense in obtaining for him the succours of the church. I caused a mass to be said every day for him. Often, during the night, he testified to me his fears respecting his future state; he was afraid that he had not lived as piously as he ought to have done. Poor man! he

laboured from morning till night, but he wished to be assured of Paradise. He was administered to like a saint as he was; his death was worthy of his life; meek and gentle spirit, into which pride and selfishness alike found it impossible to enter. His funeral was followed but by me. When I had laid in the earth my only benefactor, and that I sought how to acquit my deep debt of obligation to him, I perceived that he had neither family, wife, children, nor relations But he was a believer! he had a religious conviction. Had I the right to discuss it? He had timidly spoken to me of masses said for the repose of the dead; for he would not impose this duty upon me, thinking that it would be to demand the payment of his services. As soon as I was in a condition to establish a foundation, I gave to St. Sulpice the sum required for the celebration of four masses a year. As the only thing that I can offer to Bourgeat is the fulfilment of his pious wishes, the day on which this mass is performed, at the commencement of each season, I go there in his name, and recite for him the prayers required. I say, with all the faith that a sceptic can attain to, 'If there be a sphere, O —— where thou placest the souls of those who have humbly and conscientiously performed their duty here, forget not thy faithful servant, the good Bourgeat, and, if there be any thing to suffer for him, lay the burden upon me, so that he may enter the sooner into those regions of the blessed where he desired to remain for ever.'* This, my dear friend, is as far as a man holding my opinions can permit himself to go. The Deity should be merciful and not hold me culpable, for I swear to you that I would give all my fortune if, by doing so, the faith of Bourgeat could enter into my spirit."

Bianchon, who attended Desplein in his last illness, dares not affirm now that the illustrious surgeon died an atheist. Will not all real and charitable believers feel a pleasure in supposing that the humble Auvergnat may have been the means of opening to him the gates of heaven, as he had formerly unlocked for him the portals of the terrestrial temple on the pediment of which is written *Aux grands hommes la patrie reconnaissante?*

Note. Although the events in this recital are all true, it would be a serious wrong to make an application of them to any single individual of the present day, the author having united in one character a collection of circumstances connected with the private history of various persons.

DE BALZAC.

Paris, March 12th.

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* There is nothing to the feelings of a pious Catholic revolting in this address; the doctrine of purgatory and expiatory masses for the dead, *performed by the living*, account satisfactorily enough for such ideas. Let Protestants, in feeling their advantages, be grateful and indulgent.

LINES

WRITTEN ON THE FIRST INTERVIEW OF TWO INFANTS.

Sweet lovely innocents, what glad surprise
Beat from their hearts and glistened in their eyes!
The mutual smile, with sympathetic touch,
Drew forth the joy that could not say too much,
Which now in murmurs soft, now loud and wild,
Outburst in raptures fond from either child.
And, though a sudden fear awhile distressed
And led them both to seek their mother's breast,
How soon their sinking courage fresh returned,
And from each groundless fear a lesson learned.
Familiar grown, they now intent explore
The wonders which alarmed them just before;
And playful innocence, with fond caress,
Unites them in the bond of tenderness,
While triumph brightens either mother's eye
And swells each father's heart with raptures high.
Parents alone can know the hallowed bliss
Inspired by such a lovely scene as this:
For such delight who would not gladly bear
A mother's suffering or a father's care?

'Tis sweet to watch the infant dawn of mind,
The opening bud, by no false art confined,
In beauty breaking, blushing into flower,
In all the pride of Nature's truth and power.
Propitious skies and balmy airs, dispense
Your blessings on these buds of innocence;
May they unfold their beauties to the sun
Of culture fair, nor ever seek to shun
A parent's ready smile to virtue given,
Which in the youthful breast can make a heaven,
Its frown a hell—the presage of despair;
For, O, a withering curse lies hidden there!
O Filial Love! be thou their constant guest,
Securely dwell within each grateful breast;
And may Religion consecrate the tie,
Confirmed by time, to last eternally.

R. S.

THE CHINESE GOVERNMENT *versus* OPIUM.

In our last number we gave our opinion freely on the pamphlets of Messrs. Matheson and Lindsay relative to our affairs with China. We then proved, we think, beyond a doubt, that these gentlemen

entertain erroneous notions concerning the phraseology adopted by the Chinese towards us, as a nation, in their official documents, and that instead of offering us insult they treat us with the respect becoming a powerful nation. Towards the conclusion of our remarks we mentioned that our legitimate trade with China did not involve any difficulty in its transactions. Goods are bought and sold, or taken in exchange, subject to certain duties, whether as imports or exports; and, if no casualties occur (disputes between foreigners and the natives), the ships are permitted to depart, as at any other port. It is right, however, to add that we did not then, and do not now, maintain that such imposts are just; but on that part of the question we do not at present enter.

We considered it our duty also, in the article referred to, to point out to our government that the principal cause of the misunderstanding between the two nations, and what proves the bane of much evil, exists in the illicit trade of opium which is carried on in our ships, as well as in those of other nations,—that it tends not only to debase her subjects, but that from fees clandestinely received by petty officers, which are shared with their superiors to permit the passing and repassing of this obnoxious drug, the very officers of government become corrupted; litigation, and the very worst feelings naturally result, which not unfrequently terminate in bloodshed.

As our government may be deliberating on sending out a successor to Lord Napier, we should think ourselves culpable, possessing the information we do, did we not fairly bring this illicit trade under their notice and that of the public in general. And we are of opinion that we cannot do this better than by giving the following translation of a Proclamation issued by the Viceroy of Canton on the 5th of April, 1820, translated into English by the late Dr. Morrison:—

"Yuen, the Viceroy, and Ah, the Hoppo (comptroller of customs) of Canton, hereby issue a proclamation to the Hong merchants, with the contents of which let them make themselves fully acquainted.

"Opium is an article which has long been most strictly prohibited by his Imperial Majesty's command, and frequent proclamations have been issued against it, which are on record. But the passages on the coast of Canton being very numerous, Macao being the resort of foreigners, and Whampoa being the anchorage for foreign ships, should be more strictly watched and searched.

"It is found on record, that during the twentieth year of Kea-king, the then Viceroy, Tseang, reported to the court, and punished the abandoned Macao merchants, Choo-mei-kwa and others, for buying and selling opium. The Emperor's will was then most reverently received to this effect:—

"'When the Portuguese ships arrive at Macao, it is incumbent to search and examine each ship; and let the Viceroy widely publish a proclamation, stating that opium being an article produced abroad, and from thence flowing into China, and as every region has its usages and climate proper for itself, and differing from others, the celestial empire does not forbid your people to make and eat opium, and diffuse the custom in your native place. But that opium should flow into the interior of this country, where vagabonds clandestinely purchase and eat it, and continually become sunk into the most stupid and besotted state, so as to cut down the powers of nature and destroy life, is an injury to the manners and minds of men of the greatest magnitude; and therefore opium is most rigorously prohibited by law.

"'Often have imperial edicts been received commanding a search to be made; and it is absolutely impossible to suffer your people to bring it, in a smuggling manner, and disperse it by sale.

"'Hereafter, when your ships arrive at Macao, they must all and each be searched and examined. If one ship bring opium, whatever other cargo the said vessel may contain, all will be rejected, and all commercial transactions with her will be disallowed. If every vessel bring opium, then the whole cargo of every vessel will be rejected, and none of the ships be permitted to trade; and the ships, in the state they come, will be driven out and sent back to their own country.

"'As to you people who live in Macao, since you occupy the territory of the celestial empire, you therefore ought to obey the laws and regulations of the celestial empire.

"'If you presume, without public authority, to act and frame rules for yourselves, and cherish schemes of approaching near to grasp illicit gains, the laws are prepared to punish; and just as in the case of those who in China clandestinely promulge the (Teen-choo-keaou), religion of Heaven's Lord,* they will assuredly severely punish your crimes, and will not show any indulgence.

"'In this manner (says the Emperor) let an explicit and pointed proclamation be published to the said foreigners, and no doubt they will, every one of them, be afraid, and yield implicit obedience, and not dare to oppose the prohibition and to sell opium. And hereafter let a true and faithful search be made as before; and so the source from which the evil springs will be cut off. Respect this.'

"Former proclamations were published, and stand on record; and since that time four or five years have elapsed, and it is feared that remissness may have crept in by length of time.

"It is probable, though not certain, that when the Portuguese ships anchor in Macao harbour, there may be avaricious vagabonds who smuggle opium into the port, and therefore the Macao Wei-yuen has been ordered to search very strictly and faithfully.

"With respect to Whampoa, it is the anchorage of all the foreign ships, and although I, the Viceroy, appoint to each ship an attending officer, and I, the Hoppo, also appoint tidewaiters, who watch the ship on each side and make due search, which seems as strict a guard as can be kept, still the seamen are not all good men: it is impossible to be surety that they never connect themselves with native vagabonds, and seize opportunities of smuggling.

"Therefore strict orders are given to all the local military stations, to the deputed officer from the custom-house, and to the armed police at Whampoa, to be very strict in searching; and further confidential soldiers are sent in all directions to search and seize.

"Besides these precautions, the Hong merchants are required to promulgate to all foreign factory chiefs, resident at Macao or Canton, our commands to them to yield implicit obedience to former imperial edicts, which disallow the clandestine introduction of opium, and which require the sources from which it comes to be cut off.

"If they dare to disobey this order, as soon as a discovery is made, the ship concerned will be expelled and not permitted to trade, and the security merchant will be seized and punished for the crime; if he dares to connive he will most assuredly be broken, and prosecuted to the utmost, and without mercy.

"Be careful, and do not view this document as mere matter of form, and so tread within the net of the law; for you will find your escape as impracticable as it is for a man to bite his own navel.

"Report the manner in which you execute these orders; and at the same

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* The Roman Catholic religion.

time present a bond engaging to abide by the tenour of this. Delay not! A special edict.

"Kea-king, 25th year, 2d month, 22d day."

The preceding document is directed against the Portuguese who reside at Macao. But the writer of this article has in his possession a document, issued by a Viceroy of a later date, in which it is stated that besides the Portuguese "the English sailors also bring this article and clandestinely sell it. The Captains of the Company's vessels do not presume to bring it, while those of America, *which is but a small nation*, do bring it." The document then goes on to state that, "if any ship comes to trade and is known to have opium, such ship shall not be permitted to land her goods," &c. It further states that, since the introduction of "*this poison*" from foreign countries, the general tone of society has been injured.

Mr. Davis, in his recently published work, informs us "that Opium has of late formed about *one half* of the total value of British imports at Canton and Lintin, and that Tea has constituted something less than the same proportion of our exports:

Imports in 1833.	Dollars.	Exports in 1833.	Dollars.
Opium -	11,618,167	Tea - -	9,133,749
Other Imports	11,858,077	Other Exports	11,309,521
	22,476,244		20,443,270

"In 1832, 23,670 chests of Opium were sold for no less a sum than 15,338,160 dollars!" We should like to know what answer Lord Napier's successor would make, if by the Chinese government he were required to interdict this illegal trade.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENTS.

The question of capital punishments is, we are glad to perceive, beginning again to press itself on the public mind. It is one of the deepest importance to the well-being of society; and it involves in no ordinary measure the interests of religion and humanity.

To argue the question on either or both of the latter grounds would, we are aware, be labour lost in so far as a large portion of the community are concerned. They know no other principle than expediency. Let us then try the question of the efficacy of capital punishments to repress crime, by that test.

Facts are said to be stubborn things. Let us bring a few facts to bear on the question of the expediency of capital punishments.

What, we beg in the first instance to ask, have been the results in those cases in which capital punishments have been abolished? Has the effect of such abolition been the increase of crime? We maintain it has not; we hold and proceed to prove, paradoxical as it may appear, that the very reverse has been the fact—that offences have invariably decreased where the extreme penalty of the law has been dispensed with.

Though it is prejudicial to our case, we will include the crime of burglary among capital offences, and then deal with the facts as we find them.

We divide crimes into three classes. The first class includes larcenies and those other minor offences the commission of which occasion the great bulk of commitments. The second comprehends those crimes which are still punished by death. The third class consists of those in which death-punishments have been abolished.

Let us now, in order to ascertain the effects which capital punishments have on the increase or diminution of crime, take certain periods of considerable duration—say three years—and see what has been the comparative frequency of the commission of those crimes ranged under each of the above heads in the intervals in question. The results will be found to establish our position, that the punishment of death, however strange it may seem, actually tends to increase instead of diminishing crime.

To make our view of the case still more clear, we shall select two periods rather remote. Let us then take the three years ending in 1829, and the three years ending in 1835, thus leaving an interval of three years, during which the progress of mitigation in punishments was in practice gradual, though equally severe in theory.

The committals for the first class of offences in England and Wales in the years 1827, 1828, 1829, were 46,833. The number of persons committed for the same class of offences in the years 1833, 1834, 1835, was 51,701, thus making an increase of 4668, or about ten per cent.

In the second class of crimes, those, namely, in which the punishment of death is still continued, the number of persons committed in England and Wales in the years 1827, 1828, 1829, was 1705. In the years 1833, 1834, 1835, the commitments were 2236, making an increase of 531, or about thirty one per cent; and thus, be it remembered, notwithstanding the fact that the executions continued to be nearly the same, the numbers being in the first three years 108, and in the last three years 102.

We may here pause to enquire, how happens it that the offences from which capital punishments had been remitted did not increase in those periods in the same proportion? The fact can be accounted for on no other principle than that we have already laid down, namely, that mild and merciful punishments tend to diminish crimes, while the effect of extreme punishments is to increase them.

We come now to the third class of offences, we mean those for which the punishment of death has been abolished. How stand the facts here? In the years 1827, 1828, 1829, the number of commitments for offences of this description were 4622; in the three years ending in 1835, they were 4292, making a decrease of 330, or about seven per cent. This diminution is the more remarkable when it is recollected that in the first-mentioned period the number of executions in the metropolitan county was ninety-six, while in the latter three years, when the smaller number of commitments took place, the number of persons who suffered death, was only two.

The question then again recurs—To what are we to attribute this

decrease in the number of offences in cases in which the extreme penalty has been dispensed with? Some persons, we are aware, hold that the circumstance is to be accounted for from the fact that the country has, during the interval between 1833 and the present year, undergone a considerable improvement. We admit the premises—it is gratifying to be able to do so—but we deny the conclusion. If this diminution were the consequence of the improved state of the country, how happens it, let us ask, that that diminution has only taken place in the case of the third class of offences, those, namely, in which the punishment of death has been abolished? Were the hypothesis we are combatting based on a sound philosophy, there ought to have been a corresponding decrease in the number of the first and second classes of offences, whereas the fact stares us in the face that in both these instances there has been a considerable increase.

To our minds it appears as clear as any moral proposition can be, that the cause of the decrease in the number of those offences which were formerly punishable with death, but which are no longer so, is the additional certainty of the conviction and consequent punishment. Previously prosecutors felt reluctant to prosecute and juries to convict, because they shuddered at the thought of being instrumental in hurrying a human being into eternity for some comparatively trifling offence. The consequence was that persons weighed the chances of escape in the event of detection, and committed or abstained from a certain offence according to their estimate of the probabilities either way. Now there is no room for speculation or calculation in the matter. The person sinned against has no hesitation in prosecuting, and juries are quite willing, on sufficient evidence, to convict. Those likely to commit offences are well aware of this, and hence, in many instances, are deterred from deeds of criminality.

To show the much greater certainty that exists of convictions being now obtained, let us appeal for a moment to the irresistible logic of plain facts. Taking those offences in the aggregate to which the extreme penalty is not attached, it has been found that, out of every 100 commitments which have lately taken place in England and Wales, there have been seventy-four convictions. On the other hand it is found, incredible as the fact may appear, that out of every 100 persons charged with crimes that are still capital, the convictions are only forty-four. Here, then, we are furnished with the strongest possible presumptive proof, that thirty persons out of every hundred committed for capital offences escape the ends of justice by verdicts of acquittal, because either the prosecutors, or juries, or both, consider, in those particular cases, the punishment of death to be disproportionate to the magnitude of the offence.

These are undeniable facts. And they satisfactorily account for the decrease of crimes to which the punishment of death has ceased to be annexed, and for the increase in those in which that punishment is still continued. Nor ought the important fact to be forgotten that the convictions are by this means made certain in the case of minor offences, while the acquittals are in the cases of the very worst

crimes, namely, arson, murder, rape, &c. It is unnecessary to add that the parties who escape, and who are again turned loose on society, are among the most depraved of the human species.

It is, we maintain, an indisputable axiom, that the great preventive of crime is the certainty, and not the severity, of the punishment. This is equally proved by past history and present experience. Indeed it is one of those facts which are self-evident.

The history of other countries exhibits the same results as to the comparative tendencies of severe and uncertain, and lenient and certain, punishments in repressing crime. Let us take, for example, the instances of Prussia, Belgium, and Tuscany.

First, then, with regard to Prussia. And here we cannot do better than quote an extract from a letter received some time since by the Committee of the Society for the Diffusion of Information on the Subject of Capital Punishments. The intelligent writer, who dates his letter "Berlin, March 10, 1835," blends some just observations with his statement of facts. He says,

"There are no *printed* returns of crime in Prussia, but the Minister of Justice, M. de Kampz, has, with great kindness and liberality, given me a written statement of the capital convictions and executions in each year from 1818 to 1834, specifying the nature of the crimes, and the provinces in which they were committed.

"The paucity of executions is the first point. In the 17 years from 1818 to 1834 (inclusive) there have been, in all, 123 executions, and the crimes for which they took place are as follows:—

Arson	1	
"Volutary Manslaughter" . .	22	Total 123
Murder	100	

"The one execution for arson took place in 1818, since which time, consequently, the punishment of death has been inflicted only for intentional homicide of different degrees. *Even for murder the sentence is nearly as often commuted as executed.* In the whole 17 years there were sentenced to death for murder 187, of whom 100 only were executed.

"I now come to another point—the great diminution in severity of late years.

In the *first* 3 years, 1818, 1819, 1820, there were executed 24,

In the *last* 3 years, 1832, 1833, 1834, there were executed 6—2 in each year.

"The mean population of Prussia, during the same period, may be taken at 12,303,535, that being the amount according to the official census in 1826, which year falls exactly in the middle of the same series of years.

"On receiving these documents I immediately proceeded to examine whether the crimes which have actually been punished with death in the above period have increased or diminished, as the punishment of death has been more and more rarely inflicted. In doing so I omitted the first two years 1818 and 1819, to get a number divisible into three equal parts, and then divided the 15 years into three equal periods of 5 years each. The only crimes actually punished capitally in that period have been, as I said before, murder and voluntary manslaughter. You will observe that, for both of these crimes taken together, there were,

in the 1st period most executions, and most crime,
in the 2nd period fewer executions, and less crime,
in the 3rd period a further diminution of executions, and a further diminution of crime.

"In the next table I omit the crime of manslaughter. It forms, in my opinion, no correct test of the comparative efficacy of other punishments and

that of death; for, as the crime is committed without premeditation, there is not room for reflection as to the nature of the punishment incurred. Murder is by far the better criterion for such a purpose.

MURDER.

5 years ending 1824, capitally convicted 69, executed 47
5 . . 1829, ... 50, . . 26
5 . . 1834, ... 43, . . 16

"Here there is a diminution of executions in each of the last two periods, and at the same time a diminution of crime. If we compare the two extreme periods, we find one-third *less* crime in the last with 16 executions, than in the first with 47 executions."

These are facts which speak so forcibly for themselves as to render all comment on our part unnecessary.

We now come to the case of Belgium. And how stand matters respecting that country, as regards the present question? We shall see.

From an abstract of returns, ordered by the Chamber of Deputies, relative to the punishment of death in that country, for the thirty-five years ending in 1834, we find the following results:—

PERIODS.	Total *Executed* for various crimes.	Capital *Convictions.*	
		Murder.	Other capital crimes.
5 Years ending with 1804	235	150	203
5 . . . 1809	88	82	70
5 . . . 1814	71	64	49
5 . . . 1819	26	42	29
5 . . . 1824	23	38	23
5 . . . 1829	22	34	40
5 . . . 1834	*None*	20	23

From these returns it appears that the decrease, and eventually the entire discontinuance, of capital punishments, was accompanied by a diminution of the number of atrocious offences.

The case of Tuscany is in perfect accordance with the cases of Prussia and Belgium. We have not space to enter into details on the subject; but we may say, in general terms, that never was the expediency of exterminating death-punishments so fairly put to the test as in that country. The celebrated Leopold, immediately on his becoming Grand Duke of Tuscany, entirely abolished the punishment of death throughout his dominions. And what was the result? Did crime increase? The very opposite effect was produced. An immediate and considerable decrease took place in the number of all classes of offences. After the experiment of substituting mild for sanguinary punishments had been tried for the long period of twenty years, the Grand Duke himself stated in the criminal code which he then published that, instead of the "more lenient system" increasing the number of crimes, it considerably diminished that of the smaller ones, and rendered those of an atrocious nature very rare.

We maintain, then, that never was any point more triumphantly

established than is that of the non-expediency of capital punishments. The facts on this head are so numerous and decisive that the public mind is now completely made up on the subject; and the almost universal feeling may be said to be that, on the ground of expediency, as well as on the much higher grounds of religion and humanity, extreme punishments ought to be dispensed with.

And will the Legislature, under these circumstances, still seek to retain them? We hope and believe that the disposition to resort to sanguinary measures in the administration of the criminal jurisprudence of the country, is rapidly dying away. But even were it otherwise—even were our senators, in defiance of all the figures and facts which have been brought to bear against such a view of the case, privately inclined to uphold a Draconian system of criminal laws—the united voice of religion, justice, humanity, and public opinion, cannot long be withstood. The signs of the times justify us in looking daily for its complete triumph.

There are other points of view in which the subject may be considered; but we must defer all further observations till a future opportunity.

J. G.

MISADVENTURES OF A LOVER.*

Chapter I.

Reader! have you been in love? Have you been over head and ears in love? Have you been always crossed, always disappointed in your loves? If you can answer these queries in the affirmative, I feel a melancholy pleasure in writing *for* or rather *to* you. If you cannot answer these questions in the affirmative, I beg you will proceed no further in the perusal of this: you cannot appreciate aright what follows.

I suppose it is not necessary that I say any thing about my early life. The title of this holds out no promise, either directly or by implication, of my being communicative on that score. If I chose to say any thing on the point, I would be sufficiently candid to confess that I was born and cradled in poverty. It is usual, I believe, in such cases, to add that, though one's parents were poor, they were honest. I have always deemed any statement of that kind a gratuitous insult to the understanding of the reader; for what can any one know about the honesty of his parents before he was born, or even during the long stage of his childhood? He could not, at either of these eras, be privy to their actions. To be sure, he may have their word for it that they were honest. I have heard my parents make a similar protestation, but then we all know that nobody is called on, either in reason or law, to condemn oneself, to publish or admit one's guilt. Besides, is it not one of our most popular

* It is right to mention that this series of papers is founded on facts.

Scotch proverbs that the greatest thief is generally the readiest and loudest in shouting "Gude keep honesty?" Let it not be inferred from this that I impute any thing dishonest, either in intention or deed, to my parents. Perish the thought! unless I had ample and undeniable proof of their guilt, whereas I have not a particle of such a commodity. All I wish the reader to understand is that I know nothing whatever of the honesty or dishonesty of my parents.

I have only two further observations to make in the way of premising, and these are that, though my parents were poor, they contrived to give me an excellent education, and that before I was done with school some little money fell into the family by the death of a relation.

Now, then, for my story. I doubt if ever any body had a more ample allowance than I of what is called the tender passion. I have often chided Nature for her unequal distribution of her gifts. Love is certainly a good thing; but then it is quite possible to have too much as well as too little of a good thing. I know this in not a commonly received doctrine. I cannot help that. John Locke used to say that the rejection by the generality of mankind of any given proposition, if true, does not change it into error. So say I. And I say moreover, as an illustration, that in affairs of the heart Nature has been a great deal too kind to me. If I could interrogate her ladyship, I would ask why she was so injudicious, why so capricious as to form my heart of love altogether, while she has formed thousands of bipeds without one particle of that element in their composition. However, experience has taught me that there is no help for it now; it is my wisdom to submit to the ordinations of Fate with all the philosophy I can muster for the purpose.

I am not only unusually susceptible of the exercise of the tender passion, I have not only a remarkable aptitude for loving, but I love with an ardour which has, I am convinced, no parallel. Furthermore, I was a precocious lover. If it is asked how early the age at which I first felt myself a slave to love, the answer is—I cannot tell. I have been a lover, a devoted lover, ever since I recollect. I managed, however, to conceal from the world the flame that burned in my heart, at the hazard of being consumed by it, until my twentieth year.* A rather unfortunate occurrence then revealed it to a wicked world. The object of my then regards was as pretty a young girl, Louisa by name, as ever put foot on the ground. She had come from a distant part of the country to reside for a few weeks with a friend settled in the town in which I then dwelt. I saw her taking a walk one day on the opposite side of the narrow but deep river S——. The sight was sufficient. I was spell-bound at once. It may be proper to advertise the reader at this stage of the story that it is one of

* It is right to mention that, though I have been times without number in love—to speak a truth, I have never been many successive days out of it—I only advert to those adventures with the sex which, by some ill-starred circumstance or other, became known to the world. I would not mention even them, but for the circumstance that grossly incorrect versions of these adventures have, somehow or other, gone abroad. I am anxious that the naked truth should be known; for, though matters are bad enough as they are, the malicious ingenuity of the world has made them ten times worse.

the attributes of my singular love that it comes on me very often all at once. I have often wondered as much at this as at any thing in the philosophy of my loves. In the present instance I did not marvel in the least. The matchless beauty of the young lady, and the eloquent blush which reddened her cheek when her eye met mine, might have reached the heart of the most inveterate bachelor that ever lived.

It was on a beautiful evening in the end of August that I first encountered the heavenly countenance of Louisa. The luminary of day was setting at the moment. He was pouring streams of yellow radiance in all directions, excepting where any hill, or house, or tree, or other opaque object obstructed his beams. The full tide of his golden splendour was then being poured on the divine face of the peerless beauty before me. I do not know if *she* observed the effect which the glance I obtained of her had on me; but *I* myself know that for some moments after I stood motionless as a statue: I was perfectly unconscious of my own existence. On recovering my senses, I found she was out of sight; she had vanished like a dream from before my wondering and adoring eyes. I went home. My relations saw that all was not right; they saw me much more discomposed than ever I had been before. They enquired the cause. I returned my favourite answer, "Nothing surprising." They sought no more: they made their own inferences. In a moment afterwards I heard father whisper into the ear of mother, in answer to some observation of hers, "O never mind the foolish lad: he has taken some love craze into his head." The remark how true! I *felt* its truth. It stung me to the quick; but it was my father who thus sneered at me both for my love and folly, and therefore I took no notice of it. Supperless I went to bed. Sleepless I passed the night. What a night of restlessness! A broiling on Cobbett's gridiron would have been perfect luxury compared with what I then suffered from the domination of my violent love for Louisa. O the agonies of absence from *her* whom one loves, not as the common herd of love, but as *I* loved. I am desirous of speaking the truth at all times; but, if there be such a thing as degrees in truth, I utter the greatest, the "hugest," truth that ever escaped either my lips or pen when I say that not one fraction of a moment—if a moment be fractional—was the image of the unrivalled Louisa absent from my mind's eye that long long night. Morning did at length come. I rose, performed the vexatious but indispensable operation of shaving, washed my frontispiece and hands, donned my best clothes in the most approved mode I was master of, looked at myself in the reflector, and concluded I had at least a *chance* with the heart of Louisa. The domicile which she graced, *pro tempore*, with her presence, was on the banks of the river before alluded to. I longed for another look of Louisa. I panted for an interview with her. The reader will consequently be prepared for the intelligence that to take breakfast was, in all the circumstances of the case, infinitely too insipid and heartless an occupation for me. I sneaked out of the house unobserved by my friends, hied to the river S——, and promenaded its banks, opposite to where Louisa tabernacled, the whole blessed day. I had not been missed at home many

hours when my friends became uneasy about me. A few hours more elapsed, and they became so much alarmed for my safety as to be unable to conceal their fears from the neighbours. A search was proposed. But in what direction was the search to be made? The world is wide; so is the district around my native town. While thus undecided as to what direction they should take, some stupid, talkative, impertinent old maid, who had returned from bleaching clothes on the banks of the river, mentioned to my friends that she had seen me "walking backwards and forwards" along the river side, manifestly discomposed. "Gracious heavens!" exclaimed my father, "he means to do away with himself!" "Run, run, or he'll be drowned already!" shrieked my mother. The circumstance of my taking no supper the previous night, no breakfast that morning, my unusually absent demeanour for the last twenty hours—all these rushed into the minds of my parents and made them conclude the worst. Mother fainted; but father bore up under the apprehended catastrophe with wonderful fortitude. "Not a moment is to be lost, let us be off directly," said one of the neighbours: and immediately they all started—they were twenty-one in number—and bounded as "fast as their feet could carry them," to the particular spot at the river's banks where I had been last seen by the aforesaid long-tongued antiquated virgin. It was now twilight, and no object could be distinctly seen at any distance. The side, too, of the river on which I had been seen by the washer-woman—and to which consequently, as already mentioned, my alarmed relatives and acquaintances directed their precipitate steps—was, at that particular spot, studded with a plantation of well-grown firs. It was impossible therefore, for two causes, that the party could see any distance in the locality in question. It is of importance to mention this, because it will prepare the reader for the fact that the aforesaid *posse* of officious friends were close by me before they saw me; and then they only saw a fraction of my person, the whole man, with the exception of the head, being immersed in the river. In yet plainer language, if that be necessary, I was at that moment plunging about up to the neck in the water, gasping for breath, and every instant like to go down to rise no more. A better picture of a drowning man, I have been subsequently told, was never witnessed. I can add, from my own knowledge, that a more narrow escape from a watery death-bed, if there be propriety in the expression,, was never—could not be—made by mortal. "He's in life yet!" exclaimed one. "He'll be gone this moment!" shouted another of the party. "In, in to his aid!" vociferated the whole batch, in discordant chorus, and with a strength of lungs which might have awoke the dead in their graves, were that possible. The last quoted words were no sooner howled out than five or six persons dashed into the river at the same instant, for the philanthropic purpose of saving my life, though at the imminent hazard of their own. Two of the most active and tallest of these did reach me and dragged me out, the one by the hair of the head and the other by the left arm. I might have perished for the others. Their solicitude for my salvation vanished the moment they put their feet in the water. They

found they had enough to do to save themselves. Their bodies—like the carcase of Sir John Falstaff, when chucked into the Thames by Madams Page and Ford's servants—showed a wonderful alacrity at sinking; and their "escape from death by drowning" was, if that were possible, a still greater miracle than mine. Three hats and sundry shoes were lost on the occasion.

After I had regained *terra firma*, I was much perplexed as to whether or not I should submit quietly to the imputation of having attempted suicide, or whether I should disclose the theory of my insertion in the liquid element in which they found me. I decided that it would be the better way to compromise the matter—to tell part of the truth. I did tell part of the truth; but the "searchers" were dissatisfied: they insisted there was more in the business than "met the ear." The whole truth, however, did meet their ears before two hours elapsed. Two female servants belonging to the establishment in which Louisa temporarily resided had witnessed the whole affair, to the serious pain and agitation of their clumsy sides; and, so great is the disposition of some people to mischief, one of them made an errand to town for the express purpose of telling the whole truth, and a good deal more than the truth.

The facts of the awkward case were these: I had that day perambulated the banks of the river, without even "folding a foot," opposite the then half consecrated domicile which contained the loveliest form which ever emanated from dame Nature's hand. All my anxiety, all my walking and watching, to see her was fruitless. Evening approached. What was to be done? To spend another night without an interview was perfectly horrific in the prospect, what then must it be in the "actuality!" I resolved in the extremity of my distress to go to the other side of the river, and feign some errand into the house, by which means the chances of seeing Louisa would be increased ten-fold. There was a bridge across the water some quarter of a mile from the spot on which I then stood. I went to the other side. With tremulous step I advanced towards *the* house, but when within twenty yards of it I saw a huge mastiff making towards me with the volocity of lightning. His aspect was terrific. It made an impression on me which will never be obliterated. It is as vividly before my mind at this moment as if the occurrence had taken place but yesterday. I am no coward; and sure I am no one will reproach me with any want of courage, though I hesitated to "buckle" with the beast, when I state that I was wholly unarmed and defenceless. Besides, I knew there were no laurels to be gained, even should I be victorious, from a combat with a domesticated quadruped. I wheeled round in an instant. My first intention was to make for the bridge; but to escape that way, it immediately occurred to me, would be impossible: the brute would have had his tusks in me before I could have got the tenth part of the distance. In the horror and confusion of the moment I took the nearest cut to the river. Never were my pedestals so exercised before. I literally bounded. Still Tiger was incomparably the best runner of the two. The growls of the cur indicated but too plainly that he was rapidly gaining on me. Of course I did not commit the sin of Lot's wife—that

of looking back. Nevertheless I was admonished of the propinquity of the surly ferocious mastiff by a "tit" at the tails of my coat. Fortunately this did not happen until I was at the very verge of the water; and, more fortunately still, the tail of my coat—my best coat too, but no matter of that—which the animal seized gave way. He took the mouthful with him. I plunged into the river, and, falling in the hurry of the leap and the fright and confusion of the moment diagonally, was thoroughly soaked in the outset. I regained my feet, but notwithstanding my upright position found myself up to the chin in the liquid element. I am no swimmer, and the astonishment is that, in all the circumstances, I was not drowned instanter. Had the place been bottomless it would have been all the same, I would have plunged into it. I believe I had got through the most perilous part of the business when my friends made their appearance and rushed to my rescue.

I went, or rather was taken home, quite crest-fallen, as will readily be believed. I retired to bed forthwith. What between the effects of the fright and mortification at the issue of my endeavours to procure an interview with Louisa, truth constrains me to own that she was in a great measure forgotten that night.

I learned next day that Louisa had that morning quitted the demesne on the banks of the river for home. I never saw her again. I had no wish ever to hear her name mentioned; but certain malignants, regardless of my wishes and feelings, persisted in repeating her name and other matters connected with the adventure I have detailed, with a shameful frequency.

Whatever other adventures I had in the capacity of lover, for the next twelve months, I pass over *sub silentio*, as none of them, so far as I am aware, ever came before the public. At the end of that time I again afforded amusement to an unfeeling world, and provided abundant matter for mortification to myself and friends. The reader shall learn the particulars in the next chapter.

REMARKS ON "THE DUBLIN REVIEW." No. I.

The appearance of the first number of a new Review, and of one promising to hold so distinguished a station as this will among the periodicals of the day, cannot fail to be highly interesting to every contemporary journalist. The talents of the generally reputed if not self-acknowledged editors would lead us to form, *à priori*, a favourable opinion of the work before us; but we are happy to say that it needs not to be ushered into notice by great names or noble patronage: its contents must be its passport to the respect of the intellectual public of England. We do not mean to say that we are prepared to advocate all the doctrines of the *extrême gauche* that the supporters of the Dublin Review seem disposed to adopt as their own; but still we see enough that is good and sensible inscribed on its pages to wish its continuance and success.

In very briefly describing the contents of the number before us,

we may class the articles under three heads:—politics, religion, and science with its application. On the first class of topics—particularly as the ultra-liberal side of Irish politics and the defence of Romanism form a prominent feature in the Review—our readers must not be surprised to meet with a very zealous advocacy of the present government of Ireland, and a depreciation of every effort made by preceding viceroys and secretaries for the pacification of that unfortunate and very ill-used country. We have not space to discuss the merits of the paper, "Earl Mulgrave in Ireland," but we acknowledge a leaning to the side taken by the writer, especially on the ground taken against Orange lodges; for we think that nothing has caused so much bad feeling in Ireland, or has so much retarded the progress of things towards that end which every true philanthropist desires—peace, as the almost sanguinary stubbornness with which the ultra-tory faction have persisted in maintaining, by the employment of brute force, the ascendancy of Protestantism in a country of which eleven-fourteenths are believers in the Roman religion. We are no advocates for Romanism, for we believe that we have a purer creed, and one that leads to more practical results; but still we acknowledge no civil power as being authorized to restrain the profession of religion, or to confine the opinions of our countrymen; and we accordingly rejoice at the downfal of a party that has done all that it could do to thrust down the throats of the Irish people opinions of whose truth the Spirit of God had not convinced them, and that too by means that must have operated as an additional prejudice against the reformed religion. Oh, that a revival of the peaceful spirit and the high moral character of a Melancthon, a Cranmer, or a Bradford might replace the infuriate zeal and the damaged reputation of a party *who make religion a flimsy veil for a bigoted political creed!* Those true reformers would not have sighed for the lost loaves aud fishes which the abject distress of Ireland absolutely denies them; they would rather have prayed daily that, if in reality they were benighted and in error, they might be enabled to decide on a right faith, and found their conduct on a firm basis, and their happiness on proper grounds of merit. We should be the last to deny the *rights* of the clergy to a maintenance; but we see no use in insisting on what the people cannot bestow if they were willing, and still less of honesty in continuing to demand payment for that which they do not perform. We quite agree with the reviewer that no question has so much interfered with the prospect of settling Irish affairs as the tithe question; but we think that the recurrence of a few scenes like that at Rathcormac—if healing measures are not adopted, they inevitably must recur—will cool the energy of opposition demonstrated by some members of the Lords' House of Parliament. Time will show.

We next notice the review of "Rienzi." No sensible person who has ever read that historical romance—and an excellent one it is, which we have read with an attention seldom given to works professedly of a light character—no one, we say, could be mistaken respecting the object of its author, who will not, we are sure, shrink from the acknowledgment of his adherence to the Radical party—

to that party who would make the People every thing and the Lords a mere cypher. Whether the story of the ambitious but much wronged Rienzi conveys to every mind the lesson that it does to ours—that the oppressions of a proud and pampered nobility may raise a noble-minded plebeian to a dizzy though well-deserved height of patronage and power, from which the ever-varying and treacherous will of the selfish multitude may topple him down headlong in a few hours—we know not; but this we do know, that we cannot look with a favourable eye on a man of first-rate talent, who employs a seductive style of writing and chooses an attractive walk in literature for the purpose of instilling doctrines pregnant with mischief into the minds of a peaceful people. We love truth; we would have her fairly displayed; every disguise should be torn away; but we never can consent to the employment of a fictitious machinery in a cause so serious, so noble, as that in which we are engaged at present,—employed to mislead a people in judging the merits of their own cause. The review is excellent so far as it would refer to an event of by-gone days, as it would criticise the picture drawn by a master-painter of a scene whose explanation the book of history must furnish; but we cannot consent to the parallel, perhaps *implied* by the writer, certainly and clearly expressed by the reviewer, between the perturbed state of the church-deserted Rome and that of our own country in the nineteenth century. The stubborn pertinacity of a Roden, a Londonderry, or an Eldon may be hateful to a liberal mind; but their conduct, however injurious to the country, cannot in fairness be compared, even considering the altered state of the times, with the ruthless violence of a Colonna or the coward revenge of a Savelli. The conservative party cannot be to us an object of admiration; but it would be worse than uncharitable to suppose them capable of acts approaching in baseness to those of the Italian nobles. It may be desirable for the reviewer to depreciate one party to raise an ideal Rienzi—the idol not of Roman Italy, but of Ireland,—it may be pleasing to panegyrize the unswerving integrity, the bravery, the wisdom of the god of their own formation,—it may flatter an Irishman's vanity to preach the crusade of his country's independence,—but it will be difficult to convince the less impetuous brotherhood on this side the channel to subscribe to all his doctrines and to follow him with his own sanguine spirit in the path that he chooses to pursue.

A third political review is that on 'Raumer's England in 1835.' The visit of an historical professor, a man of previously acknowledged ability, from works of reputation on the politics of Europe and particularly of Germany, would naturally interest those who reflect on the state of our country during the last year; and we are glad to say that neither in the work nor the reviewer's remarks will the reader be disappointed, and at any rate, if not convinced, he will at any rate admire the author's talent and the reviewer's candour. We believe Mrs. Austin's translation of Raumer's England to be in every way worthy of the hand that has furnished us with many previous translations of very useful German and French writings.

With respect to the second class of articles, those of a theological

nature, we feel ourselves, as literary journalists, little disposed to canvass them at any length; but, as Protestants before a protestant although a liberal public, we must take leave to differ with the conductors of the Review as to the expediency of making it a vehicle for elaborate defences of Romanism. Protestants have their theological reviews. Let Romanists have the same. But let not the advocates of injured Ireland prejudice their own cause by offending against that creed which Englishmen look on with reverence and pride. On these grounds we would urge serious objections to the review, or rather eulogy, of Abbé Gerbet on the Eucharist,—to their interference as Catholics in a question most exclusively controversial, the melancholy and disgraceful 'Oxford Controversy,'—and to their discussion of modern monkery, founded on the silly story of 'Maria Monk's Disclosures.' We would grant to the advocates of another Christian creed every latitude that we may; but will not easily permit them to infringe on our own liberties, and to attempt the destruction of those bulwarks of our faith which have been built up by the dearly bought labours of our justly celebrated reformers.

Of the scientific and literary portion of the Dublin Review, No. 1, it still behoves us to speak; and it is pleasing to be able to give to a large portion of it our unqualified praise. The article entitled the 'Economy of the Earth' is worthy of a WHITE or a PALEY. We have read it with a pleasure that we do not recollect to have enjoyed for some years in the perusal of a work of that nature; and, however unchristian the feeling, we must acknowledge some degree of envy for the condition of mind enjoyed by the writer of the paper in question. 'Jesse's Gleanings' is a lovely book, and the 'Journal of a Naturalist' is not only admired but really appreciated by his fellows in natural science; but their value is undoubtedly enhanced by the just, but truly elegant and talented, eulogy, bestowed by the scientific reviewer. The article on '*Ecclesiastical Music*' is in every way worthy of the talent generally displayed in the Dublin Review. It would be useless to dispute the grandeur, beauty, and science, however much we might be disposed to question the utility and moral effects, of the sacred music used in the Romish church. It is an unquestionable fact that at a very early period music was called to the service of the altar, and we see no reason why, as the civilization and refinement of other classes progresses, there should not be a proportionate advance in those arts which administer to the refinement of divine worship. In this particular, barring all the mere show and parade of Romanism, we are very far behind what the advance of musical science, and of musical art too, as practised by Protestant professors, require of us as a nation professing to patronize this undoubtedly important science. We do not indeed believe the fabulous stories of Orpheus and those of yore whose charms caused the marvellous tales of the poets; but we cannot discredit the testimony of others, or refuse our own eye-witness to the fact, of the subservience of really good music to the worship of God. The history of sacred music in the paper before us is well stated, and we at the same time take the opportunity of recommending Mr. Hogarth's excellent volume on 'Musical History' (the professed subject of re-

view) to the notice of our readers, as a work which they will find practically uesful.

So much space has been already devoted to the discussion of the topics of review in this number of the DUBLIN REVIEW that space is not left to us for giving an adequate consideration to the valuable paper on the 'Railroad System of Ireland;' but we regret it less as we have had occasion in another part of the Magazine to awaken the reader's attention to that engrossing subject.

In conclusion, we may be allowed to express a hope that the advocacy of liberal—perhaps, ultra-liberal—opinions may be expressed without rancour of feeling and without the display of a particular creed, without the intrusion of an exclusive doctrine that they themselves as a party so much decry in others. As the advocates of an ill-governed people we wish them God-speed in the good cause; and we fear not for ourselves, or for the interests of pure Christianity, all the efforts that a falsely grounded enthusiasm may make to shake the foundation of our holy religion.

THE HELICONIAD;

BEING A PARODY ON "THE WALTZ, AN APOSTROPHIC HYMN, BY LORD BYRON."

BY ZOGARO VOUNI.

To the Editor.

SIR, The author of the following pages wishes not to be understood for one of those ten thousand daily scribblers who travel for two months in France (!), and write a bad history on worse things, but one of those who have traversed the tall Alps, and trod upon the strand of Policastro, and viewed the red sun descend upon the spoiled remains of the Parthenon—one of those who have wept over the sorrows of the plundered Greek, danced with the dark-eyed maid of Athens, sipped at the crystal fount of Hippocrene, and in the draught drained inspiration from the great mountain.

ZOGARO VOUNI.

Melpomene.

Muse of the few deserving bards, who claim,
From Moore to Campbell,* Laurestina's fame,
Melpomene! too long abused by those
Whom no { reproach / review† } can frighten to repose,
Henceforth in all thy native fierceness shine,
Defend thyself, protect the virgin nine.

* Moore and Campbell rank as the heads of living poets. Besides which Moore must have extensively invoked the assistance of Melpomene in his inimitable farce of "M.P."

† Query—Which is the most effective in silencing the prattle of a hundred scribblers, self-reproach (a very rare intruder) or a smart critique in a Review?

Far be from thee and thine bombastic vows,
Mining shall *tremble* where a Campbell bows;
Thy hand must raise on high the fatal bowl,
And charm-fraught dagger in unlink'd control;
Thy breast, if bare enough, requires no arm
To shield its spirit from abuse or harm;
Alone, impregnable to all assaults,
Thou bravest censure and condemnest faults.
Hail, tragic nymph! to whom the suckling bard
Has lowly bowed in tremulous regard;
His night devotes, within the garret scant,
The hungry poet, in unwholesome rant,
And, thirsting to express grand passion, scarce
Has ris'n above the ebb of mimic farce
In Britain's Isle, to rival Shakspeare's fame,
One thousand poets shape their shapeless aim;
Hail, moving Muse! to whom the meanest flow'r
Provides a theme for thy impassioned pow'r.
To ponder 's admiration; to admire,
Supplies the mind with thought, the soul with fire
Oh, for the art, the science, and the lore
Which Garrick learned so well, or Shakspeare held of yore!

Clio.

Historic Clio! whom the gods repay
With plectric sceptre, and with graphic bay,
Long be thy reign from sordid falsehood free,
While truth protects the page of history.
In some few qualities thy sisters like,
As Titian might be placed beside Vandyck:—
The crown to her belongs whose pen presides,
Obedient to the sternest of the Ides,
O'er noblest subjects, and through whose full veins,
Throbs the true chord that forms the chronic reins.

Oh, History! how much to thee we owe,
As times, and climes, and politics can show,
Ere curs'd we were by joining hands with F——,
Or lent the weather-cock a kindred glance!
Oh, History, how would thy page have curs'd
In ancient years these frogs by England nurs'd!
Of nymphs the best—and last not least in worth
In that thy page hailed Gulielmas *forth*.
Nymph that prepares to paint the moving scene
That eloquent Calliope has seen,—
Nymph of the truth, what owe we not to thee,
Fair guardian spirit of life's pedigree?
The Muses all were sprung from heav'nly blood,
The Graces by the throne of Venus stood:
Jove viewed the Muses, and the graceful trio,
And joined them all to form a mould for Clio!

Calliope.

But peace to her—her history and lute,
Which, for it curses F——, let none dispute.
Back to my theme. Calliope, advance,
And cast on Albion a benignant glance!

Born on the mount, where Clio first drew breath,
Of Pindus high (which nations bow beneath),

Ere yet the world had been compell'd to weep
O'er the wide waste of the poetic deep,
Or Caledonia yet remained free
To dedicate her native pen to thee;
Ere bards preferr'd the palace to the cot,
Or death had seized *our* Ariosto—Scott,
Thou didst gaze down, and, smiling, cast around
The inspiration of thine art profound;
The bard invoked—Calliope inspired,
And those whose pens now rant remain'd unlyred.
But now the worm is crush'd—the reign o'erthrown,
Scott's spirit's fled, and Byron's spell has flown!*
One poet's epic, six *im*poser's sheets,
And loads from B— and L—— Britain greets;
"Ten thousand authors" M—— yearly pledges,
With tours of lakes,†—biographies of Brydges.
Thus, Muse, the ballast does itself weigh down,
His head the poet crushes with—his crown.

Urania,
Fraught with ideas of riches (which exist
The Lord knows where, Urania too, I wist)
The moon-struck idiot, on the wings of hope,
Welcomes from heav'n his hobby—telescope.
Not Bedlam's inmate, who would rant and roar
His now excited ravings to the floor;
Not the poor *low*-born poet in the *attic*,
Who raves as if himself were half lunatic;
Not soft Urania, who herself might dread,
Lest globes, and stars, and planets turn her head;
Not fierce Medea, who herself forswore,
Ere skill'd themselves in so absurd a lore
As he who sifts the air, and hopes a boon—
For what? Some golden mountains in the moon!

To you, ye sires of astronomic art,
Whose brains are luckless as a lunar chart;
To you, ye younger tribes, who only strain
The budding sense to scan an endless plain
Of shining stars, beyond whose spheres you're told
Of silver rivulets, and mounts of gold;
To you, ye female fair astronomers,
All whom a matchless gallantry reveres;
To you, ye fruits of matrimonial science,
Begot in astronomical alliance;
To you, ye single worthies, who aspire
To some new *stultum sidus* to be sire
(As inclination, or the love of praise
May influence the study of your days);
Urania comes at night, *globe full* of *fame*,‡
Your heads and hearts (by turning them) to claim.

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* "The spell is broke, the charm is flown!"—*Byron.*

† While the press (and the public) are overloaded with tours of Lakes, &c., an honourable member of "Our Father's" ushers in with great pomp (eke advertisements) A Memoir on Suspension Bridges.

‡ By the expression "fame" I beg my readers not to be misled into the idea that I speak slightingly of so valuable an acquisition, and one which men so frequently work their senses to their wit's ends (never) to obtain. I would merely in the expression refer to the last paragraph, which mentions the existence of hills, dales, and—men upon that sphere which we call moon.

Erato,

Fair-hair'd Erato! on thy snowy breast
Young Cupid loves to gambol, and to rest;
There chooses he thy bosom for his pillow,
Lull'd to soft sleep as by a heaving billow.
Thou, thou alone inspirest (as a gift)
The soul thy smile to Paradise would lift:
Smile! and the freest range that life e'er gave
Conducts the soul to bondage as thy slave.
Methinks the glare of yon bright star above
Illumes the heav'n;—'tis lighted up by Love:
Truly young Eros burns his torch afar,
But dark the soul unlighted by that star!
For here the muse, tho' chaste, delights to halt.
And view young Cupid in his star-arch'd vault.

Observant reader, start not that I call
By such sepulchral name young Cupid's hall!
O say, for ever shall this clay be bound
Unstir'd, unsought for, 'neath its mother ground?
Have Egypt's pyramids resign'd their dust?
Columbia's dead shook off their earthly rust?
Shall fair Urania find one mortal soul,
Deep in the grave, unstirred by Heaven's control?
Ah no! from thence to Heaven the soul *will* rise,
And what it lost on earth shall find in Paradise!

Gay thoughtful nymph, if thus to speak the mind
Were not to give the lie to aught behind,
Though in thy gayest hours young Passion's soul
Bursts from thy lips, as to a wish'd-for goal,
Where it might meet alone some elfin host
Of fairy queens—illusion do thy most!—
No treacherous passion lurks beneath your smile,
No frantic ravings nature's self beguile.
Transferr'd to sentiment, Erato springs,
The goddess still, though clipt her flippant wings;
No damsels faint to view her features now,
But, half caressing, to the goddess bow:
Superflous now beseem arch Cupid's ways,
Erato strikes the heart, and deep, with—lyric lays

Euterpe.

Seductive strain, upon thy melting lyre
The grovelling thoughts of this gay world expire!
Euterpe, though to mortals thou dost bend
In warm, not wanton, love, and condescend,
Still gentler spirit, to relieve man's heart,
Still dost thou not from thine own realms depart.
Thou hailest them from thy divinest throne.
As when Aurora first on mortal shone!
Wide and more wide extends the witching strain
Where Peace is dancing o'er the happy plain.
The soul, in whom the god of love delights,
To fairy scene of lyre and love he lights.
Gods! how the glorious strain his soul exalts
Who tastes of rapture's feast devoid its faults.

Polyhymnia.

Blestwas the age of learning, when it grew
A part of life itself, and vigour drew

From each new thought, as it escaped the rein
Which bound it to its prison cell—the brain.
New laws prevail, and Polyhymnia's head
Is crushed, or soon had been so, but she fled.
New eras rise—nor should we prize them less
Although we wonder at their own success;
All *new*—because the old succeeded well,
The rising tribes with meet ambition swell;
New politics (but Heaven forbid that I
Should so forget my own good policy
As to intrude upon their "knavish tricks");
Upon new schemes of wedlock statesmen fix,
With this new "saving clause"—that, deck'd in gold,
And costly gems, and grocery (to be sold),
The low-born fair their proud embraces fold.
Such is the age when rhetoric retains
As much of rule as pride from wisdom * gains;
Such is the time when petticoats are true
To each variety of Prussian blue:
Morals and minuets have had their day,
And galopade will pass in time away;
Life's pleasure wanes—the changing picture shows,
Hypocrisy's wan daughter in blue hose,
Some fiery duchess, or some saint serene,
Who borrows Envy's gloves and Hilda's mien,
And robs complexion of its healthy blush,
As servants sweep a carpet with—a brush.
From where the garb encloses neck and all,
Down in one graceless sweep, their dresses fall,
All round the confines of th'expanded waist,
To blue-dyed stockings in neglectful taste;
Else soon the sect will banish sociability,
To find a place for grovelling *proud humility*.†
Pleased in the dulcet hope that future ages
Would welcome back the spirits of our sages,
The fair inventress of harmonious singing
Above our sphere her airy way is winging!
Thus may the age of learning move or stand—
The Muse still lingers, nor withdraws her hand.
But if in turn life retrogrades in rank,
Leaving Doctrina's vestige on the blank,
To follow the unfashionable host,
Blest Polyhymnia's spurn'd, and leaves her post.
Or if too late she finds out the world's folly,
She lingers on, and weeps in melancholy.
Thus smiles the world, in one degraded mass,
As time flows by and genial seasons pass,
Till some might marvel that the Muse remains,
And still smiles kindly on Britannia's plains.
True, Polyhymnia long ago had fled,

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* Pride and *wisdom* are not synonymous.

† Let me not be deemed wrong in speaking of *proud humility*. Did any of my kind readers ever see an out-of-place statesman *cringing* to those in office for employ? He struts, or perchance drives, in his (or some friend's) carriage to his patron's door, as proud as any peacock without a *tale*. Pride's reign is over—humility takes the sceptre—flattery weighs him down, and the beggar (in the truest sense of the word) is on his knees. His request is refused—pride gains ascendancy, but still struggles for mastering a slight touch of lowliness, which I have used.

And far beyond the shore of Britain sped,
But, lingering late, as on the brow she stood,
She would reclaim her children—if she could.

Thalia,
O ye who loved to scan the ancient lore,
And dabble with light comedie of yore,
And thou, O shepherd! whose delight is still
To quit the sheeling for the placid rill,
Thou ghost of Comus, if thy judging sprite
Satan might spare to peep a single night,
Pronounce—if in these days of modern pelf
Thalia, wrong'd Thalia'd know herself!
To teach the soul to rise, the lips to laugh,
And at the fount of pleasure deeply quaff,
Thalia came—but holding high her mask,
With half-told sigh, dissembling life would ask—
"Is purient nature banished from the breast
Where once Thalia sought refreshing rest?"

Forbid it! never shall a single thought
Against Thalia's sovereignty be sought.
Forbid it! if 'tis sought far realms around,
On Britain's shore it never shall be found!
Warm in the love that flows, with guardian wand,
To mortal serf from fair Thalia's hand;
Nor chill'd by curst Hypocrisy's cold glance,
Yclept by all *good* people Temperance;
But, glowing in th'endearing bright sunshine
Which smiles in sweetness from the Muse divine,
The mortal, gazing, trusts his fitful fate,
Thalia, fair, on thy hypothecate.
Approach her lips, ye tribes, without restraint,
And kiss the smile ye well might fear to taint;
And, if ye love, continue still to love,
And, mask'd in beauty, with the goddess rove.
Blest is the man who feels her love him through
To throb:—but he who scorns, his nonchalance may rue.

Terpsichore,
Terpsichore!—and dare I greet the theme
That Byron sang? His memory blaspheme?
Immortal bard, forgive! at each advance
Well might I blame my own intemperance,
And shrink or stop, nor tarry to enquire
What zephyr breeze had fann'd so great a fire.
Some ages hence, when ocean quits the sea,
Bards shall be bards, and politicians friends,
The spendthrift makes his creditors amends,
And bays be justly claimed from Laurestina's tree,

EDUCATION.

We are not about to enter upon this subject with the limited view of any party, sect, or individual, but to consider the receptivity of the human being, and the present scientific powers of society to educate, or administer knowledge. That the human being is born without knowledge, without innate ideas, and that every thing of an intellectual kind is referrible to the senses, is an axiom resting not only upon the authority of John Locke, but has its higher authority in the sacred scriptures, where the leading exhortations, with the conditional promises of future good, are to get knowledge and to act wisely, which is distinguished in the New Testament as a second birth, moral birth, or birth of mind, from first or physical birth, birth of body. The first care required for the human being is that of the parent; the second, beyond what parent might be capable of giving, is that of the society of which the new individual has to become a member. Education, then, is clearly, first, the business of the parent, and finally, beyond what parent may be capable of doing, the duty and business of society.

We have first to consider what is the extent of the receptivity of the human being; and what is the power of society to educate.

The receptivity is limited in part by the variety of organization, by the state of health, by capacity for, or attachment to, an acquaintance with some arts and sciences in preference to others, and limited in general only by the period of human life. Still, with regard to temporal capacity to acquire knowledge, the receptivity of the human being may be delared unlimited. As there will ever remain something to be added, so the capacity to receive the addition is the property of life in health. In the pursuit, acquisition, and extension of knowledge there is always something that may be done by every individual member of society, and, consequently, in a larger degree by society in its aggregate. The pursuit of knowledge and the creation of every facility by which it may be assisted and forwarded constitute, then, the *rationale* of the individual human being and of society.

The power of society to educate will be always greater than the power of any individual, because it can concentrate a union of energy for that purpose and form facilities or institutions beyond the power of individual creation. A well-ordered community will become as one family, with one interest, and with united energy to accomplish every necessary and possible purpose for the increasing welfare of each and of all.

Society then, as well as individuals, has its duty; and the moral responsibility of individuals can exist only in the ratio in which society performs that duty. It is the duty of society, with its aggregate powers of legislation and government, to provide for, command, and enforce the fullest possible education of each of its members.

Even tyranny, if penalties in such a case may be so called, is here to be well applied, as it may be well applied, in the enforcement of cleanliness, sobriety, and industry.

To those who pursue knowledge with ardour, it is known that there is a great pleasure realized, which, for its solidity and permanency, far exceeds any other incident to the human body. It is the immortal pleasure of the soul, that knows no solicitude, administers comfort under every affliction or disadvantage in life, keeps up a bright hope of the future, illumining with joy even the death-bed. This is in fact, the chief good for mankind.

There is a higher social consideration than even the pleasure of accumulating knowledge, which is that where virtues are not constantly planted and in full growth, exhausting the energies of the soil, the weeds of various vices will be springing up and destroying what little virtue might have been planted. This consideration makes it important that there be a full and systematic occupation of the twenty-four hours of every day of the life of every human being, after a capability to acquire knowledge has commenced. We are not carrying the question to a stoicism or asceticism : we see the necessity or utility of amusement as well as instruction, of rational recreation and exercise for health ; but even these may be made instructive and not be time wasted or misspent.

In our towns and villages may be seen on the sabbath, and on the evenings of other days, children, youth, and aged persons sauntering about without any rational occupation of their time. Youth are encouraged to enter the places where intoxicating liquors are sold, and the smoking of tobacco is made a habit ; and this, for want of better scenes, is considered the first criterion of manhood. The incipient passions are inflamed by a general looseness and viciousness of conversation there found ; nothing but vice is there brilliant : wit, humour, the laugh and song, all administer to viciousness of purpose ; while, the liquor and tobacco intoxicating, the youth sallies out little disposed to enter his quiet home, but ripe for mischief of any kind. Hence robberies are planned and executed, seductions, rapes, and murders consequent, and our gaols filled.

If you enter the gaol and can converse with the gaoler on the subject of prison discipline, you will find him lamenting that he has no sufficient useful occupation for the time of the prisoners, and that he knows not how to keep them all usefully employed. The consequence is that the prisoners exchange and amalgamate their vices, and go back to their several neighbourhoods worse characters than when they were taken away. Severity is used, meals shortened, the prisoner kept humble and slavish ; but all this hardens without correction for future liberation. Every pretence to educate in our gaols, even at this day, when much pretence is made, is a mockery. We have never found one with a salaried schoolmaster who was not himself a prisoner, and there of necessity as a degraded being. There is a chaplain and an increased amount of prayers. The prisoners are trained to sing the psalms and conform to ceremony, as far as the eye of gaoler or deputy can make them. But all this is compulsory ; there is neither willingness nor seriousness attending the cere-

mony; the prisoners come from it uninstructed, and are neither taught to respect it, nor themselves, nor the laws and institutions of their country.

The most easy and least expensive of all things to be attempted in a prison would be a sufficient schooling. A regular and full change of mind should be produced by education. This would be correction. The best theory of mind extant proves that this may be done. It is the proper repentance to be brought about for past misdeeds. It has been proved that an active and proper application to change of mind, and here we will say of wrong propensities, will accomplish its purpose in two years. To such a change every criminal should be made subject; not by severity, by irons, by the lash, or by torture of any kind; but by kindness, care of health, and a teaching of a due sense of comforts, of individual and of general happiness. The prisoner would soon learn that his imprisonment was correction, not punishment; he would become pleased and grateful, and society would be acquitted of all imputation of outrage on person or delight in personal suffering, which is not now the case.

We have lately had a royal commission to enquire into punishments inflicted in the army, and more particularly with regard to flogging. Soldiers of every description have been examined, from Field Marshal Arthur, Duke of Wellington, down to the private. The evidence of the Duke of Wellington was clearly conscientious, according to his taste and judgment, and be it remembered that we are not among the duke's political revilers. The duke gave his sanction to the supposed necessity of continuing the system of flogging. We carefully read his evidence, were pleased with some of the truths it unfolded; but throughout we saw the one great defect. The duke paid the British army the compliment of saying that it was composed of a worse set of individuals than entered into the composition of any other army in Europe, that they were more troublesome to the officers and more difficult to manage and discipline. The duke lamented that there was no proper occupation of the spare time the soldier found in the army in time of peace. He advocated rational pastimes, amusements, and recreations as properly belonging to the soldier. But it does not appear to have entered the duke's mind that the original fault of which he complained as belonging to the British soldier was the want of education in the society from which the men had been taken, and that the same continued want of education in the army was a *prima facie* cause for all its disorders, in idle and bad habits formed through unoccupied time. Here is the point. The British army is not a school of science. Nothing would be more easy and less expensive than so to make it. All the discipline, arrangements, barracking, and settlement of a regiment would be the necessary preliminaries for the formation of a school. There should be no officer who was not a ripe and good scholar, and who would not feel it an honourable employment to be assisting in the education of the men. We should then soon have good officers and good men. Whatever talent was latent in the men to qualify them for non-commissioned, and even for commissioned officers, would be drawn forth, and be ready for use on all occasions. An army never need be idle

in time of peace. It might be employed in public buildings, in public roads, in viaducts and aqueducts, in the production of public stores, and in every thing publicly useful. It might be so employed and merit better pay than at present, possess more than present comforts.

No officer can be qualified to take an army into the field unless he be a good mathematician and a good geometrician, unless he can measure men and ground with his eye, and form geometrical figures with men, ground, and surrounding objects. Military deploy is a science peculiar to itself, and on particular occasions it might be of great importance that every soldier should be a scientific man. Hitherto no science has been studied or thought necessary for the army but that of the engineer. But why might not every soldier be trained an engineer? Such a training may occasionally, in active service, be turned to a good purpose. If the duke will take this hint and get it acted on he may soon find better men to compose the British army. He may thus find a full, useful, and rational occupation of the time of the men, leaving them, at the proper time of their discharge, all the better qualified to return and become useful members in civil society.

Every thing turns upon this question of education. What is man? First, the creature of an organization which may be viewed as a series of propensities or passions; and then the creature of the circumstances by which he is surrounded in society. If the second be bad, the first is thereby made worse. In no part of the history of man can we find that he has been justly trained and dealt with. It may be truly said of him that he has been born into a hostile world, has been trained by example in a spirit of hostility, passes through life cursing his fellows, and quits it in lamentation that man is not better trained, or trained to more good.

There is a stupid notion, expressed by men who have very little knowledge, that other men are not to be made better, but to be made worse by knowledge. Yet they claim their little possessed as an advantage, a superiority, and a qualification to rule. It was a prevailing notion, forty years ago, that the working man should be kept ignorant, for the purpose of forming an army. What a satire on the then government! Hence have arisen our floggings and other brutalities, which sink us in comparison below any other people of ancient or modern times. In England every domestic animal is protected from violence except the human being. The human being is forbidden by law to offer violence to any animal in common use; but man is here encouraged by law and custom to whip his fellow man in shreds to death! This cannot be civilization. And even now our country is disgraced by the ignorance and resolution of its rulers maintaining that such a torturing system of death is essential to the discipline and good order of the British army!

We think favourably of the duke of Wellington; for, as far as his knowledge helped him, we have always thought him an active, consistent, and efficient minister. It is, however, clear that he has not sufficient knowledge, that he is not the man to take a lead as a minister in the present day; for he does not appear to hold any idea

of the necessity of human improvement through principles of education. He is a good Tory but a bad Reformer.

Education is an unlimited question. In addition to all endowed and unendowed schools, it applies to army, navy, church, prisons, workhouses, and families. That which has hitherto been carried on is only a mockery of what may be accomplished. We cannot properly judge of the constitution of man by what man has hitherto been found. He is evidently a creature admitting of a very high degree of cultivation; and it is not only ignorance but madness that withholds any thing of the kind from any human being. There is no society on earth yet worthy of being called, or that can be truly called, civilized. We grant exceptions as to individuals and families. Civilization in society can only apply to that state wherein every thing possible is done for mental culture. It cannot be associated with any kind of superstition. Civilization must be the era of science. It is a work of love in which all may assist. It is a work of charity in which each has a duty to perform. It is a work of hope and faith in the increasing happiness of the human race. It is a work of self-love, for every man is degraded in a ratio with every other man's degration. It is the truly catholic principle of Christianity, that is to embrace all nations in one brotherhood, to "convert the sword into a ploughshare and the spear into a pruning hook; when nations shall learn war no more, and every man sit down under his own vine and his own fig tree."

THE PREACHER.

LINES TO THE POET THOMAS MOORE,

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE MECHANIC'S SATURDAY NIGHT."

HAIL! poet of Erin, thy soft flowing numbers
May vie with those hymns the light seraphim sigh;
Each cold thought of earth 'neath thy sweet music slumbers,
And ecstacy lifts all the senses on high.

When thou warblest of love, O! how charming thy measures,
And thrilling and sweet as the kisses you sing!
O'er the spirit deep bliss and Elysian pleasures
Thy magic harp spreads as its silver chords ring.

When in mirth, too, thy music is gallantly sounding,
Throughout the rapt frame swiftly dart the proud lay,
Enchanting, and glowing, and ardently bounding,
Like heaven's bright fluid through ether's dark way.

And in sorrow, O! then thou triumphantly soarest
O'er trembling mortality's tearful dim realms;
And, tenderly mournful, the sad strain thou pourest,
And in the deep passion humanity whelms.

Hail! poet of Erin, by fortune still slighted,
Long, long mayst thou wear the bright wreath thou hast won;
Thy music shall live until all things are blighted,
The life-breathing seasons, and light of the sun.

LETTER TO BARON A. DE HUMBOLDT, ON THE INVENTION OF THE MARINER'S COMPASS.

Sir,

In a letter dated Potsdam, the 4th of January, 1834, you did me the honour to ask information of me as to the period when the Chinese became acquainted with the polarity of the needle, and of their application of it to the compass. I had already, long before, collected several passages and notes on this subject, but they were insufficient to elucidate the question, and I should not, perhaps, yet have thought of arranging and completing them, had not this occasion of complying with your request presented itself. It will thus, if I be not deceived, have turned to the benefit of science; for, in seeking an answer to your request, I have been fortunate enough to meet in several Chinese books with facts which, from their number and importance, enable me trace a nearly complete history of the invention of the magnetic needle in China.

These facts I have now the honour to transmit to you, accompanying them by a few observations relative to the antiquity of the knowledge of the loadstone in Asia and in Europe. I add the nomenclature of the epithets by which this extraordinary stone is known, as well as that of the magnetic needle, in the various idioms and dialects of both these quarters of the globe. I should consider myself fortunate were this undertaking to contribute to illuminate a point so curious in the history of human civilisation, and were it to present any interest to that portion of the learned world more particularly accustomed, wherever it reads your name, to find remarkable discoveries or interesting observations.

I must first assert it to be established that the ancients were ignorant of the polarity of the loadstone, although it appears that they had some vague notions of its property of attracting iron on one side, and repelling it on the other. If, indeed, the Greeks and Romans had really been acquainted with this polarity, there is no doubt that it would have been mentioned by them, and the silence of Claudian on this subject, who has left us some good lines on the loadstone, would be inexplicable.

If Claudian had in the least suspected the polarity of the loadstone, he would certainly not have failed to turn it to account in his allusion to the imperturbability of the amorous passion he says exists between this stone and iron. But neither with him, nor with any other writer of classical antiquity, do we find a single word that may give suspicion of an acquaintance with the direction of the loadstone towards the pole. Several of the learned have discussed *ex-professo* the progress of navigation amongst the ancients, and have collected all the passages of Greek and Roman writers having the least affinity to the marine; but these industrious persons have vainly sought amongst all these evidences, a single line giving rise to the conjecture that the ancients had any acquaintance with the polarity of the loadstone, or of the magnetic needle, and still less with the utility of this latter

in navigation. It is, indeed, indubitable that the Greek and Roman mariners were completely ignorant of the use of the nautical compass, and that they were principally guided in their voyages by the stars during night, and by their knowledge of the coasts and islands during the day.

Vincent de Beauvais and Albert the Great cite, indeed, a passage from an Arabic book *on stones*, ascribed to ARISTOTLE, in which the question of the polarity of the loadstone and its use in the navy is distinctly referred to; but we shall see presently that this passage is merely a note interpolated by some copyist in the Arabic text of this book. I will now request permission to call your attention to the various names by which the loadstone is designated in the several idioms of Europe and Asia. This nomenclature appears to me rather curious, as it demonstrates that in countries the furthest removed from each other analogous denominations are given to this mineral, all derived from its wonderful properties.

The most ancient name for the loadstone to be found amongst Greek authors is that of *stone of Hercules*, or rather *stone of Heraclea*, a town situated at the foot of Mount Sipylas in Lydia. It appears that this town afterwards received the name of *Magnesia*, and that then the loadstone was called *stone of Magnesia*, and commonly *magnes*, and *magnetes*. We see also in Hesychius that it was called *stone of Lydia*, because it came from that country; Σιδηρίτης λιθος, because it is of the nature of iron; and Sextus Empiricus gives it the name of Σιδηρα λιχς, because it attracts that metal.

Marcellus Empiricus, physician to Theodosius the Great, says that the loadstone called *antiphyson* attracts and repels iron. These last words are the more remarkable as proving that in the fourth century of our era the two opposite properties of the loadstone were known, that of attracting and that of repelling iron. It is this last that is expressed by the word *antiphyson*, which indicates the loadstone to breathe against iron, to repel it. But a passage by Manethon, cited by Plutarch *(de Iside et Osiride)*, gives rise to a suspicion that the Egyptians had long before entertained the same ideas about the loadstone; for they called it *bone of Horus*, and the iron, *bone of Typhon*. Considering nature in its state of union and decomposition under the symbol of Horus and Typhon, they fancied a resemblance to these two states in the action of the loadstone on the iron, according as this stone attracts or repels this metal. The Romans, to whom the Greeks taught the knowledge of the loadstone, preserved with its name of *magnes* the tradition of the origin of this denomination, as is evident from the lines of Lucretius.

" Quem magneta vocant patrio de nomine Graii:
Magnetum, quia sit patrus in montibus ortus."

According to Nicander, cited by Pliny (lib. 36, cap. 16), it was the shepherd *Magnes*, who, leading his flocks to pasture, found himself attracted towards a loadstone mine by the nails of his shoes. Isidorus (Originum, lib. 16, cap. 4) follows Nicander, but places the event in India. The account of this latter was repeated in the *Miroir du Monde* of Vincent de Beauvais, who wrote towards the year 1250: " *Magnes*," says he, " *est lapis indicus, ab inventore vocatus. Fuit*

autem in India primum repertus, clavis crepidarim baculique cuspidi hærens, cum idem magnes armenta piasceret; postea passim est inventus." Another Latin name for the loadstone, equally in use in the middle ages, was that of *adamas*, although this name originally designated the diamond. Cardinal James de Vitry, who, about the year 1218, wrote his *Oriental History*, thus expresses himself: "*Adamas in India reperitur —— ferrum occultâ quâdam naturâ ad se trahit. Acus ferrea postquam adamentem contigerit, ad stellam, septentrionalem, quæ velut axis fermamenti aliis vergentibus, non movetur semper convertitur: unde valde* necessarius est navigantibus in mari."

In the *Glossary* of *Ducange*, the word *adamas* is rendered also by *magnes*, and in French by *aimant*. This celebrated lexicographer derives it from the Latin verb *adamare;* but it does not seem very probable that *aimant* in French should come from the *adamas* of corrupt Latin. The learned *Carpentier*, author of the Supplement to the *Glossary* of *Ducange* has therefore on this point endeavoured to refute his illustrious predecessor, by saying of the word *adamas*, "*Videtur esse magnes, Gall.* aimant, *vox Græcæ originis. At vero nostris olim adamas priùs dicebatur aimant, quàm vocaretur* diamant; quæ utraque vox à verbo adamas *originem habet.*"

The word Ἀδαμας, that some lexicographers have supposed to be derived from ἀδαμάω—*that cannot be subdued* (thus the *indomitable*), appears to me to be of oriental origin, and to come from *almâs*, that is still the general name for the diamond throughout the whole of Upper Asia. It cannot be supposed that *almâs* is rather a derivative from *adamas*, for it was through Upper Asia that the Greeks acquired a knowledge of the diamonds of India, Europe having no mines of that precious stone.

The Italians give to the loadstone the name of *calamita*, a word of which it is difficult to ascertain the origin; but the term is ratherGreek than Italian, for the modern Greeks still call the loadstone Καλαμίτα. Several of the learned have indulged the unfortunate idea of wishing to find this word in the Hebrew *khallamîch*, which signifies flint, rock, hard stone—epithets unsuitable to the loadstone. The only probable explanation of the word *calamita* appears to me to have been given by *G. Fournier*, who says, "They (the French mariners) call it also *calamite*, the true meaning of which in French is *a green frog*, because, before the discovery of the invention of suspending and balancing the magnetic needle on a pivot, our ancestors enclosed it in a glass phial half full of water, and made it, by means of two small motes, float on the water like a frog. Hugo Bertius, who lived in the time of Saint Louis, at the same period, or nearly, with Guyot de Provins, says, that this was the device the sailors of his days made use of to find out the north in the night." I am of the opinion of the learned Jesuit in the main, but the word *calamite* to designate the little green frog, called now the *graisset*, the *raine*, or the *rainette*, is Greek, as we see from the following passage of Pliny: "*Ea rana quam Græci calamitem vocant, quoniam inter arundines, fruticesque vivat, minima omnium est et viridissima.*" The word *calamita*, to denote the loadstone, is likewise used in other European idioms. We meet again with it in the dialect of the Latin

tongue of Surset, with the Bosnians, the Croatians, and in the Slavonic dialect of the Windesor Vendes of Styria.

The following are the various denominations of the loadstone in the other languages of Europe :—

In Spanish and Portuguese it is called *iman*, which is the same word as loadstone. In the latter of these two languages it also bears the name of *pedra de cevar*, stone that feeds or attracts (iron).

The term *imana* is likewise received in the Basque. The Basquese are known to be inclined to derive all the words in the universe from the supposed roots of their language ; so *F. Manuel de Larramendi* does not fail to say in his dictionary, "*Imana, es voz bascongada, cuyo origen puede ser, ô de ïoman, ïoeman, el que da subida, y ascenso, como esta piedra, que en la virtud atractiva tiene esto, y se lo comunica al hierro : ô de io, yoman, yoeman, dàr con el tacto, y el imàn da su virtud al hierro : ò de io, yoman yoeman, dur con el tacto, yel iman da su virtud al hierro, tocandolo : ò de que iman es sincope de arriman, arrimanea, piedra primorosa, prodigiosa, como es el imàn en sus qualidades.*"

In modern Greek it is called μαγνήτης, and also καλαμίτα.

In Brezonic, or corrupt dialect of Bretagne, *aiman*, and *mœntoüich*, or *mean-toüich* (touch-stone).

In German, *magnet*.

In Dutch, *magneet-steen* (loadstone), and *zeyl-steen* (stone to sail by).

In Danish, *magneet*.

In Swedish, *magnet* and *segel-sten* (stone to sail by), as well as *seger-sten* (victorious stone).

In Icelandic, *leider-stein* (leading-stone).

In English, *loadstone* (stone that guides).

In Irish the loadstone is called *cloc tarranghtha*, that is to say, the stone that attracts to itself, or simply *tarrangart*, the drawer.

In the Romance, or the language of the Grisons, the dialect of Surselva, *magnêt*.

In the Cymric, or Welsh language, *ehedfaen*, from *ehed*, flight ; *tywysfaen*, from *tywys*, conductor ; *maen-tynu*, stone that attracts.

In Hungarian, *magnet kö*, loving-stone.

In Russian, *magnit*.

It is a remarkable fact that almost all denominations of the loadstone in Europe are found also, as regards signification, in the languages of Asia. Might we not say, indeed, that the French word *aimant* is but a translation of *thsu chy*, which in Chinese is the most common name for the loadstone, and signifies *loving-stone*, or that which loves. The celebrated naturalist *Li tchi tchin*, who finished his *Pen thsao kang mou* about the year 1580, says on this subject, "If this stone had not a love for iron it would not make it come to it." Eight centuries and a half before this author, the same observation was made by *Tchhin thsang khi* : "The loadstone," says he, "attracts iron like a tender mother who makes her children come to her, and it is for this reason that it has received its name."

The name of *hiuan chy*, that is to say, blackish or deep blue stone, is likewise given.

KLAPROTH.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

The Chinese: A General Description of the Empire of China and its inhabitants. By John Francis Davis, Esq., F.R.S., &c. In Two Volumes. Charles Knight.

Till of late years, it may be said of us as a nation that we derived all our knowledge respecting China from the works of Du Halde, Abbé Grosier, De Guignes, and sundry papers dispersed through various publications, which, if valuable, were seldom at hand. This being admitted, one is not a little ashamed, on taking a retrospective view of our intercourse with China, that among so many English residents, and trading for so long a period as they did at Canton, there was not one who sought a thorough acquaintance with the language and literature of that nation, respecting which our information was insignificant and contemptible prior to the days of Staunton, Morrison, and Milne; but, since the compilation of Grammars, Dictionaries, and elementary works, we have not only surpassed our fathers, as to the acquirement of the Chinese language, but have produced works of fiction, both in prose and poetry, from her literature, dressed in native costume, as well as works of history and general literature; and, if we thus continue to advance, the treasures of knowledge and wisdom which have been sealed up within her own territories will, at no distant period, be familiar to the European reader generally. We are happy to announce to our numerous readers a work just published by Mr. Davis, entitled "The Chinese," a kind of historic description of the empire and its inhabitants. It is chiefly a compilation of what has appeared in print, in this and in other countries, woven together with the information Mr. Davis acquired during a long residence in China. Such a work has long been wanted. A similar work was suggested to M. Rémusat, by us, about a year before his death; and we doubt not, had he lived, he would have undertaken it. The present work is highly creditable to Mr. Davis's industry and research. It is got up in a popular style; and the frequent allusions which it contains to corresponding customs, maxims, &c., among other people and nations, render it an entertaining work. We cannot, however, think with Mr. Davis that the existence of similar usages and maxims in other countries furnishes any proof that the Chinese must, of necessity, have derived them from either their neighbours or visitors. In many cases, we should rather consider them as remarkable coincidences.

Mr. Davis has devoted the first three chapters of his work to an epitome of European intercourse with China, and other matters highly interesting to the historian and philanthropist. The fifth chapter contains a summary of Chinese History; but *thirty-two pages* are allotted to the events of this ancient and extensive empire, which, according to Mr. Davis's reckoning, has existed from 2100 years before Christ to the reigning emperor Taou kwang, comprising a period of 3930 years. As to its general information, we deem it inferior to Gutzlaff's "History of the Reigns of the Emperors," and even that work is very far from being correct. We beg to differ from Mr. Davis respecting the heroes of the history of the San-kwŏ; and at the same time we think that the person who first awakened Mr. Davis's attention to Chinese poetry is capable of forming an opinion of that work as well as himself, though he be but a plebeian.

The sixth section treats of government and legislation. At page 201, speaking of fundamental principles of government, Mr. Davis remarks,

"It is well known that *parental authority* is the model or type of political rule in China—that natural restraint to which almost every man finds himself subject at the earliest dawn of his perceptions. Influenced, perhaps, by a consideration of the lasting force of early impressions on the human mind, the legislators of the country have thought that they should best provide for the stability of their fabric by basing it on that principle which is the most natural and familiar to every one from infancy, and the least likely ever to be called in question.

"There is nothing more remarkable in their ritual, and in their criminal code, than the exact parallel which is studiously kept up between the relations in which every person stands to his own parents, and to the Emperor. For similar offences against both he suffers similar punishments; at the death of both he mourns the same time, and goes the same period unshaven; and both possess nearly the same power over his person. Thus he is bred up to civil obedience, '*tenero ab ungui*,' with every chance of proving a *quiet* subject at least. Such institutions certainly do not denote the existence of much liberty; but, if peaceful obedience and universal order be the sole objects in view, they argue, on the part of the governors, some knowledge of human nature, and an adaptation of the means to the end.

"In the book of Sacred Instructions, addressed to the people, founded on their ancient writings, and read publicly by the principal magistrates on the days that correspond to the new and full moon, the sixteen discourses of which it consists are *headed* by that which teaches the duties of children to parents, of juniors to elders, and (thence) of the people to the Government. The principle is extended thus, in a quotation from the sacred books:—'In our general conduct, not to be orderly is to fail in filial duty; in serving our Sovereign, not to be faithful is to fail in filial duty; in acting as a magistrate, not to be careful is to fail in filial duty; in the intercourse of friends, not to be sincere is to fail in filial duty; in arms and in war not to be brave is to fail in filial duty.' The claims of elders are enforced thus:—'The duty to parents and the duty to elders are indeed similar in obligation; for he who can be a pious son will also prove an obedient younger brother; and he who is *both* will, while at home, prove an honest and orderly subject, and in active service, from home, a courageous and faithful soldier . . . . May you all, O soldiers and people, conform to these our instructions, evincing your good dispositions by your conduct and actions, each fulfilling his duty as a son and a junior, according to the example which is left you by the wise and holy men of former times. The wisdom of the ancient Emperors, Yaou and Shun, had its foundation in these essential ties of human society. Mencius has said, "Were all men to honour their kindred and respect their elders, the world would be at peace."'

"But the Government does not confine itself to preaching; domestic rebellion is treated in nearly all respects as treason, being, in fact, *petit treason*. A special edict of the last Emperor went beyond the established law in a case which occurred in one of the central provinces. A man and his wife had beaten and otherwise severely ill-used the mother of the former. This being reported by the Viceroy to Peking, it was determined to enforce in a signal manner the fundamental principle of the empire. The very place where it occurred was anathematized, as it were, and made accursed. The principal offenders were put to death. The mother of the wife was bambooed, branded, and exiled for her daughter's crime. The scholars of the district for three years were not permitted to attend the public examination, and their promotion thereby stopped. The magistrates were deprived of their office and banished. The house in which the offenders dwelt was dug up from the foundations. 'Let the Viceroy,' the edict adds, 'make known this proclamation, and let it be dispersed through the whole empire, that the people may all learn it. And if

there be any rebellious children who oppose, beat, or degrade, their parents, they shall be punished in like manner. If ye people indeed know the renovating principle, then fear and obey the imperial will, nor look on this as empty declamation. For now, according to this case of Teng-chen, wherever there are the like I resolve to condemn them, and from my heart strictly charge you to beware. I instruct the magistrates of every province severely to warn the heads of families and elders of villages, and on the 2d and 16th of every month to read the Sacred Institutions, in order to show the importance of the relations of life, that persons may not rebel against their parents —*for I intend to render the empire filial.*' This was addressed to a population estimated commonly at 300,000,000.

" It is the business of the first of the 'Four Books' of Confucius to inculcate, that from the knowledge and government of *oneself* must proceed the proper economy and government of a family; from the government of a family, that of a province and of a kingdom. The Emperor is called the father of the empire; the Viceroy, of the province over which he presides; and the mandarin, of the city which he governs; and the father of every family is the absolute and responsible ruler of his own household. Social peace and order being deemed the one thing needful, this object is very steadily and consistently pursued. The system derives some of its efficacy from the *habitual* and universal inculcation of obedience and deference, in unbroken series, from one end of society to the other; beginning in the relation of children to their parents, continuing through that of the young to the aged, of the uneducated to the educated, and terminating in that of the people to their rulers.

" The great wealth of the empire, the cheerful and indefatigable industry of the people, and their unconquerable attachment to their country, are all of them circumstances which prove that, if the Government is jealous in guarding its rights, it is not altogether ignorant or unmindful of its duties. We are no unqualified admirers of the Chinese system, but would willingly explain, if possible, some of the causes which tend to the production of results whose existence nobody pretends to deny. In practice there is of course a great deal of inevitable abuse, but upon the whole, and with relation to ultimate effects, the machine works well; and we repeat that the surest proofs of this are apparent on the very face of the most cheerfully industrious and orderly, and the most wealthy, nation of Asia. It may be observed that we make great account of the circumstance of *cheerful* industry; because this characteristic, which is the first to strike all visitors of China, is the best proof in the world that the people possess their full share of the results of their own labour. Men do not toil either willingly or effectively for hard masters.

" It is deserving of remark that the general prosperity and peace of China has been very much promoted by the diffusion of intelligence and education through the lower classes. Among the countless millions that constitute the empire, almost every man can read and write sufficiently for the ordinary purposes of life, and a respectable share of these acquirements goes low down in the scale of society. Of the sixteen discourses which are periodically read to the people, the eighth inculcates the necessity of a general acquaintance with the penal laws, which are printed purposely in a cheap shape. They argue that, as men cannot properly be punished for what they do not know, so likewise they will be less liable to incur the penalty if they are made duly acquainted with the prohibition. This seems a very necessary branch of what has been called '*preventive* justice, upon every principle of reason, of humanity, and of sound policy, preferable in all respects to *punishing* justice.'"

At page 261, respecting Infanticide, Mr. Davis has the following judicious remarks:—

" One important circumstance has very naturally rendered this people obnoxious to severe censure—the infanticide of female children. The pre-

sumed extent of this practice has been brought as an argument against the prevalence of parental feeling in China; but we believe that the amount of it has, by most writers, been overrated. No doubt but, in occasional instances of female births, infanticide does exist; but these cases certainly occur only in the chief cities, and the most crowded population, where the difficulty of subsistence takes away all hope from the poorest persons of being able to rear their offspring. The Chinese are in general peculiarly fond of their children, and the attachment seems to be mutual. The instances at Canton (a very crowded and populous place) of the bodies of infants being seen floating are not frequent, and may reasonably, in some cases, be attributed to accident, where such multitudes are brought up from their birth in small boats. There never was a more absurd blunder than to charge to infanticide those instances in which the infants are found floating with a hollow gourd about their persons, as if the gourd were a part of the system of exposure! Why, the very object of attaching these gourds to the children living in boats is to save them from the risk of being drowned, and to float them until they can be pulled out of the water. That children should sometimes be found drowned, in spite of this precaution, is possible enough; but to consider the gourds as part and parcel of their fate is about as reasonable and correct as if somebody should attribute all the deaths in England, from drowning, to the exertions of the Humane Society.

"The Roman Catholic fathers, with all their complete and intimate knowledge of China, had a trick of giving their own colouring to such matters as bore in any way upon the honour and glory of the mission. We have seen that they dealt now and then in *miracles:* the mere over-statement, therefore, of the practice of infanticide was natural enough, when connected with the object; and Du Halde gives a pompous account of the fruits of the missionary exertions. The merit, however, was peculiar, and of an equivocal kind; for, instead of attempting on most occasions to save the lives of the children doomed to be drowned, they or their proselytes walked about to the houses, baptizing the new-born infants previous to death—a cheap, rapid, and easy work of charity."

The second volume, which contains twelve chapters, embraces a vast variety of subjects. Three chapters are devoted to the religions of Confucius, Budha, and Taou; the remainder to literature, science, natural history, and commerce. The limits allotted to the notice of recent publications will not permit us to follow him through all his meanderings. Suffice it to say that we highly approve of the work.

We are sorry that Mr. Davis has adopted a different orthography to express the sound of Chinese characters from that adopted by Dr. Morrison. The evil of having no fixed standard of orthography is apparent among our French friends and other continental nations, where the sound is not accompanied by the character; as it is almost impossible, even by a tolerably good scholar, to know what they are writing about. We do not take on ourselves to defend the Doctor's system of orthography; but it seems a pity that because Chinese teachers differ from each other, according to their locality (though speaking the Mandarin tongue), pronouncing some characters longer or shorter, all the variety of sounds thus occasioned should be propagated, in publishing English works, to the bewilderment of the young student, who must seek in vain for such sounds in the only work of any use to him in acquiring the language. Mr. Davis for She-king writes Shy-king, for Le-king Ly-king, for Che-hwang-te Chy-hoang-ty, for Kwŏ-fung kuŏ-foong, for Hëen, Hien, &c. &c. An evil of this kind was observable in the pamphlets lately published respecting China. One of the writers for the word Man, generally rendered *Barbarian*, but which should have been translated *southern people*, spelt it *Mwan;* the consequence was the other writer, a Chinese scholar too, did not know where to look for the character in Dr. Morrison's Dictionary, the latter sound not occurring in that work. As Mr. Davis received his first lessons in the language from the Doctor, it appears rather uncourteous.

The Nursery Book. Darton and Son.

This is a beautifully got up little work. It is exactly suited to the tastes of children; for its numerous drawings will please their eye, while its letter-press informs their minds. It is well conceived and well executed.

Charges against Custom and Public Opinion. By the Rev. H. Jeffreys, A.M., Senior Chaplain, Bombay. Smith, Elder, and Co.

No adequate notion of the nature of this little work can be formed from the title page. The object of the author is to induce the respectable portion of society to abstain from the use of ardent spirits, in order that others may not abuse them. He maintains that the crime of drunkenness now prevails to such an extent as to render it the duty of all who wish well to the human race to do every thing in their power to put it down; and he conceives that if those who are actuated by right principles, and move in respectable society, were to cease using spirituous liquors, it would contribute very much to discountenance the drinking of them altogether. No man can question the excellence of the rev. gentleman's motives; but, constituted as society is at present, we doubt the practicability of his suggestions. The work displays talent, but the diction is quaint and stiff, and there are a good many repetitions of the same sentiments.

Speaking of the evil and misery produced by drinking, the author says:—

"It is, perhaps, not too much to say that the spirit-cask alone has caused more human crime, and made more human tears to flow than any other cause of crime and misery that ever cursed the earth; or, perhaps, than all other causes of human misery put together. We know where it is said, '*As a man sows, so shall he reap;*' and that a man's sin often becomes his punishment. The *object* of this *horrid* custom may be stated in general to be this:—'To raise the tone of the animal spirits, by unnatural means, and to produce a forced laughter and a fictitious joy; and the *end* of it is that there is no cause on earth so prolific of tears, and misery, and sorrow.

"There is not, perhaps, in all the millions of England, a single individual who has not either been made miserable in his own family, or known of some other family within the compass of his observation whose peace has been marred and blighted, by this widely extended evil. If we consider what has been again and again said of it, but which ought to be again and again repeated, till the public, like the Unjust Judge, by our importunity, is *made to hear*, 'That ardent spirit is the cause of three-fourths of the poverty, disease, crime, and misery of England; that it fills our alms-houses with poor, our asylums with maniacs, our grave-yards with premature mortality; that it furnishes the victims for the scaffold, and peoples hell with its inhabitants,—that region of never-ending despair and woe. If, to this mass of misery, we add the grief, and shame, and tears of relations and friends,—and if we still further add all that are in any way corrupted by their example, or injured by their crimes,—if we add all these woes together, and then reflect that it is no exaggeration, but a sober truth, that the spirit-cask is the author of them all, we must admit, that the price that is paid for it is the price of blood,—that he who lives by the sale of it lives upon the tears of his fellow-creatures, upon the wreck and ruin of their happiness, both temporal and eternal,—and that he who buys it, or encourages the sale of it, or lends to it his respectability, is (however little he may intend it) an assistant and abettor of the very worst demon that ever cursed the earth. Therefore, charity requires us to suppose that all who have any thing to do with it are perfectly insane and mad on *this subject*, and unable to put two rational propositions together on

any matter that relates to it; for it is not to be conceived that, with the eyes of their understanding open, they would commit these cruelties and abet these crimes. But, what is more mad than all, some people will *coolly* talk about the benefits and advantages of ardent spirits, in the face of inflictions and calamities like these. Why, even supposing them to have all the advantages that their warmest advocates ever assigned to them, to pretend to weigh these against the mass of *crime* and *misery* they occasion, and to defend them on such grounds as these, is positively worse than the drivelling of an idiot. Common sense must sit on thorns when she is obliged to listen to such miserable drivelling, and to hear persons who are, to all outward appearance, looking rational, proving themselves insane!"

The author afterwards again adverts to the evils produced by the consumption of ardent spirits, and then goes on to maintain that much might be done by the co-operation of respectable people to avert the progress of drunkenness.

"But to return to the more immediate thread of our argument. You say I have exaggerated the evils produced by the sale of ardent spirit. I deny it. Ask the physicians of our hospitals, the keepers of our alms-houses, penitentiaries, and jails. Ask the judges of the land, and by their testimony it will appear that there is quite mischief and misery enough produced by the sale of ardent spirit to make it the desire of every good man to put an end to it; and he who can put his own gratification in competition with such an object as this, or even look coldly and carelessly upon it—an object which is the very salvation of his country, and the rescue of thousands from misery both temporal and eternal—is in such an unnatural state of soul that it seems to me that custom must have 'eaten up his understanding, and put stones into his heart.' Remember, I pushed the dealer hard with some questions about his nine respectable casks, which he could not answer, and which I defy him to answer. Take care, reader, that you do not buy any one of the nine! If you do, you are answerable for all the guilt and mischief perpetrated by the tenth, and the blood of those that perish by it is upon your head. Be not deceived, God is not mocked,—quibbles, evasions, exceptions, and excuses, are of no avail with him. He sees the very essence of things in 'their spirit and their truth,' and he will require this blood at your hands; except indeed he absolve you on account of your insanity. But then he knows how far the insanity *itself is guilt*. Respectable members of society! millions of England! how much have you to answer for if you abet or encourage this accursed trade! It is positively in *your* power, if you will unite as one man and forswear it for ever, to stamp it with disgrace, to bring it to shame, the buying, the selling, and the using of it, and thus to drive it out of your country, and to put an end for ever to all the crime and misery it occasions. You can, if you will, positively bring such disgrace upon it that a man who is going to drink a glass of spirits will feel just as he would if he were going to steal. He will skulk into the dark to do it. Or, if it be daylight, he will look anxiously behind and around him, to see if any body is looking at him. Public opinion is able to effect all this to the uttermost; so utterly, and entirely, and helplessly do we think and feel according to the mode of thinking and feeling of the day and generation in which we live. It is true public opinion is now against us. But, if you will unite as one man, it is in *your* power to change public opinion whenever you please. Nay, by *acting* right you will awaken up a *right feeling* in your own bosoms, which you cannot summon at the mere bidding of the will. And a right feeling will arise in the bosoms of all, and the delusion, and the insanity, and the thraldom and bondage of our understandings and feelings in this matter will be dispelled. Thus it will be found that public opinion is not like the law of the Medes and Persians, that cannot be changed, but that a union of all that is respectable in England can turn the tide. Because custom and public opinion are now mad upon the subject, it does not follow that they are never to come to their senses. And, to encourage us in this noble effort, it should be remembered that, although

custom be now an enemy to our good cause, yet, when once the tide is turned, he will become a powerful and prevailing friend. The tide of public opinion is mighty, both for good and for evil. As, on the one hand, there is nothing so absurd, and wicked, and mad, but that public opinion is able to sanction it, and make it appear right, and just, and reasonable; so, on the other hand, there is no folly or absurdity so rooted in the opinions of men but that an altered tide of public opinion is able to sweep it away. We have already quoted the authority of our great national poet to prove that custom is a monster,

'Who all sense doth eat
Of habit's devil;'

but we shall now quote the remainder of the same magnificent passage; for it contains matter to encourage, to animate, and to cheer us on with the hope of victory! For the poet, still speaking of the strange and mighty power of custom, goes on to say that he

'Is angel yet in this,
That to the use of actions fair and good
He doth likewise give a frock or livery,
That aptly is put on.'

This part of the passage also applies to the customs of *nations*, to the full as powerfully as to the habits of *individuals*. Custom is now our foe; but let him once be our friend, and he will become our all-powerful advocate, and bring the whole world over to our side. But do you ask how we are to change these foolish customs, and to turn the tide of public opinion? The answer to this question may be found by asking another. How did these silly drinking customs and foolish courtesies arise? They *arose* from the power of imitation. It is indeed true that they too often strengthen into appetite, but they almost always begin at *first* in mere imitation, and spread till they become the fashion of the day. The answer then is plain, when it is asked—what we are to do. We must all combine and conspire to set up a better fashion for the world to imitate. Hundreds may be convinced by our arguments, but millions will be caught by imitation, if we can once set up a better fashion. Indeed, most men's minds are so constructed that even if they understand they *cannot feel* our arguments, till *after* we have got fashion on our side. Hence a timely and skilful appeal to the principle of imitation has sometimes almost wrought miracles."

A Summer in Spain; being the Narrative of a Tour made in the Summer of 1835. Smith, Elder, and Co.

THIS small volume appears at an opportune period, and is likely to be read with interest. It is pleasantly written, and contains many interesting particulars respecting the state of Spain at the present time. The author is a decided partizan of the Queen. The following extract, relative to the contest going on between the Liberals and the Carlists, will be read with interest:—

"The news of Zumalacarregui's death, and the consequent raising of the siege of Bilboa, caused a great sensation at Valencia. The liberal press teemed with panegyrics on the people of Bilboa, who were often ranked with the heroes of Saguntum and Saragossa; odes addressed to them appeared in almost every newspaper, and a heroic poem was published at Valencia, in I know not how many books, entitled, 'The Defence of Bilboa.' That the people of Bilboa behaved well on that occasion is well known: but it certainly cannot be called a very desperate affair, when they only lost about twenty men.

"Had Zumalacarregui lived, there is little doubt but that Bilboa would have been taken (I have heard this confessed more than once, even by the Queen's officers), and in that case the liberal cause would have received a severe blow. Not only would Carlos have obtained possession of a considera-

ble town and a seaport, but the *moral* effects of the victory, by inspiring his troops with new courage, and hopes of success, and by discouraging the Queen's troops, at that time suffering greatly from sickness, would have been great. Bilboa is no great distance from Burgos, which is within a few days' march of Madrid; and it is easy to foresee what an army, flushed with victory, and confiding in its general, might have done. We must remember, too, that at that time none of the foreign auxiliaries had arrived, and that the greatest dissatisfaction prevailed, both with the Regent and her ministry, in whom the nation placed no confidence; in short, all was doubt and uncertainty. But, by the death of the Carlist general, the face of affairs was completely altered. In that man were centered the hopes of Nicholas and his allies, the French legitimists, and the English conservatives, and with him they died. Don Carlos immediately retired from Bilboa, for his army was then without a head, and the Spaniards had time to look about them. Their first step was to shut up the convents, and this was done with less bloodshed than might have been expected, from their determined hatred to the friars; their second was to demand the deposition of Toreno, and the establishment of a liberal ministry, and in this they were successful. Meanwhile, Carlos retired to the mountains, and, after mature deliberation, appointed the Virgin successor to Zumalacarregui, being well aware that neither he himself, nor any one of his followers, was capable of supplying his late general's place.

"Even under such distinguished patronage, the arms of alleged legitimacy do not appear to have met with any success, as no movement of importance has taken place since the retreat from Bilboa. Exiled princes seldom succeed in their attempts to recover their thrones; for such is their infatuated love of power that they engage in the most desperate enterprizes without reflecting on the difficulties they have to contend with. The signal failures of the Stuarts in Scotland, and of the Bourbons in Brittany and La Vendee, might have taught Don Carlos, if indeed he ever heard of these events, that his enterprize was attended with little prospect of success. His good fortune at first arose from his having an active and enterprising general, but more from the imbecility of the Queen's government. Zumalacarregui was allowed to organize, it is said, sixteen battalions in Navarre, before Carlos returned to Spain. This number is probably exaggerated; but the very fact of troops being allowed to collect openly is a striking proof of the weakness of the government at that time. The armies sent against the rebels were ill appointed, badly officered, and worse commanded; for Mina did nothing, and Valdez gave up to his enemy nearly the one-half of the French frontier, whence all their supplies are received. The fact is, the Spaniards, though not deficient in bravery, make bad troops: for, though in modern warfare they have distinguished themselves in defending towns and strong positions, they never can be compared in the field with either French, British, or German. There is a want of energy in the Spanish character, a 'devil-may-care' sort of humour, that makes them take things as they find them, which has ever been the greatest bar to the improvement of the nation. This feeling, though wearing off amongst the intelligent classes, is still quite observable amongst the peasantry and lower orders, and this, in my opinion, joined with their hatred of subordination, prevents their being good soldiers.

"Zumalacarregui was an ambitious enterprising man, and a good soldier; and with his knowledge of the country, and of his troops, he found no difficulty in keeping at bay the ill-appointed expeditions sent against him. Upon that man alone, I consider, the cause of Don Carlos and his party rested; but, even whilst he lived, his chances of success were small; for, even supposing he had got possession of Madrid, the provinces would very probably have risen *en masse* against him, when reduced to the last extremity, as they did during Napoleon's invasion.

"Ever since the death of the Carlist chief, matters have evidently been fallin back with the *factious*. The fact is, they want a head; their move-

ments appear to be made without design, each petty chief acting on his own responsibility; for Carlos himself is a man quite unfit to direct the operations of his followers: it is generally believed that he is even deficient in personal courage. On the other hand, their opponents are daily acquiring numbers and confidence, and they are commanded by a man of undoubted courage, whatever his other qualities may be. It is not likely, therefore, that Carlos will now attempt a descent upon the low country; he never dared to leave the mountains during the lifetime of his general, and, if he did so now, the attempt would certainly be attended with the ruin of his followers. I therefore look upon his cause as hopeless; for he has no prospect of assistance, either foreign or domestic; his credit he lost with Zumalacarregui; and it is not very probable that a Scythian army will march to his assistance.

"Yet, though unable to act on the offensive, his partizans may still carry on a guerilla warfare for some time; in short, until the Queen's government can muster troops sufficient to occupy the whole country in a military manner. Then will Don Carlos scamper off, and leave his misguided partizans to their fate, as other princes have done on similar occasions."

The volume is well worthy of perusal. We only wish it had embraced a greater variety of details.

A Day in the Woods; a Connected Series of Tales and Poems. By Thomas Miller, Basket-Maker. Smith, Elder, and Co.

This volume is ushered into the world under peculiar circumstances. Mr Miller has hitherto, and does still, follow the humble occupation of a basket-maker, by which he has contrived to support himself, his wife, and family. The volume, on the advice of his literary friends, has been published, in the hope of being thereby enabled to better his circumstances in life. We trust his expectations will be realized. But, apart from a mere kindly disposition to aid a struggling and virtuous man, the work is deserving of patronage on the ground of its literary merits. It displays a mind of much native elegance, with no inconsiderable portion of genius. It is redolent of a love of Nature and Nature's works. It is pervaded throughout by much of the poetic spirit. Even in the prose pieces you see the poetical imprimatur. We like the poetry, however, best. It is ofttimes full of tender thought and beautiful imagery. The fault of the prose is that the style is too flowery. Considering, however, the circumstances under which it has appeared, it is a wonderful volume.

We give one extract from the poetry. It is entitled

THE EVENING HYMN.

How many days, with mute adieu,
Have gone down yon untrodden sky!
And still it looks as clear and blue
As when it first was hung on high.
The rolling sun, the frowning cloud
That drew the lightning in its rear,
The thunder, tramping deep and loud,
Have left no foot-mark there.

The village bells, with silver chime,
Come softened by the distant shore;
Though I have heard them many a time,
They never rung so sweet before.
A silence rests upon the hill,
A listening awe pervades the air:
The very flowers are shut, and still,
And bowed as if in prayer.

And in this hushed and breathless close,
O'er earth, and air, and sky, and sea,
That still low voice in silence goes
Which speaks alone, great God! of Thee.
The whispering leaves, the far-off brook,
The linnet's warble fainter grown,
The hive-bound bee, the lonely rook—
All these their Maker own.

Now shine the starry hosts of light,
Gazing on earth with golden eyes;
Bright guardians of the blue-browed night!
What are ye in your native skies?
I know not! neither can I know,
Nor on what leader ye attend,
Nor whence ye came, nor whither go,
Nor what your aim or end.

I know they must be holy things
That from a roof so sacred shine,
Where sounds the beat of angel-wings,
And footsteps echo all Divine.
Their mysteries I never sought,
Nor harkened to what Science tells,
For, oh! in childhood I was taught,
That God amidst them dwells.

The darkening woods, the fading trees,
The grasshopper's last feeble sound,
The flowers just wakened by the breeze,
All leave the stillness more profound.
The twilight takes a deeper shade,
The dusky pathways blacker grow,
And silence reigns in glen and glade,—
All, all is mute below.

And other eves as sweet as this
Will close upon as calm a day,
And, sinking down the deep abyss,
Will, like the last, be swept away;
Until eternity is gained,
That boundless sea without a shore,
That without time for ever reigned,
And will when time's no more.

Now Nature sinks in soft repose,
A living semblance of the grave;
The dew steals noiseless on the rose,
The boughs have almost ceased to wave;
The silent sky, the sleeping earth,
Tree, mountain, stream, the humble sod,
All tell from whom they had their birth,
And cry, "Behold a God!"

Extracts, Doctrinal, Practical, and Devotional, from the Writings of GEORGE MONRO, M. A. By Joseph Fry. William Darton and Son.

MR. FRY has done good service to the cause of pure and undefiled religion by the publication of this little work. The truths which it contains are applicable to the circumstances of every genuine Christian. They are, as the title-page mentions, doctrinal, practical, and devotional. Mr. Monro was one of the many pious men whom the end of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth centuries produced. The extracts here given from his works are pervaded throughout by a devotional warmth of spirit not often to be met with.

The Mascarenhas; a Legend of the Portuguese in India. By the Author of "The Prediction," &c. In 3 vols. Smith, Elder.

"PREDICTION" brought the author of the work before us favourably under the notice of the public. The question of "The Mascarenhas" will become equally popular. The scene is laid in India, and the scenes and incidents will be chiefly interesting to the invalids who have been in the East. But though, we fear, the choice of a subject will, in this instance, be against the author, the work displays superior talent. It contains many striking incidents, and is, in many parts, written with considerable force. The grea fault of the style is, that it is too much laboured. The consequence in some cases is, that it has the appearance of affectation.

Progressive Exercises in Writing German. By WILHELM KLAUER-KLATTOWSKI, Author of the German Manual for Self-Tuition, &c. Simpkin and Marshall.

MUCH as we have studied German, we have never before met with an elementary work in this language in which the grammatical structure of its sentences is explained in so novel, and at the same time so simple, clear, and effective a manner, as has been done in the Introduction to these Exercises. We therefore recommend this little work, not merely to the beginner, but also to the more advanced student, and in particular if he intend making a Tour in Germany, since the translation of these pleasant Exercises will enable him to express himself with correctness and fluency.

Ths Letters and Life of the REV. SAMUEL RUTHERFORD. Edited by the Rev. Charles Thomson, Minister of the Scotch Church, North Shields. In Two volumes. F. Baisler, Oxford Street.

WE gladly welcome the appearance of this edition of Mr. Rutherford's Letters. It is by far the best that has yet been published. To say nothing of the introduction, the foot-notes explanatory of the numerous Scotticisms which occur in every page are exceedingly valuable. To our eyes and ears those Scotticisms are beautiful and expressive in no ordinary degree. Had Mr. Thomson attempted to modernize the style of the Letters, he would have deprived them of half their charms. The question if any age or country has produced an individual in which there has been a more striking union of profound learning with pure and fervent piety than there existed in the person of Samuel Rutherford. Almost every one of his Letters contains a body of evangelical religion in itself. We forget what divine it was who said that the Letter to the Rev. John Meine (see page 149 of the first first volume of the present edition) contained more divinity in it, though only consisting of seventy or eighty lines, than an ordinary-sized volume. We thank Mr. Thomson and Mr. Baisler for this edition of these invaluable Letters, and strongly recommend the volumes to the religious public.

The Baptists in America. By the Rev. F. A. Cox, D.D., LL.D., and the Rev. J. Hoby, D.D. T. Ward and Co.

This volume consists of a narrative of what came under the observation of Drs. Cox and Hoby in the course of their visit last year to the United States and the Canadas. They paid that visit not in their individual characters, but as a deputation from the Baptist Union in England. The principal object in view in appointing the deputation was to obtain information respecting the state of the Baptist churches on the other side of the Atlantic, and to hold a representative conference with them. The information which the authors obtained respecting the state of the Baptist denomination in America is both ample and interesting. It is also, we may add, of a most gratifying nature. The transatlantic churches in the Baptist connection are, in the great majority of cases, in a most flourishing condition. The number of persons who belong to that body is not only greater than that of any other denomination of Christians, but their churches are distinguished for the high standard of piety which exists among them, and for their great and unwearied zeal in the extension of the blessings of the gospel to those who have never heard the joyful sound. But the volume is also valuable for the information it furnishes regarding the condition of other religious denominations. It is well written, and will meet a cordial reception wherever it finds its way. It is illustrated with several well executed engravings. The statistical parts of the volume are particularly valuable.

The Popular Encyclopædia. Part VII. Glasgow. Blackie and Son.

This excellent work proceeds with its wonted regularity. It is got up with great neatness and care, and, when completed, will be one of the most popular works of the kind with which we are acquainted.

The History of Brazil, from the Period of the Arrival of the Braganza Family, in 1808, to the Abdication of Don Pedro in 1831. By John Armitage, Esq. In Two volumes. Smith, Elder, & Co.

It is singular, as the Author justly remarks in his Preface, that, notwithstanding the extent of our commercial transactions with the Brazils, we scarcely know any thing of that part of South America. This, we believe, is the first work, deserving the name of history, which has appeared regarding it. These volumes are written in a plain pains-taking manner. They contain a great deal of useful information respecting that interesting section of the new world.

CAMDEN LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION.

Two Lectures have been delivered during the present month at this Institution by Henry Davis, Esq., of the London University, upon "The Physical Geography of England, with its relations to Canal and Railroad levels."

At the present moment, when the attention of a large proportion of the monied and commercial interest of Great Britain is directed to the proposed communication between the large towns of the kingdom by means of railroads,—when a great number of individuals are eagerly hazarding their all in railroad speculations, without the means of distinguishing between the genuine undertaking of honest enterprise and the seductive promises of selfish and unprincipled adventurers,—lectures which tend to increase the public information upon the nature of the soil of England and the facilities and obstacles to be met with in working it, are in the highest degree interesting and valuable to the public.

With the laudable design of placing these views in the clearest light, of

instructing his hearers upon the nature and extent of the mountain-chains and highlands which stretch across the projected lines,—the geological structure of the strata to be worked by the engineer,—and the nature of the levels and water-courses by which they are drained,—the lecturer appeared before the members of the Institution above mentioned, which can boast of the names of many scientific and highly gifted men; and his hearers can testify to the practical value of his remarks and the interesting nature of his information.

The first lecture had for its subject, A general view of the comparative advantages to the country of railroad communication and the probabilities of gain to the shareholders. The *drainage* of England by the five great basins of the Humber, Wash, Thames, Severn, and Mersey was next considered and described in detail, in connection with the various artificial lines of water-communication connecting them. The Humber drains a tract of country equal to 9000 square miles; the rivers of the Wash 5000; the Thames 5,500; and the Severn 4500. The Mersey, compared with the preceding, is of minor extent and drainage; but, owing to the number of manufacturing towns on its tributaries and its numerous canal connections, it has a claim to a full consideration among the great basins of England.

In his second lecture Mr. Davis described the great mountain chains and highlands which cross England in different directions, and explained the inclination of the watersheds and the convergence of the streams belonging to the different systems in the great recipient basins. The extreme height at various points of these chains was thought to be of the greatest interest to all persons connected with railroads, and especially to the engineers employed in their construction; and no better illustration of these elevations could easily be given than that derived from the knowledge of the canal-levels. On canals it would be found that, when the elevation was moderate, it was practicable to raise the canal by means of locks; in other instances, of greater weight, a tunnel carried through the rocks became necessary; and again, when the level was suddenly broken by a deep valley or by the channel of a watercourse, an aqueduct or embankment was constructed.

In excavating a tunnel, a knowledge of the nature of the strata to be worked through was of paramount importance; for, should the soil be loose, it must first be cut with great expense and risk of life, and be permanently supported by an interior architecture, while in the more compact strata the solidity of the stone alone was found to be a sufficient security. Instances of tunnels cut through the solid limestone rock were not unfrequent. In one canal (the Thames and Severn) the tunnel is upwards of a mile in length, with no other support than the natural adhesion of the rocky particles through which it is bored. One of the most remarkable of the canals of England is the Huddersfield canal. The stream flows through a tunnel three miles in length, cut directly through the lower secondary rocks and coal strata. This canal falls 339 feet in nine miles.

The natural impediments which have been surmounted in the formation of canals, and the extraordinary difficulties of very different kinds which have occurred to the engineers in the progress of their works, with the experience which has been attained respecting the strata of England, in the business of canal-engineering, are all objects for mature consideration, and necessary to enter into the estimate of the advantages extracted from railroad communication. Many of the schemes at present in existence could not, it was conceived, survive a day, if submitted to the strict geological test; and private individuals ought to exercise the soundest discretion, and not too easily hazard their money and their peace with remote hopes of return in undertakings where nature herself points out their inexpediency and folly.

The Lecturer, among other subjects of demonstration, described the projected line of the London and Birmingham railroad, illustrating its course by the exhibition of a fine collection of specimens and fossils from the suc-

cessive strata through England, belonging to the institution. The length of the line is 111 miles, and ten tunnels will be required in its completion:—one at Watford will be a mile long, another near Rugby, extending through the oolite ridge nearly one mile and a half.

Mr. Davis, in the course of his second lecture, adverted to the unpleasant impression likely to be produced upon passengers in their rapid transit through long tunnels, and, having made some extended enquiries into it, he deemed it a subject of importance, and submitted it to the notice of scientific men, whether means should not be adopted to discover the extent of this objection, and the probable means of removing it. The communication with the superior atmosphere by means of ventilating shafts had not been found sufficient to prevent the recurrence of such sensations.

The Eclipse.—The following is a Table of the times of th e commencement and end of the Eclipse of the Sun, at some of the principal places from whence it was visible:—

	Commencement.		End.	
Lisbon	1h.	3m. P. M.	3h.	4m.
Madrid	1	40	4	30
London	1	54	4	42
Paris	2	6	4	52
Berlin	3	3	5	40
Rome	3	12	5	40
Vienna	3	25	5	59
St. Petersburgh	4	19		
Algiers	2	23	4	59

The point where it first became visible was near Quito, in South America, and that where it was last seen was in the middle of the Island of Rhodes.

MUSIC, THEATRICALS, &c.

Music.—The last month has been fertile in novelty, or, what is better than novelty, the re-appearance of old favourites.

On the 2nd of May, Madame Malibran again ranged herself under the banners of the lessee of old Drury, and made her entrée in the character of Amina. To say she was warmly greeted by the public but faintly expresses the enthusiastic nature of the reception she met with. And if a magnificent voice of unequalled compass and rare cultivation, combined with a perfect knowledge of music and an intimate acquaintance with the business of the scene, are qualities which render a singer deserving of applause, none too great can be lavished on her. Her presence too inspires the other members of the operatic company; the brilliance of her genius lights up her satellites, and the tame Templeton and sleepy Seguin are aroused to ardour and awakened to life by the spirit instilled into them by the mistress of song. The music of the opera is not in itself of the highest quality, but a pleasing vein of melody runs through it, and it is capable of expressing the sentiment of the drama, when executed with due feeling and energy. Malibran was called for at the end of the first act, to receive the compliments of the audience on her complete success, in the arduous scene which concluded it. Much as we deprecate the system of summoning the actors before the curtain, it was impossible to avoid cordially joining in the praise which had

been so fairly earned. Since then she has alternated the parts of Amina, in the Somnambula, and Leonora, in Fidelio. Notwithstanding the incomparable superiority of Beethoven's music over Donizetti's, the first part suits her better than the second. In the prison scene in Fidelio, where most vigour is wanted, she fails a little, either from her physical powers being exhausted or from the music being rather too high for her voice, and so straining the upper notes. On the following Saturday, Grisi invited comparison by performing the part of the fair Sleep-walker. In drawing a parallel between these two accomplished singers, it must not be forgotten that at the King's Theatre Grisi was supported by Rubini and Tamburini, while of Malibran it may be said that she had no support at all—indeed she needed none.

There is a simplicity and freedom from affectation, a natural character about Grisi which always reaches the heart; and though we cannot but allow the palm to her competitor in all the acquired graces of art, and even in the necessary organ of a singer—the voice, yet the touching pathos and light-hearted gaiety of the prima donna of the Haymarket go far towards preventing us from awarding the first place to her rival. Let each be heard, and the performance of each will give the very highest pleasure, though perhaps of a different character. Rubini sang his song in his usual florid style, but yet so admirably that we could scarcely find fault with him for the superabundance of ornament he bestowed upon it. Grisi had previously made her debut as an *English* singer at the Ancient Concert, and delighted us by the manner in which she sang, "Let the bright Seraphim," a pleasure not a little enhanced by the magnificent trumpet accompaniment of Harper.

The musical novelties of the month are Mr. Thalbery on the pianoforte, and Mr. Ole Bull on the violin.

The former surprised us not a little by his mechanical dexterity, playing a melody with the fourth finger of the right hand, a ground base with the left, and filling up the harmony with the spare fingers. After all, this and other equally surprising "tours de force" are more astonishing than agreeable, and we confess we prefer the plain straight-forward playing of John Cramer or Hummel, to all the tricks of Mr. Thalbery. Mr. Ole Bull is a surprisingly fine player on the violin, without the Charlatanism of Paganini, but not possessing his genius or experience. We would rather hear De Beriot than either.

Among the concert singers of the day, Mrs. H. Shaw stands pre-eminent. The mellowness and purity of her voice, the correctness of her intonation, united with great feeling and power of expression, combine in forming as near an approach to perfection as we can well imagine. Those who heard her sing, "He shall feed his flock," at Exeter Hall, when the Messiah was performed, will not easily forget the sensation she caused, and all that she does, if not of the same degree of excellence, is at least near akin to it.

THEATRICALS.—MACREADY has transferred his services from Drury Lane to Covent Garden. We are sorry that such a change should have been the result of vexatious and illiberal conduct on the part of Mr. Bunn and

an intemperate indulgence of irritated feelings by the other party. The bare fact of a separation on ill terms is bad enough, without being preceded by a pugilistic contest between the manager of a National Theatre and his principal tragedian. With the private quarrels, however, of the servants of the public we have no right to interfere, so "revenons à nos moutons." Mr. Macready appeared on the boards of the "Garden" in the character of Macbeth, and played it with even more than his usual success. There is a grace and dignity in his manner which is always imposing; and, though we do not generally admire his reading or personification of Shakspeare's characters, Macbeth is certainly an exception to the rule. His delineation of the Scottish usurper, when horrors fall thick around him towards the end of his career, was such that we can scarcely hope to see it surpassed, if even equalled. Undoubtedly no tragedian now enjoying a metropolitan reputation has the slightest right to dispute the crown with Macready. If we mistake not, however, he will some day find a rival fully equal to cope with him in young Kean, whose success in the provinces has been so decided that we marvel he has not been made prize of by some of the London managers.

Twice at Drury Lane a disgraceful comedy has been enacted at the expense of some 400 guineas, if report be correct, to a *soi-disant* Mr. Paumer. He seems to have caught the mantle of Romea Coates, of laughable notoriety, and contrived to murder Hamlet and Richard again and again, in the course of his two evenings of folly. We are surprised that the public tolerate such an insult from a manager, as foisting on them an incapable debutante, because forsooth he (the manager) is borne harmless by the too-well-filled purse of the wealthy idiot, who must needs expose his incapacity before the eyes of the public, instead of hiding his head from those who would certainly take little pains in seeking for it.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

A Lengthened Speech.—The public complain, and assuredly not without reason, of the great prolixity of parliamentary speeches. The fact is that almost all our sixth or seventh rate speechifiers think that the merits of a speech are not to be judged of by the ideas or arguments it contains, but solely by its length. Hence the intolerable long windedness. Mr. Borthwick, the Member for Evesham, is one of the most prolific speakers in the lower house, though the Morning Papers very judiciously spare their readers the labour of wading through his orations. A few weeks ago, however, the hon. gentleman threatened to surpass himself as regards the longitude of his speeches. The patience of the house having very naturally become exhausted by the infliction of upwards of an hour of his "words, words, words," as Hamlet says, it began to give him a few broad hints in the shape of coughs, cries of "question," &c. that they would willingly dispense with any further specimen of his eloquence. The hon. gentleman for a time paid as little attention to these insinuations of the temper of the house as hon. Members were paying to his speech, but the interruptions eventually became so great and frequent that

he suddenly paused, and with a look and in a tone expressive of the utmost determination, he protested that if "hon. gentlemen did not allow him to proceed in his own way, and to conclude at his own time, he would not *conclude at all!* The threat had the desired effect. The calamity of a never-ending speech from Mr. Borthwick restored silence instanter, and not a whisper was to be heard until until the hon. gentleman thought proper to conclude at his own, time.

Liberty Hall.—Major Rankin, in his work on Sierra Leone, says:—

"The Englishman's house is no 'castle' here. It offers free entrance to all blacks or browns who have a whim to inspect it or to make a visit. Habits are still so primitive that no dwelling in Free Town boasts bell or knocker. Monsieur Tonson would have found it an asylum. The outer door is generally left open during the day; and the consequence is an influx of wives and daughters of the butcher, tailor, carpenter, and mason, at all times and without ceremony. They stroll, in perfect ease, through the apartments, repose on the couches of the verandas and inner rooms at pleasure, and would consider hindrance or expulsion a breach of privilege."

This is liberty and economy with a vengeance. What more would the veriest democrat have? The levelling notions of the Yankees are nothing to this. They are sufficiently familiar or "bold," to use a favourite term of their own—though the word "impertinent" would be a much more suitable one—in their manner of treating persons moving in the higher spheres of life. Still we have never heard of men, wives, and daughters unceremoniously thrusting themselves into the houses of their betters, and making themselves so much at home as to "stroll, in perfect ease, through the inner"—the best, we presume—"apartments, and reposing on the sofas at pleasure." Only imagine a batch of butchers' and tailors' wives and daughters strolling through the splendid apartments of an English residence, with infinite self-importance, while another "lot" are reposing on the couches, and then estimate the comforts of the Englishman's home! The climate may be bad enough, but surely the infliction of these ebony beauties moving and rolling about your residence, like so many domestic animals, must be an evil of infinite greater magnitude. It is no wonder that English ladies so decidedly dislike the *society*—if such it may be called—of Sierra Leone.

Heart-breaking Incident.—Under this head the *Limerick Chronicle* has the following paragraph:—

"James Ryan, who has been executioner for Limerick and the adjoining counties for the last twenty-eight years, died last week at the advanced age of eighty, having, up to the moment of his departure, retained all his faculties. His death, rumour has it, was accelerated by the 'disappointment he felt at no capital conviction having been ordered in his favour either at the Limerick or Ennis assizes, upon which he had certainly calculated with very sanguine hopes."

This James Ryan must have been a singular sort of personage. One would have thought that at his time of life, instead of speculating on the death of others, he would have been preparing for his own. It is curious to see the effect which one's profession, whatever that profession may be, has on his mind. Habit reconciles a man to

any thing. The matter, to use an Irish expression, of hanging a fellow being must, doubtless, in the first instance, have been a very unpleasant task to the ex-executioner of Limerick. But habit hardened his mind to such an extent that, at last, it appears to have become a sort of luxury to him. The grave-diggers in Hamlet were the merriest of men; they sang, and whistled, and joked when in the act of preparing the graves of others. Whether, in the event of a falling off of their business, they, like James Ryan, would have died of a broken heart, Shakspeare has furnished us with no means of judging. Only fancy this ex-professor of the rope watching the progress of the trials for capital offences at Ennis and Limerick, and looking melancholy or cheerful just as the evidence was in favour of or against the prisoners!

An Affectionate Pair.—A fortnight ago Mrs. Sarah Garland, aged 81, obtained an assault-warrant at the Chelmsford Sessions, against her "dear husband," aged 85. "The lovers," it appeared, had been married ten years, which had been any thing but years of matrimonial bliss. They had played at cross purposes, from the first day of their union; and what began in a war of words almost inevitably ended in a war of blows. But the most amusing part of the business was that the militants always chose the bed as the field of action. The object struggled for in such cases was for the one combatant to eject the other. Mrs. Garland being a stout woman, and having acquired considerable pugilistic experience in the school of Donybrook fair, generally displaced her lord, and had the pleasure of seeing him sprawling helpless on the ground. It happened, however, one night, about a fortnight since, after a severe and protracted scuffle, that Mister Garland, not only succeeded in "chucking" Mrs. Garland out of the bed into the middle of the floor, but gave her a black eye and broken nose into the bargain. Then came the winter of Mrs. Garland's discontent. Under a feeling of momentary mortification at her defeat, the venerable lady applied for the assistance of the law to enable her to retaliate; but the judge, instead of interfering, advised the parties to settle the matter between themselves. "Then," said Mrs. Garland, "I'll be blowed if he," meaning Mr. Garland, "does not catch it before morning;" and, so saying, she waddled out of court. One would think that, at the age the parties had attained, all feeling of anger as well as of love would have been "well nigh gone." But it seems the ruling passion is strong at fourscore.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Very shortly will be published, Fishing Anecdotes, with Hints for Anglers. By Edward Jessie, Esq., Surveyor of his Majesty's Parks, Palaces, &c., and Author of "Gleanings in Natural History."

The first number of The Horticultural Magazine and Miscellany of Gardening, conducted by Mr. Marnock of Sheffield, will appear this month, and be continued monthly.

Mr. Newnham Collingwood, Author of "Life and Correspondence of Admiral Lord Collingwood," has in the press "Alfred the Great," a Poem, in Nine Books.

"The Tribunal of Manners," a Satirical Poem, is in progress towards publication.

Dr. Lindley has it in contemplation to present the nobility, and other affluent cultivators in this country, with a Selection of the most remarkable of the Tribe of "Orchideous Plants," in folio Plates, executed in a manner worthy of their interest and beauty.

"Laocoon," by Lessing, is preparing in an English dress. By Mr. William Ross, late Professor of Painting and Sculpture in Glasgow University.

"The Opinions of the European Press on the Eastern Question." By David Ross, of Bladensburg, Esq., is announced.

We understand that Mr. Scott of Teviotbank has in the press a work entitled, "The Harmony of Phrenology with the Doctrines of Christianity, being a Refutation of the Errors contained in Mr. Combe's Constitution of Man, in relation to External Objects."

Those interested in our Eastern Colonies will be pleased to hear that a New Edition is already called for of "The Friend of Australia," in which a plan is laid down for successfully exploring the interior of that vast Continent, and for carrying on a Survey of the whole of this rising colony and extensive country.

The work is written by a retired Officer of the East India Company's Service, and is illustrated by a Map of Australia, and numerous plates of great interest.

The talented and accomplished Daughters of the Right Honourable and Rev. Lord Frederick Beauclerk have a work in the press, under the attractive title of "Tales of Fashion and Reality." Report speaks most favourably of this singular production, the greater portion of which is founded upon facts of recent occurrence in the circles of high life.

Miss Catharine I. Finch has just completed an Eastern Tale of great interest, which will be published in a few days, under the title of "Noureddin, or the Talisman of Futurity." This excellent little work points out the dangers and disadvantages which would necessarily arise from a fore-knowledge of our fate, and at the same time teaches us to bear with, and, if possible, to overcome whatever privations or misfortunes may be brought upon us in this world.

The first Series of "Stanfield's Coast Scenery" is now completed, by the publication of the Tenth Number, and will form, when done up in its own beautiful and appropriate Binding, one of the most attractive and beautiful volumes that has been given to the public this season.

The admirers of the gifted author of "May you Like it," &c. will be pleased to learn that he has adopted the suggestion often made to him, by publishing in a separate form the Second Volume of his admirable little work, "The Records of a Good Man's Life," under the title of "Historical Records," into which he has introduced several new Tales, founded upon facts taken from the pages of general History, the whole breathing that moral and religious feeling, which none can so well incorporate with the interesting incidents in the narrative, and for which this distinguished writer is so justly celebrated.

A very excellent little Manual for Emigrants has just been published under the title of "Observations on the Colony of New South Wales," containing the most recent information suitable for intending Emigrants to that flourishing and delightful Colony. It is published at a price which places it within the reach of all classes of labourers and mechanics, for whose use it is chiefly intended.

In the course of this month will be published a highly interesting and well-wrought narrative, under the title of "Jerningham, or the Inconsistent Man," in which the author has skilfully introduced, and minutely pourtrayed, under a fictitious character, the opinions and sentiments of a late well-known and highly-gifted poet.

END OF VOL. XXI.

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